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COVER: Screen legend Greta Garbo in the jeweled cap she wore in *Mata Hari* (1932). The three-time nominee was given a 1954 honorary Oscar for her "unforgettable screen performances"—13 years after appearing in her last film. Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull/Turner Entertainment Co./Courtesy Gray Reisfield. Oscar image: ©A.M.P.A.S.® See page 120.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The editors invite your comments, suggestions and criticisms.
Address: Letters, Architectural Digest,
5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90036.

Simply stated, I have yet to see a more breathtaking issue of *any* publication *ever* than the December 1991 issue of *Architectural Digest*. Perfection.

Benjamin A. Simon
Laguna Beach, California

Jay Spectre and Geoffrey Bradfield have designed a stunning country house for Robin Roberts in Westchester County ("Twentieth-Century Viewpoint," December 1991). Their daring colors, bold art and use of nature, as well as touches of Art Nouveau, Art Déco and Art Moderne, are exceptional. The designers and *Architectural Digest* deserve much praise.

B. W. Foltz
Chicago, Illinois

The Commission for Historical and Architectural Preservation for the city of Baltimore commends Brendan Gill for sharing with your readers what we natives have long known: Mount Vernon Place is "the finest city square in the country" ("Hackerman House," December 1991). Mr. Gill's meticulous research of Hackerman House has truly captured the history and the grandeur of this urban masterpiece. In his account of both the square and the mansion, he has given much credit to the preservationists who held the line against the predatory encroachment of those who would have harmed the intrinsic beauty of Mount Vernon Place—particularly Harry Gladding, who kept the dream of Hackerman House alive, and Willard Hackerman, who made it come true.

Deborah Goodman
Commission for Historical and Architectural Preservation
Baltimore, Maryland

In "Folk Art Penmanship" (December 1991), a caption on page 122 identifies a 1760 penmanship exercise as saying, "'Perseverance and diligence gain recognition'...in bold Latin." Actually, the large Fraktur-type text is in English and says, "By industry and Diligence men gain Reputation." There is a bit of Latin on the page: Between two figures holding something together (or perhaps pointing swords at each other) are the words "*Cavete Amici*," meaning "Beware, Friends."

E. J. Mattimoe
Chicago, Illinois

I thought you would be interested to know that in cleaning out some bookshelves I came across issues of your beautiful magazine from 1979. What hours of fun to look through and read them, noting how some styles have changed while others remain timeless interiors to be cherished.

Mary A. Vogel
Spotswood, New Jersey

Can one magazine encompass art, interior design and architecture sufficiently to capture the devotion of the world? Yes, if it is *Architectural Digest*. I have been reading your magazine for several years now, and with each issue my appreciation of your publication grows. I count on you for inspiration as well as confirmation as you bring me forward and backward through time and design.

Carol Edgerton-Olney
Antioch, California

In the February 1992 *Architectural Digest* there was an unfortunate oversight in the "Metamorphosis in Manhattan" article about the remodeled penthouse. Stephen B. Jacobs and Associates, the architects involved in the project, were not mentioned. This is most regrettable, as they were vital to the architectural planning and structural work and were an integral part of the architectural conversion.

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This is the issue we thought couldn't be done. After the exhaustive research we conducted for 1990's Academy Awards issue, we felt we had reviewed and selected the best material in existence. But the response to that issue was so great, we thought, Why not have another look? Of course, we had to look harder and farther afield this time around, scouring photo archives across the country. Once again, we owe a debt of gratitude to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, whose generous assistance was invaluable with regard to both locating images and verifying the often scant information about them. The results, we hope, capture and preserve a bit of the elusive magic of Hollywood. Next month, too, has its own magic, with stories on Dominick Dunne in Connecticut and Chynna Phillips in Santa Monica, and the West's first glimpse of the czars' private apartments in the Kremlin.


ROB LANG

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GAVIN LAMBERT, whose novels include *The Slide Area, Inside Daisy Clover* and *Running Time*, wrote the screenplays for *Sons and Lovers, The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* and *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*. He is the author of *Cukor*, and his latest book, a biography of Norma Shearer, was published last year by Knopf.

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DONALD SPOTO, whose most recent book is *Laurence Olivier: A Biography*, has written biographies of Alfred Hitchcock, Tennessee Williams, Lotte Lenya and Preston Sturges. He is now writing the authorized biography of Marilyn Monroe, and *Blue Angel: The Life of Marlene Dietrich* will be published by HarperCollins in the fall.

JUDITH THURMAN, an *Architectural Digest* contributing writer, is the author of *Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller*, which won the National Book Award in 1986. She is writing a biography of Colette for Knopf.

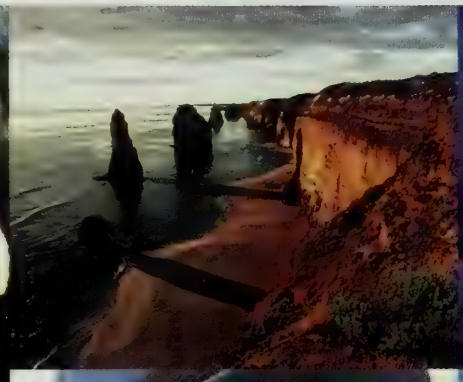
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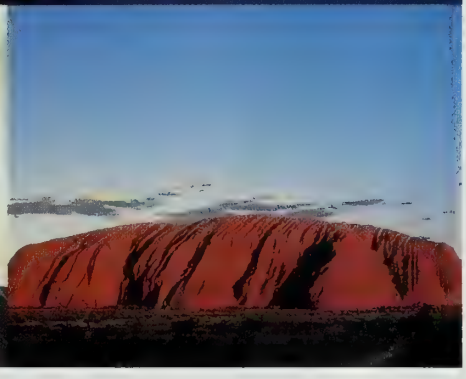




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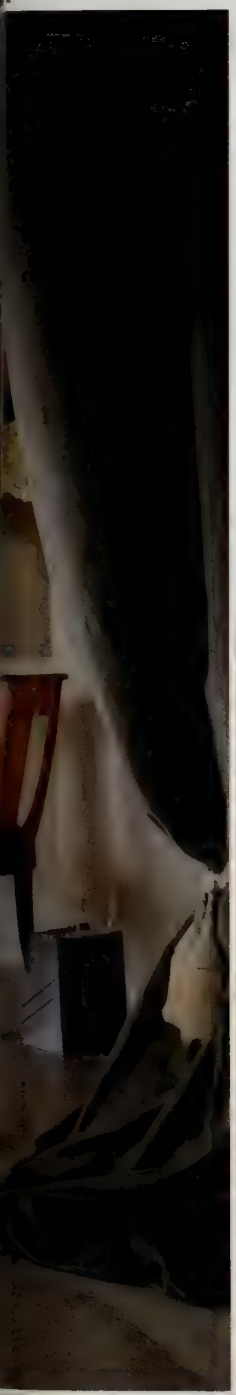
***fair dinkum/** —*Colloq.* —*adj.* 1: true, genuine, dinkum ‹are you fair dinkum?› —*interj.* 2: assertion of truth or genuineness ‹it's true, mate, fair dinkum› 3: Come have a fair dinkum great time in Australia.

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Flying High with the Director of the Academy's First Best Picture

By A. Scott Berg

ON THE EVENING of May 16, 1929—after a hearty dinner of filet of sole and broiled half chicken on toast in the Blossom Room of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel—two hundred and seventy people, including members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and their guests, witnessed the first awarding of gold-plated statuettes of "an idealized male figure," with a sword, standing on a "representation of a reel of motion picture film." The winners of these first Academy Awards had been announced three months earlier, but there was still a buzz of excitement. Gathered that night were the greatest luminaries in Hollywood, the leaders in the five branches of the motion picture industry being honored by the awards—actors, directors, writers, technicians and producers.

From 1919 to 1958, William A. Wellman directed 76 films, including *Wings*, *Public Enemy*, *The Ox-Bow Incident* and *A Star Is Born*. Wellman (below, in 1918) became a pilot in France's Lafayette Flying Corps during World War I because "it was the farthest place from Boston and it was the only way I could learn to fly."



COURTESY WILLIAM WELLMAN, JR.

After dinner, Louis B. Mayer, the founding father of the organization and one of the brains behind the establishment of the awards, spoke of the "closer relations between the artistic and business sides of making pictures." Winners were thrilled to have their work applauded by their peers, but everyone present knew that it was largely an evening of industry politics, show *business*—a celebration, after some fifteen years in the building, of the "studio system." Fox, Warner Bros., United Artists and MGM all reaped their share of glory

BELOW: The director on the set of *Wings* (1927). "After a very successful preview in New York (to which I was not invited), the front office began to suspect that they might have a pretty fair picture on their hands," Wellman wrote of the film, which was later given the first Academy Award for Best Picture in 1929.



COURTESY WILLIAM WELLMAN, JR.

continued on page 24

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Flying High with the Director of the Academy's First Best Picture
continued from page 20

that night; but Paramount was singled out to receive the Academy's first award for producing "the most outstanding picture of the year"—*Wings*. More than six decades later, the Academy Award for Best Picture remains Hollywood's highest honor.

The winning studio head was in New York, but through the magic of his industry's latest technology, Adolph Zukor was able to appear before the crowd. In a clip of talking film, showing him with Academy president Douglas Fairbanks in the Paramount Long Island studios, Zukor expressed "high appreciation of the award" on his own behalf and that of his company. The director of *Wings*—the first and last silent motion picture to win the Best Picture trophy—was also absent that night. The upstart filmmaker, barely thirty when he directed this epic, was not yet a member of the Academy.

Like so many of that first generation of motion picture directors who were hired by the eastern European Jews who "invented" Hollywood, William A. Wellman was a rough-and-ready gentile, a hard-drinking, hard-living and hardworking dynamo. He was also a charmer with a sharp eye, a keen ear, a quick fist and a notoriously foul mouth.

"Wild Bill" Wellman was born on leap day, 1896, in Brookline, Massachusetts. His mother later became the probation officer of nearby Newton, but she was no match for her second son, whose formal education ended the day he dropped a stink bomb two stories right onto the bald head of his high school principal. Over the next ten years Wellman became a professional hockey star, served in the French foreign legion and flew in World War I with the Lafayette Flying Corps. Shot down by antiaircraft fire, he came home with a broken back and the Croix de Guerre. Once he recovered, there seemed only one place that might quench his thirst for adventure—Hollywood.

He took hockey fan Douglas Fairbanks (whom he had met before the war) up on a capricious offer and went to visit the silent-screen legend in Los Angeles. As Wellman told the story, he flew a plane right onto Fairbanks's backyard polo field, for which he was rewarded with a part in the star's next film. Within no time, Wellman realized that "the guy having the most fun" in the moving picture game was the man calling the shots. He told his friend Fairbanks that he wanted to direct.

There were limits even to Fairbanks's power in Hollywood, but he could at least get young Wellman started on his career—with a job as a messenger boy at the Goldwyn Studios. In those days—not unlike today—anybody on a studio lot with enough gumption and guts could rise to any position in the business. Wellman's career got a big boost not long after that when (as he told it) General Pershing himself came to visit the studio one day and recognized Wellman from a late-night back room in wartime Paris. The studio brass thought such apparent intimacy warranted a promotion, and William Wellman was soon directing.

In 1926 he offered his war record to Paramount as the qualification for directing *Wings*, a buddy picture, love story and wartime action-adventure all in one: Two American aviators (Richard Arlen and Charles "Buddy" Rogers) are in love with the same girl back home (Clara Bow). A very green Gary Cooper had a scene-stealing part playing a veteran flyer who fails to carry his talisman on a sortie, only to fly off to his death. (The night after filming the scene, the actor came to Wellman asking if he could have a chance to redo it. Wellman said it was fine as shot, but Cooper confessed he had nervously picked his nose in it. "Just a minute, Coop," Wellman remembered telling the tyro. "You keep right on picking your nose, and you will pick yourself into a fortune.")

Under Wellman's command *Wings* included unparalleled aerial and battle footage. On the most crucial day on location in Texas, Wellman captured the only five minutes of sunshine, during which he directed a battle sequence he had rehearsed for ten days, with thirty-five hundred army personnel, sixty-five pilots and



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The Wellmans' Brentwood, California, house was designed by architect Roland E. Coate and completed in 1941. Set on nearly five acres, it had a pool, stables and an orange grove. "It was wonderful to be raised near the city but to really be out here in the country," recalls Bill Wellman, Jr., who still lives in the house.

Wings did blockbuster business before winning its Academy Award.

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Flying High with the Director of the Academy's First Best Picture

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seventeen first cameramen and crews. The last of the great silent-screen spectaculars, *Wings* received rave notices and did blockbuster business before winning its Academy Award.

With his unpretentious approach to the medium, uncluttered narratives and unbridled emotions, Wellman became one of Hollywood's most successful and versatile directors. The biggest stars felt secure on his sets; and Wellman proceeded to direct James Cagney in *Public Enemy* (suggesting that he squash a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face) in 1931, Clark Gable in *Call of the Wild* (1935), Carole Lombard and Fredric March in *Nothing Sacred* (1937), Gary Cooper in *Beau Geste* (1939), Ginger Rogers in *Roxie Hart* (1942) and John Wayne in *The High and the Mighty* (1954). There were a dozen aviation pictures along the way, in addition to such war classics as *The Story of G. I. Joe* (1945) and *Battleground* (1949). Wellman even directed one of Hollywood's most convincing "message" pictures, *The Ox-Bow Incident* (1943).

In 1936, working with David O. Selznick, Wellman helped hatch the story of an aspiring young actress who falls in love with a successful actor, only to find their fates reversing to the point that the leading man kills himself. Wellman directed Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in *A Star Is Born* (1937) and received an Academy Award for writing the Best Original Story. *A Star Is Born* has been remade twice, but many consider Wellman's version the most penetrating study of Hollywood ever put on film.

"Wild Bill" had married four times before he was forty; and then one of Busby Berkeley's dancers on the Warner lot turned his head. She also turned his life around. The beautiful Dorothy Coonan married him shortly after their first date and promptly domesticated him. In 1935 they found a magnificent four and a half acres (five, he liked to say) in the Brentwood area of Los Angeles. The existing house was poorly constructed, and their architect, Roland E. Coate, persuaded the Wellmans to level it and start from scratch. Coate designed a sprawling early American–style farmhouse for what was then a family of six. The eight-bedroom home was laid out so that they could easily extend a hall, and, as the architect told his clients, "You can have sixteen children!" The Wellmans stopped at seven, all of whom grew up on the wooded estate, with its pool, stables and orange grove, which their father ardently tended.

In the late fifties Wellman became disenchanted with Hollywood. After captaining seventy-six pictures in over forty years in the business, he no longer liked the way the game was being played. Furthermore, arthritis was getting the better of him. By the seventies, little interested him beyond his family. In 1974 he cut down most of his orange trees to make way for a tennis court, where his wife, children and grandchildren gathered every weekend. Increasingly crippled, Wellman could participate only by laboring up to the court to watch his family play. By then "Wild Bill" had also fallen prey to leukemia; and on September 9, 1975, a doctor gave him but three months to live.

One afternoon that fall, just as the daylong tennis matches were coming to an end, the handsome team members packed up their gear and boisterously made their way down to the house—all except "Wild Bill," who just sat in silence staring at the empty court. He picked himself up, grabbed a racket and three tennis balls and hobbled to the baseline. He swatted two balls, and each went no farther than the net. When the third ball got over only on a bounce, he took his racket and flung it as far as he could, into the fence. Then he let out one of the four-letter words for which he had been famous, which was surely heard halfway down the block. Without looking back, he shambled off the court and down to the house. On December 9, 1975—three months to the day after the doctor's prediction—"Wild Bill" Wellman died. □

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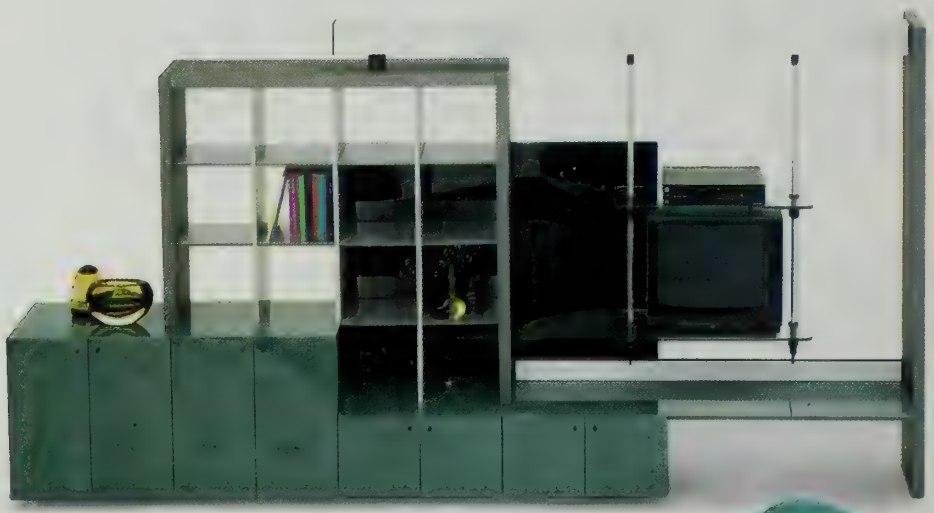
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DRESSING ROOMS OF THE STARS

Vintage Studio Bungalows Tailored to Film Personas

By Marc Wanamaker

STAR WORSHIP BEGAN in the earliest days of the film industry, even though actors at the time were generally anonymous—their names were not advertised or even placed on their pictures. It wasn't until 1913 that the Biograph Company gave "star" roles to Mary Pickford, and her name was only mentioned as "Little Mary." In 1912, stage stars who had scorned motion pictures as an improper place for actors watched as Sarah Bernhardt was introduced to the American public in the film *Queen Elizabeth*, to great acclaim. Shortly thereafter, actors were



COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

From around 1915, when production companies began to promote their specia stars, actors and actresses preferred their own private dressing rooms or com plete bungalows to retire to while filming on the studio lot. ABOVE: Carol Lombard had her quarters in the Tudor-style dressing room building at Par amount. She personally chose the pastel colors and the simple furnishings



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ABOVE: Clark Gable and Joan Crawford stand together before Crawford's petite gable-roofed dressing room on Fox's lot. Such small, portable dressing rooms had the advantage of being moved as needed from stage to stage on the studio lot.



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

RIGHT: Gloria Swanson returned to Paramount in 1926 to make *Fine Manners*, and the studio built her a quaint bungalow with a picturesque roofline. Later it was used by other stars and directors, but it became famous as Cecil B. DeMille's headquarters from 1932 to 1945.

continued on page 3



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Vintage Studio Bungalows Tailored to Film Personas
continued from page 34



TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO. MGM COLLECTION COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

ABOVE: One star who resisted using a private bungalow was Greta Garbo. She was content with her dressing room at the MGM studios in Culver City, given to her when she arrived in Hollywood in 1925. Her room, #272, was decorated with textured wallpaper and velour upholstery.



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

RIGHT: Built under her direction in 1922, Mary Pickford's six-room English-cottage-style bungalow at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios had everything from a reception room, dining room and kitchen to a study, wardrobe, dressing room and bath.

lured to the screen with huge salaries and the promise of immortality.

A side effect of stardom was the loss of the casual democracy of Hollywood and the establishment of an aristocracy. In the theater, stage stars had private dressing rooms apart from the other actors. Likewise, in the movie studios, there had to be a place where the star and supporting actors could be alone, to study lines, rest, change costumes or apply makeup under good light at their dressing tables. It was also a way for the studio to control the environment and keep the star and actors secure during the daily drudgery of filmmaking.

On the set, small, temporary structures were provided, made in the early days out of stretched muslin on simple frames, hinged for folding and storing. Later, little wooden structures on wheels were created as convenient, portable dressing rooms that could be moved from stage to stage. Sometimes they were built by the art director with tiny windows and doors, making them more like playhouses than dressing rooms. Their design might be Art Déco, Streamline Moderne, Art Nouveau or just utilitarian.

In 1915 the Lasky Feature Play Company persuaded opera star Geraldine Farrar to enter motion pictures. Jerry, as everyone called her, was then at the height of her operatic career and the idol of New York. She signed a contract to make three feature pictures, and the company was to furnish her with a house, a car and the unheard-of sum of



LEFT: Rudolph Valentino posed for publicity photographs before his bungalow on the United Artists lot in 1925 during the filming of *The Eagle*. After the lot was bought by Paramount in 1926, the bungalow became a mail room. It exists today as offices within the Jerry Lewis Annex

continued on page 38



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Vintage Studio Bungalows Tailored to Film Personas
continued from page 36

twenty thousand dollars for eight weeks' work on her first picture, *Carmen*. Because of the many fans who might disturb her, and to separate her from the studio "factory" surroundings, Jerry was the first to have a special bungalow built for her, with a dressing room, reception room, kitchen and workroom that had a grand piano. During delays in filming, Jerry would practice, while actors, cowboys and other employees would collect outside her quarters, as one aria after another flowed through the open windows.

Two years later, when Douglas Fairbanks was located on the Ciné Studios lot, he maintained his own bungalow, which had a steam room, reception room, office and kitchen. The interior was designed in [illegible] style, which he and Mary Pickford enjoyed [illegible] visited Japan a few times. Pickford had worked [illegible] Lasky studios in the center of Hollywood, [illegible] had her own dressing cottage near the stages, protected by a high wooden fence. The interior of her bungalow was also in the Japanese style.

After the star couple purchased the Jesse D. Hampton Studios in Hollywood, improvements and an expansion program began. According to the publicity department, the construction of Pickford's bungalow dressing room was of great importance, and a potpourri of photo captions outline her involvement in the construction: "Mary Pickford drives the last nail in the framework for her new bungalow dressing room at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios. When complete, this will be a six-room structure, containing a reception room, dressing quarters, elaborate wardrobe, office for her secretary, quarters for her maid, kitchen and bath."

The studio's description of the bungalow interior compares it to her estate in Bel-Air: "The interior of the Mary Pickford dressing room bungalow is very similar to that of Pickfair. The furnishings are of different English styles, such as Edwardian and Regency. The living room consists of mirrors, small writing desk and Persian carpets."

Most every star and supporting player had one of the portable bungalows-on-wheels at one time or another, but it was the special permanent bungalow given to the top stars and directors that made the difference. At United Artists in Hollywood, Rudolph Valentino had his own small bungalow when he was shooting the 1925 film *The Eagle*. From time to time Valentino posed in front of the bungalow with visitors, but it was mainly his production



TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO./MGM COLLECTION/COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

ABOVE: The portable dressing room Marie Dressler used at MGM in the 1930s was trailerlike in scale with small windows and Art Déco details, such as the chamfered corners and the stepped roof.

RIGHT: Will Rogers's bungalow at the Fox Movietone Studios in West Los Angeles, circa 1930. The studio publicity department characterized the tile-roofed adobe with pueblo details and a cactus garden as Rogers's "desert home"; it was there that he would write many of the jokes for which he was well known.

continued on page 42



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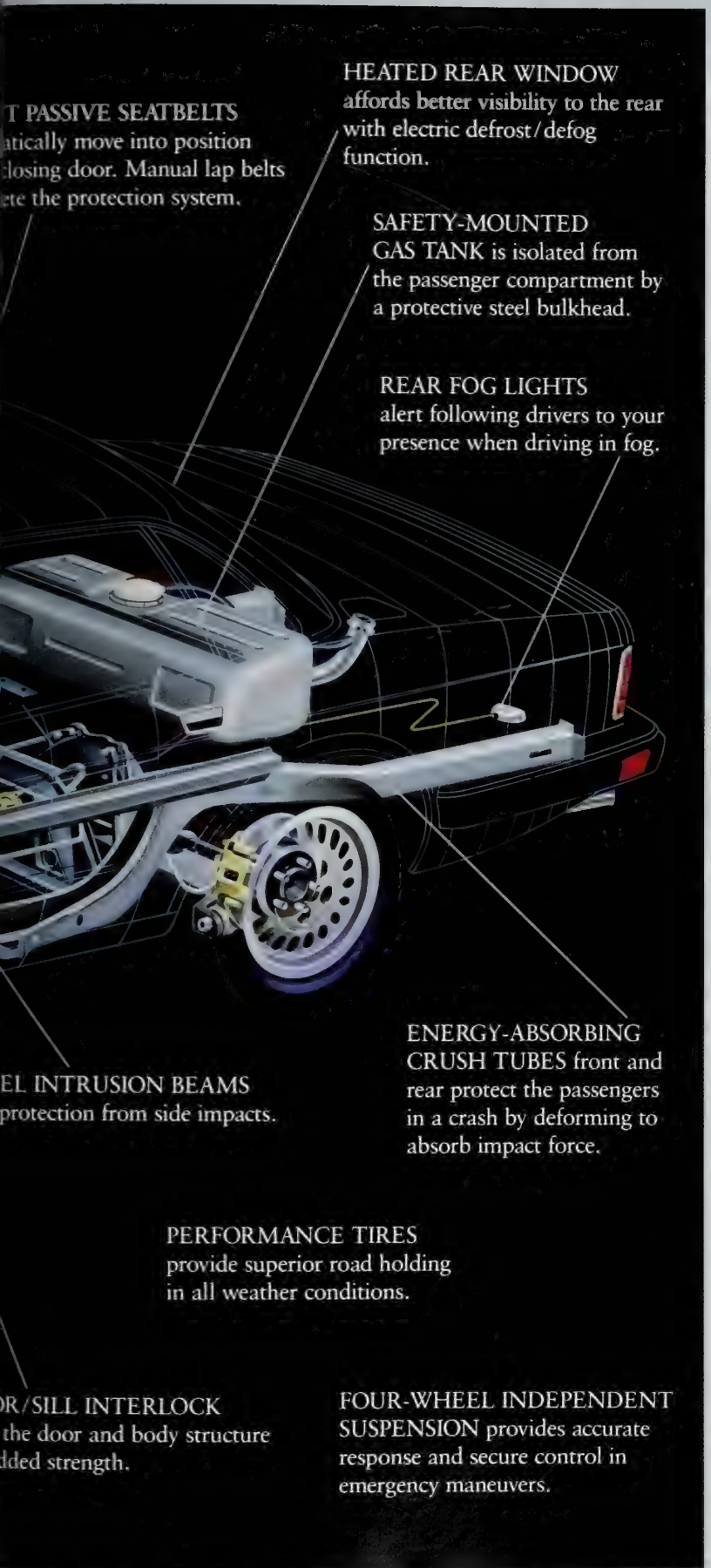
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T A N D M A C H I N E

Vintage Studio Bungalows Tailored to Film Personas
continued from page 38

headquarters while he was on the lot. When Paramount purchased the studio lot in 1926, the bungalow became the mail room, and it still exists, though only a few architectural elements survive.

The most famous of all studio bungalows was built by William Randolph Hearst for Marion Davies at the MGM studios in 1926. It had fourteen rooms, from a grand reception hall to a dining room, bedrooms and studies, and in addition to being a dressing room for Davies it was used as a meeting center for the Hearst and MGM companies. A Spanish-Mediterranean-style villa, the house stood in the center of the studio lot, and the park in front of it was called Davies Square. The interior, decorated in the ornate Spanish-castle style, cost an estimated seventy-five thousand dollars to build. Davies said: "I would invite the whole cast to the luncheons we had in the bungalow, and the studio executives and maybe some other stars who were working on other sets at the time, like Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and the rest. Not Garbo though!...She'd just stay in her own bungalow across the lot and eat salad!"

After a business separation between Hearst and Louis B. Mayer in 1934, Davies's bungalow was split into three parts and transported to the Warner Bros. studios in Burbank, where Hearst had secured a new deal for the production of her pictures.

Starting in around 1915, Fox also provided individual bungalow dressing rooms for its stars—Tom Mix, George O'Brien, Theda Bara and Betty Blythe, to name a few. When the company relocated to West Los Angeles in 1926, it moved the bungalows to the new lot, where they still exist today, predominantly as producers' offices. At the new Fox Movietone Studios, as it was called then, more elaborate bungalows were constructed for such stars as George O'Brien, Will Rogers and Lilian Harvey. Rogers's dressing room was the only one of its Old West design in keeping with Rogers's image. One press release said:

A HOUSE OF MIRTH . . . Will Rogers' bungalow at Fox Movietone Studios is where the comedian-writer often prepared the 'copy' for his daily newspaper comment, and where he thinks up gags for the pictures in which he appears. Its design is of the 'Southwestern-pueblo' style with a cactus garden in the front, leading to the entrance. The tiled roof and stone fireplace, with a patio designed with real wooden trunks of trees, almost looks like a set rather than a dressing-room-bungalow.

Fox publicized almost every detail of its major stars' bungalows. In 1930, extensive photographs showed Janet Gaynor's bungalow, and a portion of the press release read:

The Janet Gaynor Bungalow which is a thatched cottage dressing room...is a copy, exteriorly, of one near Dublin, Ireland, and was furnished by Richard Lewis Smith, Fox Film interior decorator. Its interior is furnished in Early American style, in accordance with the little star's own wishes for such an environment during her working periods. The walls of the dressing-room are covered with powder blue paper carrying a quaint design. The window draperies are in peach silk and the window glass is dotted white grenadine.

The interior of Pickford's bungalow was in the Japanese style.

When Paramount moved from its longtime home at Selma and Vine streets in 1926, Gloria Swanson was one of the first stars on the newly remodeled lot taken over from Lasky studios. The company provided her with one of the finest bungalows, and while she was making the film *Fine Manners*, it became her headquarters. The entrance was decorated with classical columns that were flanked with identical wings that had Art Nouveau chimney stacks and were topped by flagpoles. It was an unusual design, yet one in keeping with the flamboyant studio style. Between 1927 and 1932 the bungalow was used by the most important stars and directors on the lot, but it was Cecil B. DeMille who made it famous, when, between 1932 and 1945, it became known as the DeMille unit.

Paramount constructed a new Tudor-style dressing room building near its administration offices; across from it, a small green called Production Park was added. It is still the center of Paramount Studios today. The studio's publicity department fed all the fan magazines details on the design and uses of the dressing rooms. When Carole Lombard became one of Paramount's most important stars, the studio described her suite in photograph captions:

Carole Lombard has furnished her studio dressing room in a definite period—Directoire...combining the colors of pale yellow, green and mauve. The main reception room has a day bed, desk, upholstered chair, cabinet and small tables of furniture in the French Directoire style, while her dressing-room table reverts to utter femininity, laden with crystal bottles and jars that hold her cosmetics.

All the bungalows on the United Artists lot resembled the one Mary Pickford had built in 1922. Together, they looked like a quaint village in Europe, and that was the idea. The studio wanted to create a fantasy atmosphere for backdrops in scenes or for whole sets. In 1929 a studio press release characterized the dressing rooms as "BUNGALOW ALLEY . . . or THE STREET OF STARS on the United Artists lot. Here the stars have their individual bungalows with dressing rooms, drawing rooms, dining rooms, kitchens, baths, private secretaries' offices, etc." John Barrymore's bungalow, located next to those of Pickford, Fairbanks, and Norma and Con-

continued on page 46



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And you? Lovers? Your[illegible]

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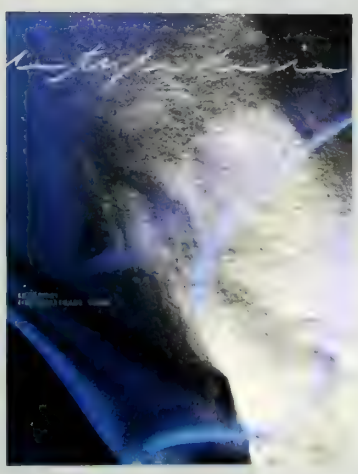
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®

Vintage Studio Bungalows Tailored to Film Personas

continued from page 42

stance Talmadge, contained photographs, mementos, his collection of rare books and original paintings, and even a suit of armor.

It was not uncommon for stars to have a say in the interior design of their dressing rooms. Jean Harlow, for example, personally designed her MGM dressing room, helped by the talents of the studio designers. The publicity department at MGM noted that "the coloring blends of Jean Harlow's dressing-room perfectly suited her famed platinum blonde tresses."

Following the style of Marion Davies's mansion-bungalow, other MGM stars and directors wanted special quarters, so several miniature Davies-style Spanish-Mediterranean bungalows were built. The area became known as Bungalow Row by 1929, and it housed such personalities as Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and John Gilbert, and Cecil B. DeMille when he was on the lot between 1928 and 1932.

Over the years, Bungalow Row changed into offices and even a rehearsal hall. By 1936 most of the MGM stars and supporting actors were situated in the Star-Suite building on the lot. Although the building was simply renamed Men's and Women's Apartments around 1941, its directory listing remained illustrious: "Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, William Powell, Lionel Barrymore, Walter Pidgeon and Fred Astaire."

MGM press releases had highlighted some of the building's interiors, such as Myrna Loy's:

What does a star's dressing room look like? Here's a corner of Myrna Loy's. Neat but not gaudy, as you'd expect. The style of the room is simple, with a modern streamlined look about it. Blonde wood furniture and a simple one-colored carpet from wall to wall. Venetian blinds on the windows and curtains with striped fringe.

The most famous of all bungalows was built by William Randolph Hearst for Marion Davies. It had fourteen rooms, from a grand reception hall to a dining room and studies.

For years, studio designers, art directors and production designers all contributed to the design of the studios' dressing rooms and bungalows. Designers who did private homes of film people were also asked, or were often obliged, to work on stars' dressing rooms. Fortunately, with many photographs surviving, there is a record of the great and not-so-great designs that the stars enjoyed during peak years at the major studios. These temporary suites were truly the stars' home away from home, and as such they are an enduring part of Hollywood's studio folklore. □

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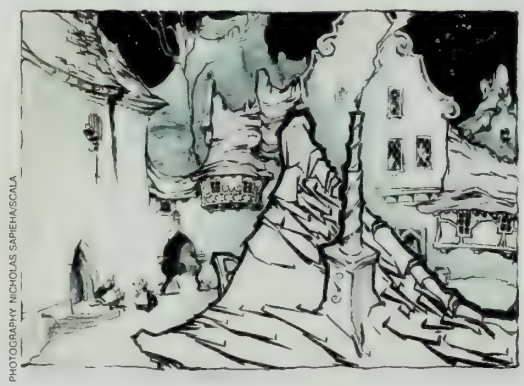
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ROBERT USHER: IMAGINING MOVIES

Visual Genius of Paramount's Innovative Art Director

By Michael Webb

HOLLYWOOD IN THE THIRTIES was a dream factory, conjuring up illusions to carry audiences through the Depression, diverting them from their troubles. Nobody better expressed that spirit of unreality than Robert Usher, a brilliant art director who designed some of Paramount's most memorable movies. He was one of the unknown many who enhanced the efforts of the celebrated few—those stars and the occasional director whose names were household words.



PHOTOGRAPHY NICHOLAS SAPIEHA/SCALA

ABOVE: An imaginative sketch was part of a portfolio of drawings that Robert Usher showed Samuel Goldwyn at the United Artists studio in 1929. The producer hired him on the spot.



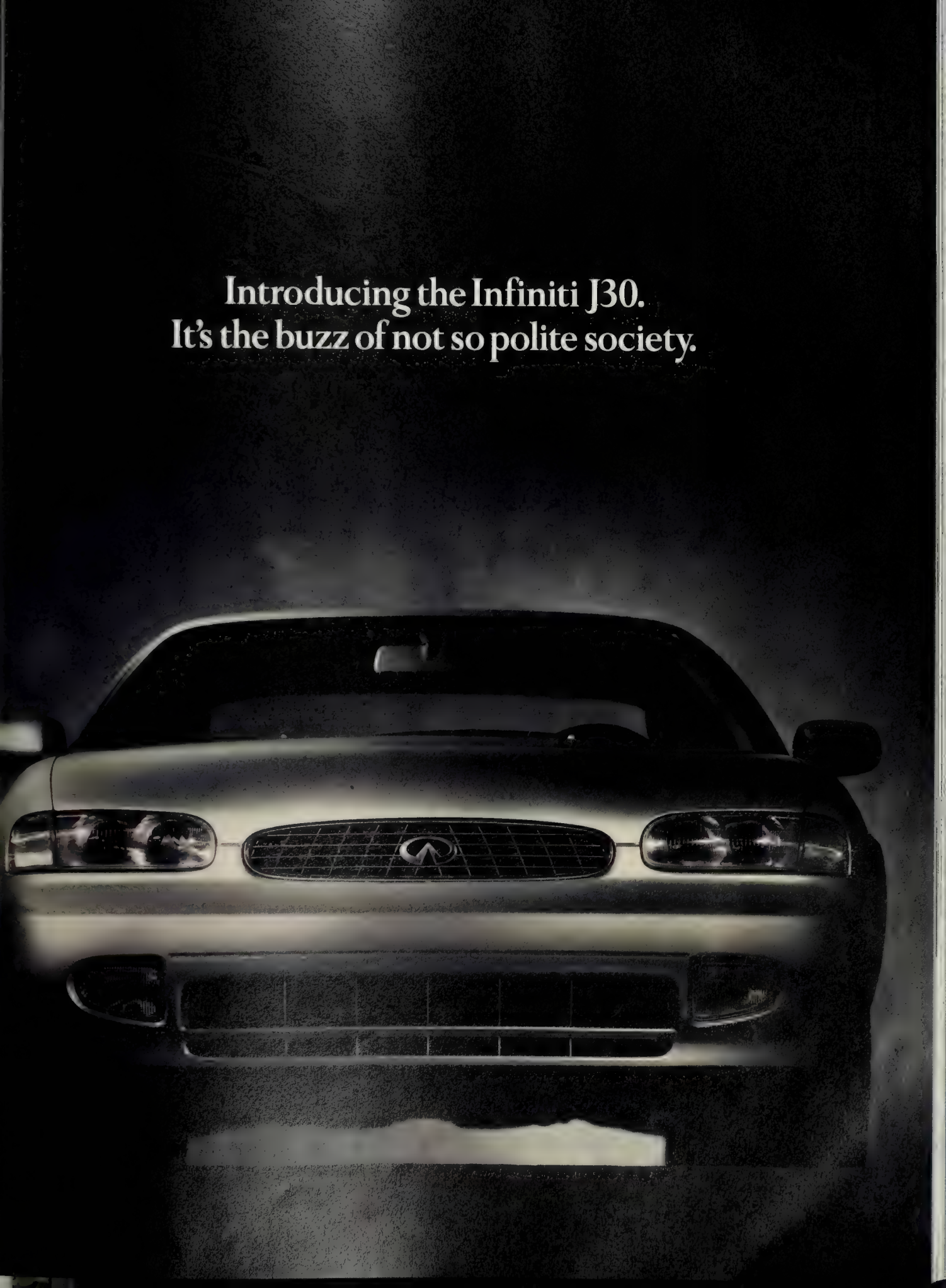
After arriving in Hollywood in the late 1920s, Robert Usher became one of Hollywood's leading art directors. He was nominated three times for an Academy Award, for the films *Arise, My Love* (1940), *Hold Back the Dawn* (1941) and *No Time for Love* (1944). ABOVE: Usher, with Mae West on the set of *I'm No Angel* (1933).



ABOVE: One of the first assignments given to Usher by Samuel Goldwyn was to create the sets for *Puttin' on the Ritz* (1930), a musical that was to fulfill the public's insatiable desire for the new film genre, the talkies. His p... sets forth leaning skyscrape... lines of the chorus. RIGHT: Th... almost identical to the way ... used it



continued on page 52


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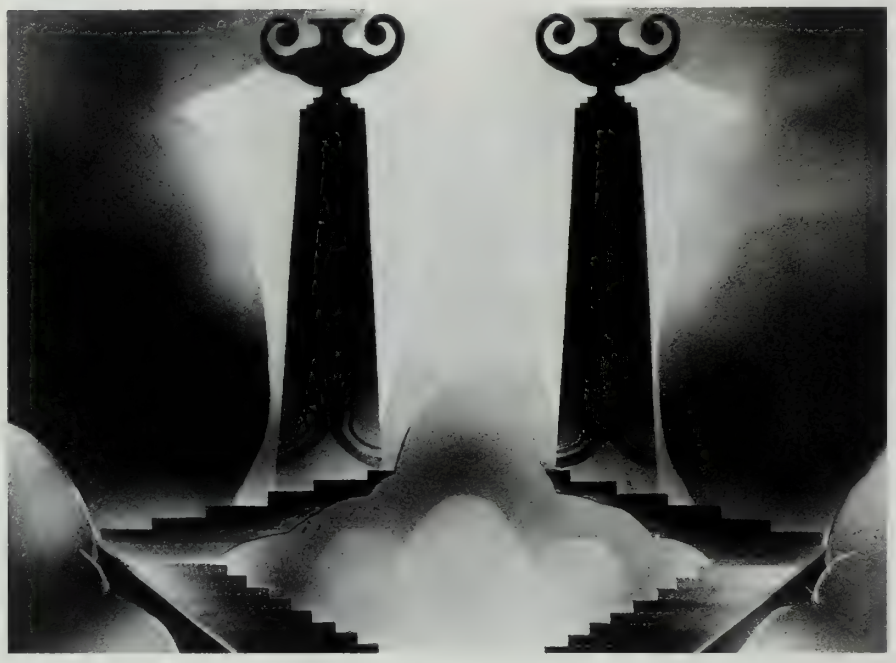
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Visual Genius of Paramount's Innovative Art Director
continued from page 48

BELOW: A dramatic set design for 1930's *Be Yourself* included giant urn-topped pedestals towering above a double staircase. For this movie Usher claimed to have devised the industry's first back projection, for a nightclub number sung by Fanny Brice.

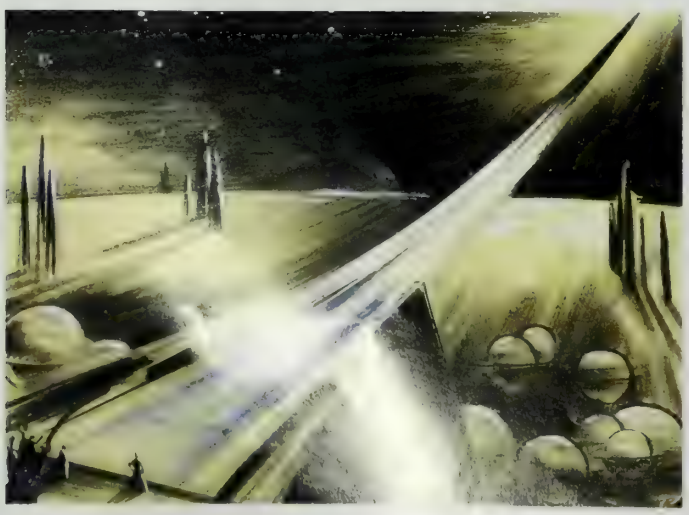




"He could draw like a dream," recalls fellow Paramount designer Robert Boyle. ABOVE: *The Big Broadcast of 1937* featured a group of Usher's palm trees fabricated from translucent plastic, which was then a new material. After performing a flame test, he used it to costume the chorines.

But Usher, though he was known only to his colleagues and friends, was one of a kind: a rebel, a romantic and, at the end, a recluse. Born in St. Louis in 1900, he began sketching as a small child and clung to his dream of becoming an artist. His father was a successful lawyer and wanted his son to follow his lead; instead, the youth ran off to study at the Art Institute of Chicago and made his living as an illustrator. He arrived in Hollywood early in 1929 and tried to present his portfolio to producer Samuel Goldwyn at United Artists studio. Denied entry, he climbed a tree overlooking the back lot, sketched an outdoor set, made a paper airplane of the drawing and launched it toward a director who was filming there. He was invited in and got to show the rest of his sketches to Goldwyn, who was sufficiently impressed to ask him how much he was earning. "A lot," he replied cheekily, and was hired on the spot.

BELOW: Robert Usher did several projects that were pure fantasy, including a set design for an unmade picture called *Earth Mars War*, in which antlike humans scurry around a Martian cannon.



After serving a year in the armed forces in the early 1940s, Usher returned to Hollywood and to Paramount. BELOW: He worked on *Vendetta*, a 1950 Howard Hughes film about a Corsican family.



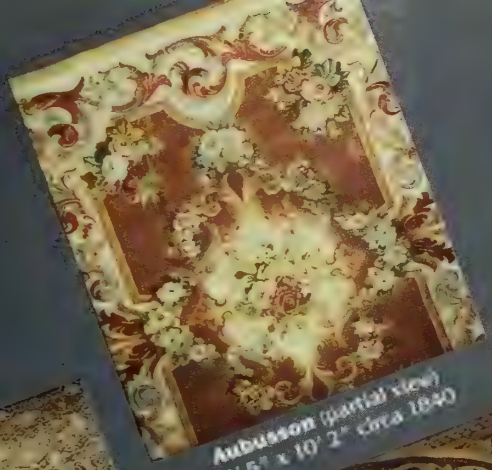
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Fred Mohebban Gallery

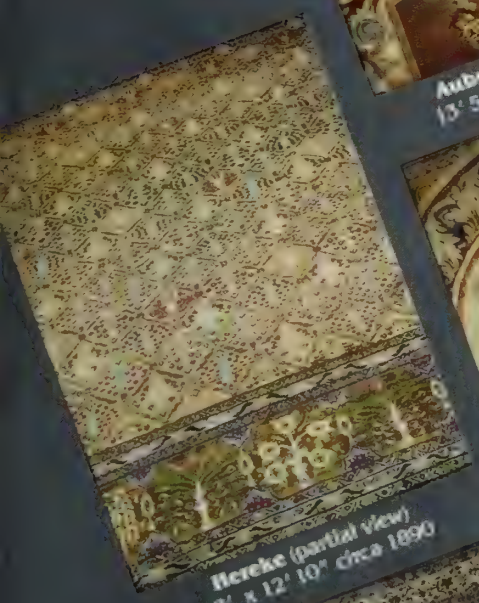
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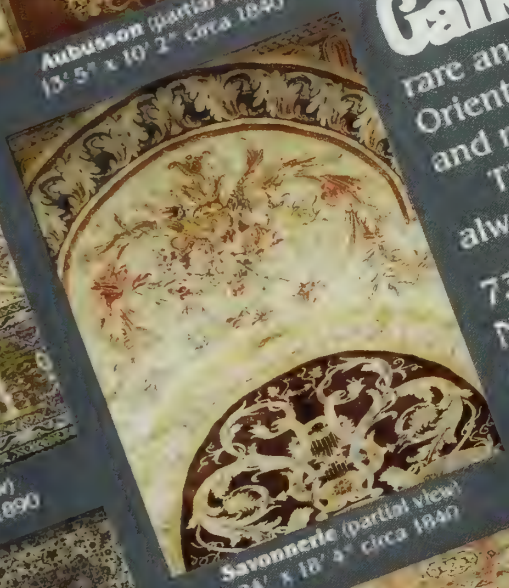
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Aubusson (partial view)
13' 5" x 10' 2" circa 1840



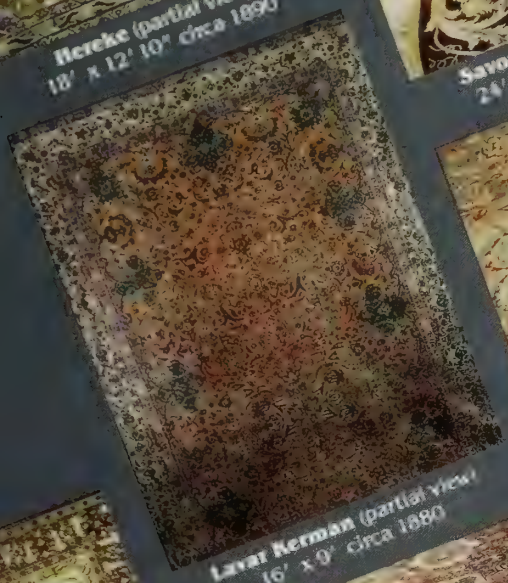
Hereke (partial view)
18' x 12' 10" circa 1890



Savonnerie (partial view)
24' x 18' 3" circa 1840



Bessarabian (partial view)
16' x 11' 4" circa 1860



Lavar Kerman (partial view)
16' x 9' circa 1880



Sultanabad (partial view)
13' 2" x 10' 9" circa 1840



Amritsar (partial view)
12' x 9' circa 1900



Bakhshayesh (partial view)
11' 2" x 11' circa 1880



Oushag (partial view)
14' x 10' 2" circa 1870

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Visual Genius of Paramount's Innovative Art Director

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Usher could not have arrived at a better time. The coming of sound had thrown the motion picture industry into turmoil. *The Jazz Singer* had created a sensation at its premiere in 1927, and by 1929 every studio was frantically experimenting with the new medium. Usher's first two assignments there were musicals. For *Puttin' on the Ritz*, he designed a title number in which silhouetted skyscrapers mimicked the postures of the chorus line. The surviving ink-and-wash drawing is a dazzling miniature, packed with wit and energy, and the scene was filmed almost exactly as he painted it.

In 1930 Usher moved to Paramount Pictures, then the most cosmopolitan and stylish of Hollywood studios. Josef von Sternberg and Ernst Lubitsch were the top directors, and Hans Dreier, another veteran from the studios of Berlin, headed the art department. He wielded as great authority as Cedric Gibbons at MGM, but, unlike his rival, he continued to draw and encouraged his subordinates to express themselves freely. Robert Boyle, one of several USC architecture graduates who went to work at Paramount because little was being built in the early years of the Depression, says, "Dreier wanted individuals, not yes-men. Each of the art directors had his specialty and put his stamp on the films he designed." Usher's warm personality and effortless facility delighted his colleagues. "He had a wonderful sense of design—much more theatrical than those of us who were trained in the Beaux Arts tradition," remembers Boyle. Dreier gave Usher prestige assignments—designing Mae West and Marx Brothers pictures.

Sound boosted movie attendance to an all-time high in 1930, but it dipped sharply as the Depression deepened. Four of the eight major studios, including Paramount Pictures, teetered on the verge of bankruptcy in 1933. Millions were out of work, and those who had jobs were grateful. Boyle remembers working day and night—through New Year's Eve and a devastating flood—to complete an assignment on schedule.

Usher recalled "the hard and rewarding work," but also the "charming romances, a lovely home, exquisite gardens. A very simple but colorful social life." His parties in Laurel Canyon were a big draw, and his family's money gave him a sense of independence. Other men might have felt driven to work overtime in 1933, but Usher took a year off to paint and build a house in Mooréa.

On his return to Paramount, Usher was given ever more challenging assignments. Unlike his colleagues, for whom art direction was just a job, he saved over one hundred and fifty of his sketches. Now preserved by the Film Department of New York's Museum of Modern Art, they allow us to reconstruct his brief career in Hollywood. The earliest sketch, which was from the Goldwyn portfolio, shows an Oriental procession dwarfed by a towering arch, and it has a flavor of Art Nouveau.

In 1930 Usher moved to Paramount Pictures, then the most cosmopolitan and stylish of Hollywood studios.

It is easy to guess that Usher chose to keep personal favorites, for many of the sketches have a playful exuberance far removed from working designs. "Most of the sketches, though rapidly made, are...filled with life and atmosphere," he commented in later years, "proving useful to the director and hopefully to the photog-

continued on page 58

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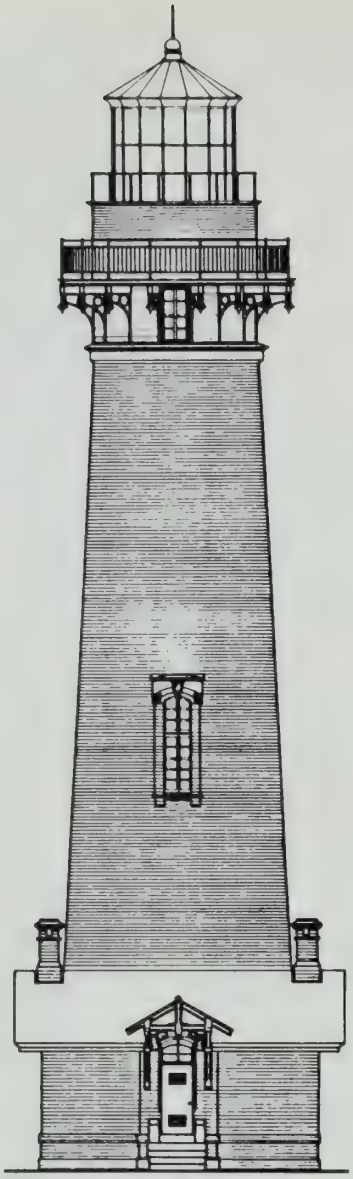
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ROBERT USHER

Paramount's Innovative Art Director

continued from page 55

rapher." Groucho Marx is shown as a cartoon character with a red-tipped nose (an Usher trademark) and the kinetic energy of a roadrunner; Mae West undulates within a rococo boudoir. For *Ladies of the Big House* (1931), his sketches suggest camera angles, looking down from a guard tower on prisoners confined in the exercise yard, and the view from the ground up.

One of Usher's specialties was re-creating Paris. It was Lubitsch who declared: "There is Metro's Paris, Paramount's Paris and of course the real Paris. Paramount's is the most Parisian." He was briefly head of production at the studio, so his bias must be discounted, yet Usher justified the boast. No sketches survive from *Midnight*, a screwball classic of 1939, but there's a lovely line drawing of nursemaids on a boulevard from George Cukor's *Zaza*, released the same year. Usher loved turn-of-the-century settings, which reminded him of his childhood in St. Louis, but his greatest challenge was to work for Ernst Lubitsch. For him, he drew "carefully detailed elevations of fine French interiors to capture [their] restrained elegance." Usher had never been to Europe, but neither had most Americans of that era, and his inventions are almost as convincing as, and far more romantic than, most of the movies that are shot on location today. Usher and his colleagues re-created China, Spain and the Arabian Nights, as well as Paris, on Paramount's stages and back lot.

In 1942 Usher was called up for military service. He soon discovered that "they didn't need antiques," and he was discharged after serving only a year. He worked on a few more pictures for Paramount, and for Howard Hughes on *Vendetta* (1950), but the spell of Hollywood was broken. He felt "the call of the wild" and moved to his ranch amid the redwoods of California's Humboldt County. In 1960 Usher's wanderlust carried him

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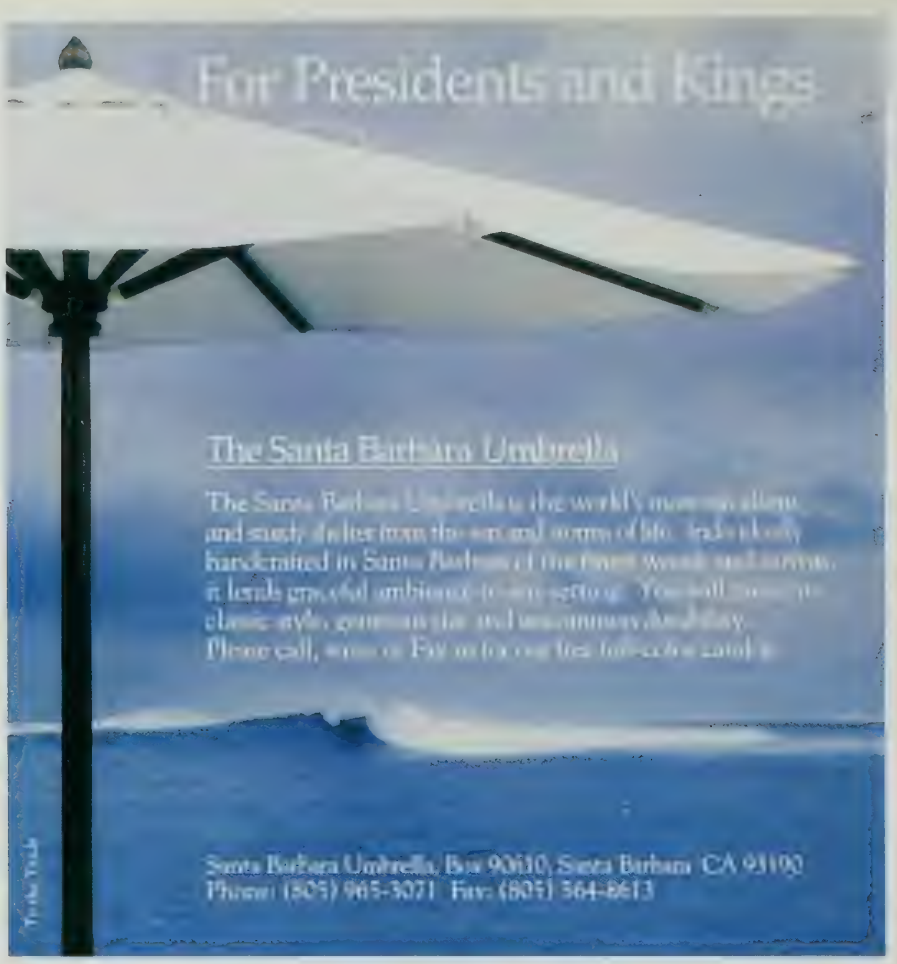
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Paramount's Innovative Art Director
continued from page 58

to Rome and back to Tahiti. His last years were spent in Our Lady of New Clairvaux, a community of Trappist monks that had taken over a run-down farm in Vina, north of Sacramento. He had given his ranch and an inheritance to the Cistercian order "in order to save its magnificent trees," and they returned the favor by taking care of him when he was diagnosed as terminally ill. As he was being wheeled into the operating theater, the abbot asked him where he would like to be buried, and he quickly sketched a cemetery.

But Usher recovered and lived on, until 1990, designing and helping to build a succession of monastic buildings. He made his hermitage in the former bull barn and in his later years wrote to a friend, "It is loaded with books, antiques, dogs, goldfish and tropical plants, plus DUST!" He stayed in touch with the world he had relinquished, by telephone and through a dozen magazine subscrip-

Usher and his colleagues re-created China, Spain and the Arabian Nights, as well as Paris, on Paramount's stages and back lot.

tions. He enjoyed the occasional vodka tonic and going to town for dinner, though his body was frail. He had taken private vows but roundly declared, "I'm no more a monk than the man in the moon—I'm an artist pure and simple!"

Robert Usher was delighted to show visitors his drawings. "They have been asleep for so many years now that they seem happy to have someone notice them again," he reflected. "When I look at them I feel they are alive." Their survival is miraculous, and they offer a charming reminder of a rare spirit and a lost world of artifice. □

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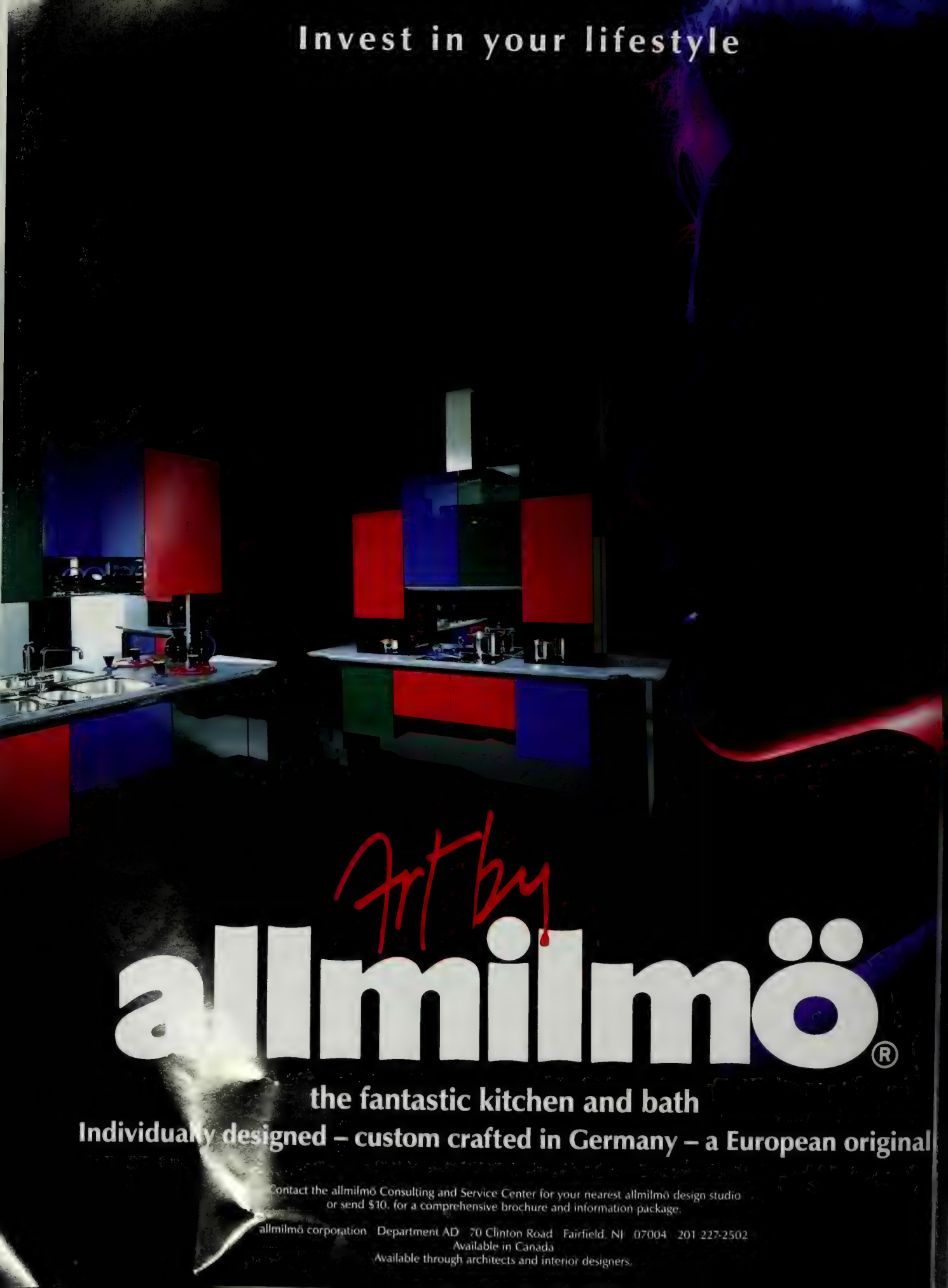


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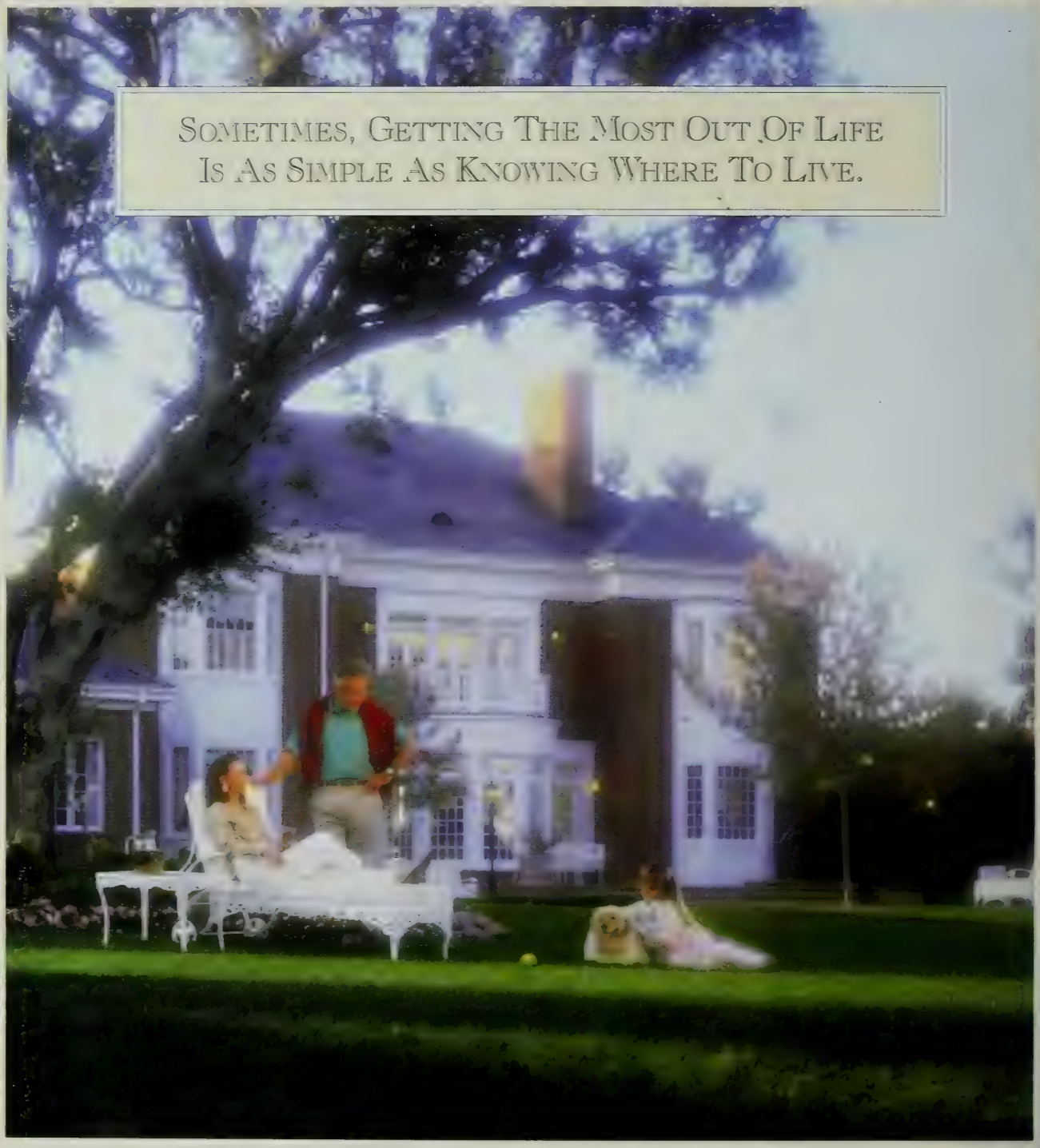






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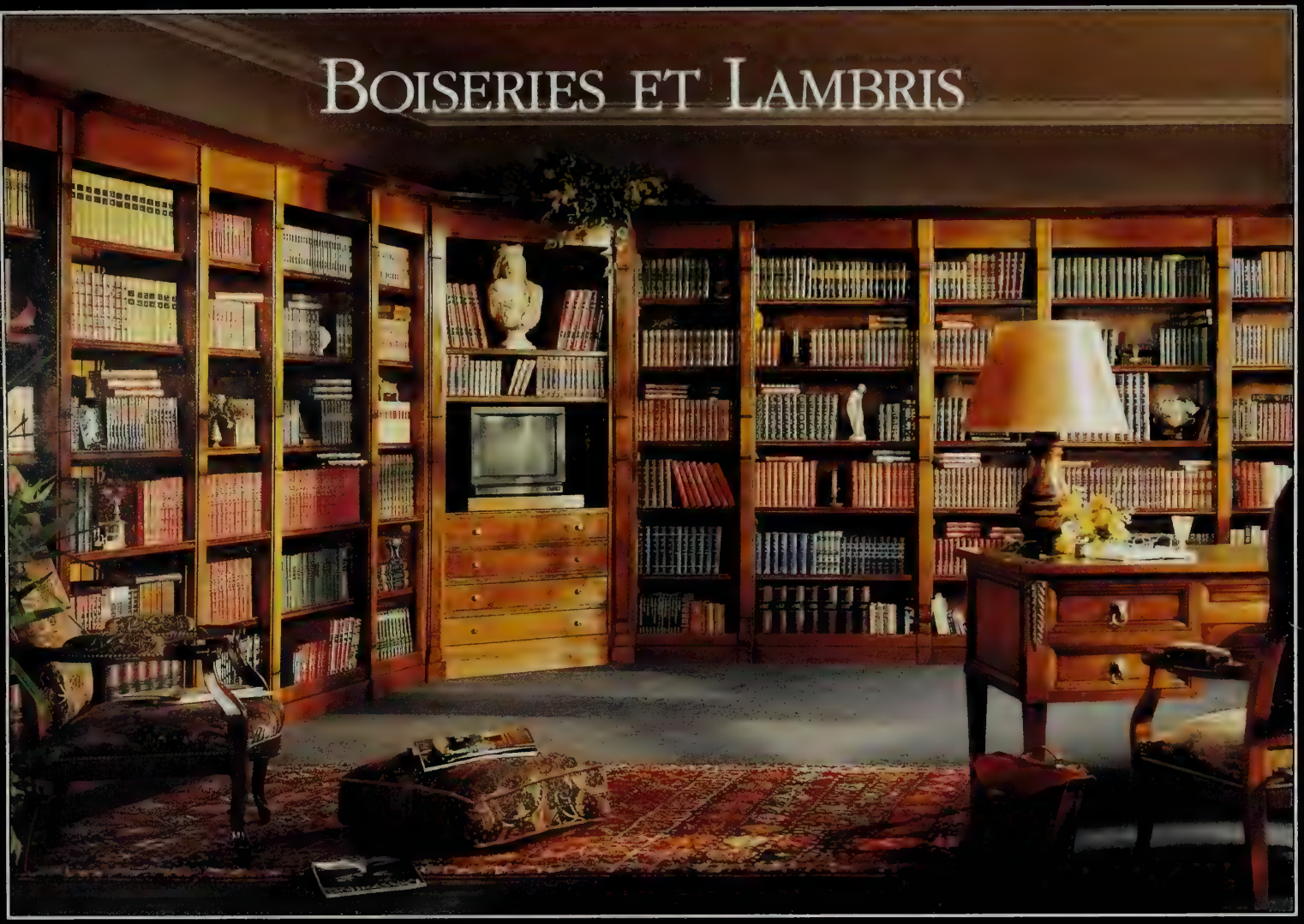
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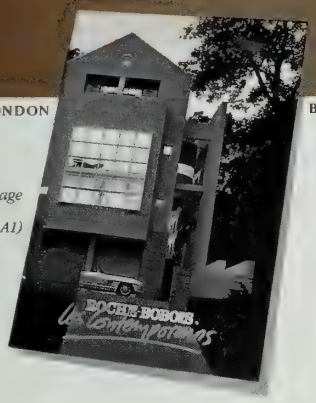
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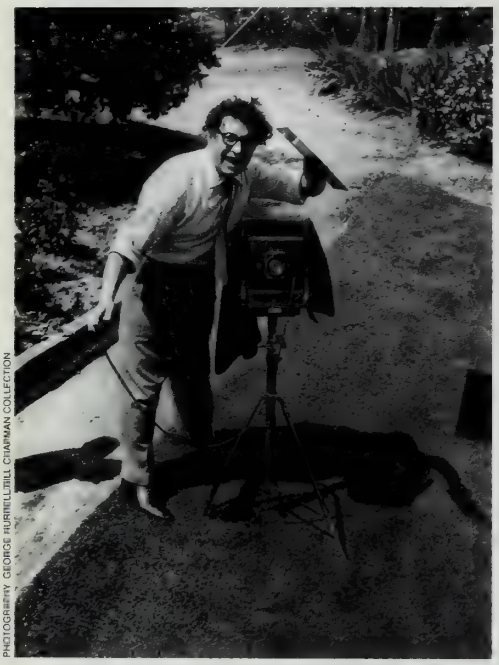
GEORGE HURRELL'S HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR

The Photographer's Glittering Visions of Stars at Home

By Irene Borger

Almost as legendary as the glamorous Hollywood icons he has glorified for decades, George Hurrell (below, circa 1944) launched his career in 1928 with portraits of the silent-screen star Ramon Novarro. In the years that followed he often departed from studio sessions to photograph stars in the privacy of their homes. RIGHT: Hurrell captured Loretta Young's "bewitching personality" in around 1934.





PHOTOGRAPHY GEORGE HURRELL/TRILL CHAPMAN COLLECTION

HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR HAS always been based on the paradoxical notion of inaccessible intimacy. Olympian and out of reach, movie stars are made to seem realer than real through the "truthful" media of photography and film. Photographer George Hurrell, called the Grand Seigneur of the Hollywood portrait, was one of the key fabricators of star mythology. Now eighty-seven, Hurrell, who is still working, began his career in 1928 when he photographed silent-screen star Ramon Novarro. His images of all the important actors and actresses from the studio system days—including Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Rosalind Russell, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Greta Garbo—not only publicized their movies but, in some cases, actually invented their "look." So palpable was his sense of allure, the phrase "glamour photograph" was coined to describe his work.

Hurrell hadn't planned to be a photographer when he headed West in 1925. After studying at the Art Institute of Chicago as a young painter, he went to Laguna Beach to work alongside California Impressionists Edgar Payne and William Wendt. "But a fella has to eat," he says. He made photographic portraits to support his painting, but his work in oils would soon become a sideline. Actress Nor-



An intimate glimpse of Wallace Beery (above, in 1931, with his bird dog, Sister) was not easy to come by. Recalls Hurrell, "Wally did not like photo sessions, and the studio, of course, was rather unhappy with this because he was so popular at the time."

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The Photographer's Glittering Visions of Stars at Home
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A "fun-type girl" who filled her photo sessions with laughter and enjoyment, the ill-fated Jean Harlow (right, in 1934) was first photographed by Hurrell in 1931. Her residence outside the gates of Bel-Air would be the site of several shoots.



ma Shearer saw the pictures he'd taken of Ramon Novarro and drove in her cream-colored Rolls-Royce to his "big as three chairs" studio. Shearer wanted to convince Irving Thalberg, her husband and the head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, that she could play the lead in *The Divorcée*, and needed a sexier image. "In those days, before you even had a screen test, the studio would send you in for publicity stills," Hurrell explains. "Well, it turned out Thalberg liked what I did." He liked what Hurrell did so much that Shearer got the part, and Hurrell became an MGM staff photographer.

With hundreds of movies to promote, each of the big movie studios had its own photography portrait gallery. Throughout the 1930s, pictures "made by the pound" were cranked out daily for newspapers, magazines and movie theater lobbies. While the stills were created for public relations and not as art, Hurrell's educated eye altered the nature of the genre. "A Hurrell portrait is to the ordinary publicity still what a Rolls-Royce is to a roller skate," *Esquire* magazine wrote in 1936.



Hurrell remembers Myrna Loy (above, in 1932) as a "quiet, unassuming person whose p[illegible] home, its design and its interior comforts was quite obvious."

Whether Hurrell was working at MGM, Warner Bros., Twentieth Century-Fox or his own studios, his sessions were known for their antics and pizzazz. "I always had a stack of seventy-eight-rpm records on. I played boogie-woogie for Paulette Goddard, Hawaiian guitar for Olivia de Havilland, soft music for Charles Boyer. And sometimes I even stood on my head," he says.

If his behavior was eccentric, his results were pristine. Hurrell's portraits, made with an eight-by-ten view camera, are razor-sharp, tightly composed and dramatically lit to a full-fledged chiaroscuro. Hurrell says he "designed faces" by using spotlights. The antithesis of more contemporary motor-driven candid snapshots, his portraits are studied and precisely posed. From makeup to lighting to heavy retouching, they are masterful manipulations with a sculptural monumentality.

Glamour, a word of Scottish origin, has an alternate meaning of "magical spell." Hurrell insists that glamour

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The Photographer's Glittering Visions of Stars at Home
continued from page 70



Jane Russell (above, in 1945) "had an image to live up to," says Hurrell. "From the first film she made, *The Outlaw*, she was under pressure to have a sexy style of photo for release to the media." Although most of her home was simpler in taste, her gilt boudoir mirror and dressing table provided the perfect theatrical backdrop.

isn't an illusion constructed for the camera; it is palpably real. "You could feel an atmosphere to it," he says. "You felt inspired when someone like Dietrich, Crawford or Mae West walked into the room. The real stars were conscious of glamour. That's part of what it meant to be professional."

With each new film to promote, a new campaign was launched. Stars would alter their costumes and make-up. PR men would conjure strategies. Mae West once came to a photo session with fifty negligees and would stand "naked as a jaybird" as she changed. Dietrich demanded a full-length mirror in order to scrutinize every detail. Hurrell, who grew tired of the "plain white walls of the portrait gallery," would introduce new props, all of them chosen for both their formal quality and their subliminal references. Hurrell says, "Everything was selected for g[illegible] and



Joan Crawford (above, circa 1932) was a star who relished photo sessions at home, remembers Hurrell, who photographed the actress at her Brentwood residence numerous times.

shape. In terms of the design, a chair is as important as a nose." He might use an ornate mirror or a curvilinear chaise or his now-famous bear rug. "I actually began to hate the popularity of that rug. I thought it was artificial." In 1934 he made his classic image of Jean Harlow, a blonder-than-blond beauty reclining atop the beast's head. "I shot that at Harlow's home, a great big place just outside the Bel-Air gates. My inspiration for the lighting of that shoot came when I posed her in front of the fireplace."

If the stars—except for Garbo, who wouldn't permit it—enjoyed being photographed at their residences because it meant one less trip to the studio, Hurrell preferred at-home sessions mainly for one reason: "more visual information."

"If it was the first time to shoot a star at home, my assistant and I would go in and search through the house to see what would make the best-designed backdrop: some architectural detail like a column or a vase or maybe decoration on the wall. But it had to have the glamour touch. In those days, there was no walk-in-and-shoot-'em-in-the-kitchen stuff," Hurrell explains.

There was also no "shoot 'em" in the garden. ("It's very hard to get a glamorous shot outside with natural lighting.") Or the bedroom. ("Too much sex wasn't acceptable. Too blatant. You had to be subtle about it.") Mae West was less than subtle about it. Hurrell recalls a visit to her penthouse apartment in Hollywood. "She liked to stage everything—so it was no surprise her home was decorated to the hilt. I particularly remember one statue—a big male figure, at least five feet tall, set on a pedestal. Of course it was a nude."

In the early 1930s, maps to stars' homes were readily available to tourists and fans who yearned to get "behind the scenes." But even though a photo session might be touted as a real-life affair, the picture was generally a tightly cropped fantasy, more

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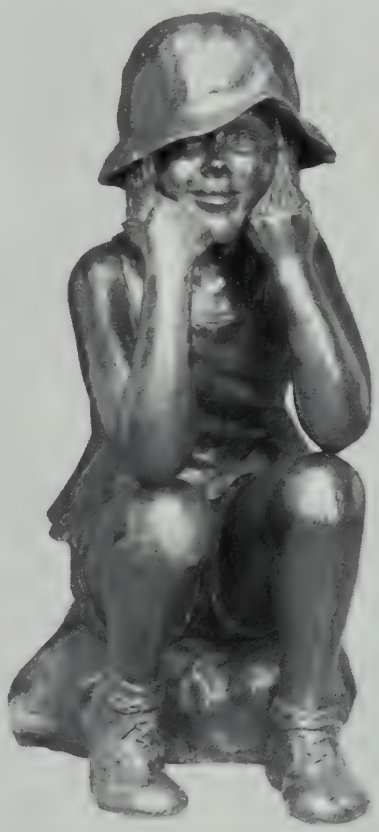
otherworldly than documentary. The rare naturalistic shots, such as the portraits of Marie Dressler crocheting in a "genuine" room, are as much fictions as the more prevalent out-of-time-and-space images.

An Ethel Barrymore who greeted Hurrell over her breakfast-in-bed of Scotch and soda would appear in the photographs with a perfectly public face. Joan Crawford might open the front door of her elegant Brentwood house herself, yet her photographs were taken only in one room on the main floor and were meticulously engineered. "You had to be careful of all her deep plush white rugs. We had to stretch out a large canvas when we went to her house. We had to keep those carpets white. And we never went upstairs.

"Crawford was a natural at posing. She had an instinctive sense of design and of herself. Sometimes by four o'clock I'd be tired and suggest that we finish up, but she never wanted to stop. She loved being looked at."

"I played boogie-woogie for Paulette Goddard, Hawaiian guitar for de Havilland, soft music for Boyer."

The man who photographed Crawford some fifty times at home, who ensured that Jean Harlow ("just a big, healthy, happy girl") was carefully lit, continues to make portraits. Sessions with his current favorite actor, Arnold Schwarzenegger, remind him of his work with Clark Gable. "He has the same simple, natural quality." But simple and natural has never been part of the Hurrell look. "The glamour thing," as he calls it, remains. "After all," he says, "trying to be a neighborhood type isn't what made any of the big stars big." □



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MAURICE CHEVALIER

Suave Star of *Gigi* in His Spanish-Style House

By Anne Edwards



PHOTOGRAPHY: MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

FROM THE MOMENT of his arrival in the United States in 1928 to film *Innocents in Paris*, Maurice Chevalier was the official ambassador of gaiety and French charm—the roguish boulevardier with a suggestive swagger, effervescent smile, dancing eyes and a marvelous Parisian accent that he retained in performances his entire life despite his improved English pronunciation through the years. ("Was there enough accent?" he once asked Alan Jay Lerner during the filming of *Gigi*.) His immediate success in Hollywood made him an international star and certainly the most famous French performer in the world.

Though Chevalier was noted professionally for his sophisticated joie de vivre, his personal life, at least until his later years, was clouded by problems. After a troubled childhood (his alcoholic father abandoned the family, and he was the youngest of ten children), he left school in 1899 at age ten to earn his living





Maurice Chevalier (top) was known to audiences worldwide as the magnetic French boulevardier in movies such as *The Love Parade* (1929), *The Merry Widow* (1934) and *Folies Bergere* (1935). He was nominated for an Oscar for *The Big Pond* (1930). ABOVE: In 1933, five years after coming to Hollywood, he moved to a Beverly Hills house.

His success made him the most famous French performer in the world.

RIGHT: Chevalier's Spanish-style house, with its stucco walls and graceful archways that led from one room to the next, reminded him and his wife, Yvonne, of the Provence that they both loved.

continued on page 82



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Suave Star of *Gigi* in His Spanish-Style House
continued from page 78



"Love the public the way you love your mother," said Chevalier. He was awarded a 1958 honorary Oscar "for his contribution to the world of entertainment for more than half a century." LEFT: The dining room looked out to the hills.

Many years before Chaplin invented the Little Tramp, Chevalier called himself Little Chevalier.

BELOW: Chevalier, who immediately became one of Paramount's most popular stars after he made his screen debut in 1929's *Innocents in Paris*, lived with his wife in California until 1935.



in Paris. He took whatever jobs he could get—joiner, electrician, carpenter, doll painter—but was always fired for one reason or another. His ambition was to become a great entertainer. Whenever he could he sang for pennies in cheap cafés. He had his first engagement in 1901 for twelve francs a week at the dingy Casino de Tourelles, imitating the great comedians of the day. His extreme youth and audacity won over the Casino's particularly difficult, and oftentimes rough, audiences.

Many years before Charlie Chaplin invented the Little Tramp, Chevalier called himself Little Chevalier and adopted a comic costume: oversize hat, green checked jacket and thick-soled boots. He transformed his comic turn with touches of an English dandy and by 1910 was appearing at the Folies-Bergères opposite the star Mistinguett, who, though years older, soon became his lover.

The affair was interrupted by World War I, in which he was captured and spent two years in a German prison camp. There he learned English from another prisoner. When he returned to Paris and Mistinguett's arms, it was in the mold of the worldly Parisian, dapper in a tuxedo and perfectly in tune with a time when audiences wanted to forget their troubles. Chevalier once again became the rage, and the style that



One of Chevalier's most famous roles was his portrayal of Louis Jourdan's uncle in *Gigi* (1958), a film that won a then-record nine Oscars. LEFT: The master bedroom.

continued on page 85


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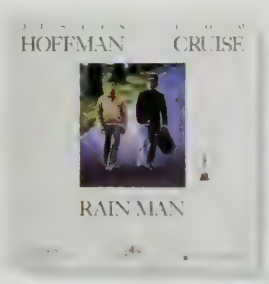
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Suave Star of *Gigi* in His Spanish-Style House
continued from page 82

he created gave him an unforgettable cachet.

Conscious that his voice was mediocre, Chevalier half-sang and half-spoke his songs, always typically French. He told stories and monologues in a confidential manner—almost confessional—that made him both the urbane man and the little guy around the corner. He quickly grew to be one of France's top stars.

Chevalier never quite got over the breakup of his affair with Mistinguett and was to claim that she brought him the greatest love he had ever known. By 1921 he realized he was heading for a nervous breakdown. His memory suddenly seemed to be failing, and he experienced terrifying attacks of vertigo where the floor of the stage "rushed up menacingly" to meet his footsteps. As he tried to adjust, his balance would melt away, leaving him teetering in empty space. The same thing occurred night after night during one of his hits, *On High*.

At one performance he stood frozen, unable to move. A young chorus girl, Yvonne Vallée, helped him across the stage to his next scene. Without realizing quite what was happening, he began to rely upon her. After he overcame his suicidal feelings, they were married. For Chevalier, who knew from the start that he was not really in love with Vallée, it was to be an unhappy union.

In 1928 Chevalier signed a Hollywood contract, and he and Vallée left France for what he hoped would be a new life for them. He was thirty-nine years old and feared that he was not youthful enough for the part he was to play in *Innocents in Paris*. But he had one of those rare faces and personalities on which the camera seems to lavish its love; and the accent and the lilt of his voice were ideal for newly arrived sound. The film has been long forgotten except for the song Chevalier sang, *Louise*, which became an instant sensation and would always be identified with him.

For the next few years he and Vallée lived in a Hollywood apartment while he starred opposite Jeanette MacDonald in such romantic screen classics as *The Love Parade* (1929) and *One Hour With You* (1932), both deftly directed by Ernst Lubitsch. In 1933 they moved into what he described as "a delightful little house...perched on the mountain overlooking Beverly Hills." It was a Spanish-style residence with a tile roof.

The Chevaliers' marriage began to falter early in their occupancy. Yvonne blamed his meteoric success, the public nature of Hollywood life and her husband's affair with the much more glamorous Marlene Dietrich. When Chevalier left Hollywood in 1935 after refusing to take second billing to Grace Moore in a film, a divorce was already in progress. He swore that he would never marry again, and although he had many affairs, he was true to his word.

The advent of World War II ended the continuing spiral of his film and cabaret career in France and England. Ceding to the pressure of Germany's occupation forces, he appeared at the Casino de Paris and entertained the prisoners of war in Germany, singing popular songs with his own recognized standards. He was always to claim that he was above ideology and merely a singer, that he entertained at only one stalag during the war, in exchange for the lives of ten prisoners, and that he never received any special consideration or remuneration from the Germans. Nonetheless, after the liberation, his wartime performances almost cost him his life when he was accused of being a collaborator. The much-respected Louis Aragon, a poet and the editor of the Paris paper *Ce Soir*, published a front-page story calling the accusations lies and giving Chevalier a chance to repudiate the charges.

He lived in what he described as "a delightful little house."

He returned to the stage—to sold-out houses—in a one-man show at the Théâtre de Champs Elysées—and miraculously won over his audiences again with his dazzling smile, sympathetic personality and charisma, and by singing all the songs they loved. And although he thought himself a man of the stage before anything else, he recognized that films had brought him his international celebrity, and after making *Love in the Afternoon* (1957) with Gary Cooper and Audrey Hepburn in Paris, he was lured back to Hollywood in 1958 for *Gigi*, although much of the film had been shot in France.

Chevalier had been away for many years, and the Hollywood he had known appeared to have vanished. He later recalled a time when he drove through Beverly Hills and up the mountain to the house he had once occupied. Although dwarfed now by larger, grander places, it was almost unchanged. He sat parked out front for about fifteen minutes, trying, he said, to evoke clear memories of the time he had lived there, but the Maurice Chevalier he'd been then seemed to have dissolved with the past. What remained was only the gay, sophisticated image he had created on the screen.

The Academy presented him with a 1958 Honorary Award for his "contributions to the world of entertainment for more than half a century," although he was not specifically singled out for his memorable performance in *Gigi*, as the aging Parisian who was glad he was "not young anymore."

On his eightieth birthday he wrote in his diary: "When you're eighty you don't go chasing after anybody or anything anymore. Things must happen by themselves, other people must make the first move. If they don't, you shrug your shoulders. 'Au revoir,' you think, 'see you on the moon.'" Maurice Chevalier's legions of admirers don't have to travel that far. All they have to do, fortunately, is watch any one of his many great films. □

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ABOVE: Although he is renowned as a British stage actor, Sir John Gielgud won an Academy Award for a comedic role in *Arthur* (1981). In the garden of his London residence in 1989, he enjoys a moment of repose.

BELOW: Audrey Hepburn, who received four Academy nominations and a Best Actress Oscar for *Roman Holiday* (1953), plays a game of table tennis with her husband, actor-producer Mel Ferrer.



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PHOTOFEST

ABOVE: Playwright Lillian Hellman, who was married to Dashiell Hammett, was nominated twice, for her screenplays of *The Little Foxes* (1941) and *North Star* (1943).

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NAT DALLINGER

ABOVE: Mexican-born Anthony Quinn, who played in over 100 film roles, won Oscars for *Viva Zapata!* (1952) and *Lust for Life* (1956). He and his wife, Katherine—Cecil B. DeMille's daughter—discuss additions to their house in 1955.

BELOW: Arriving in the United States in 1920, Ronald Colman was discovered by Lillian Gish and became a leading romantic actor from the 1920s to the 1940s. Nominated three times for Oscars, he was voted Best Actor for his performance in *A Double Life* (1947).



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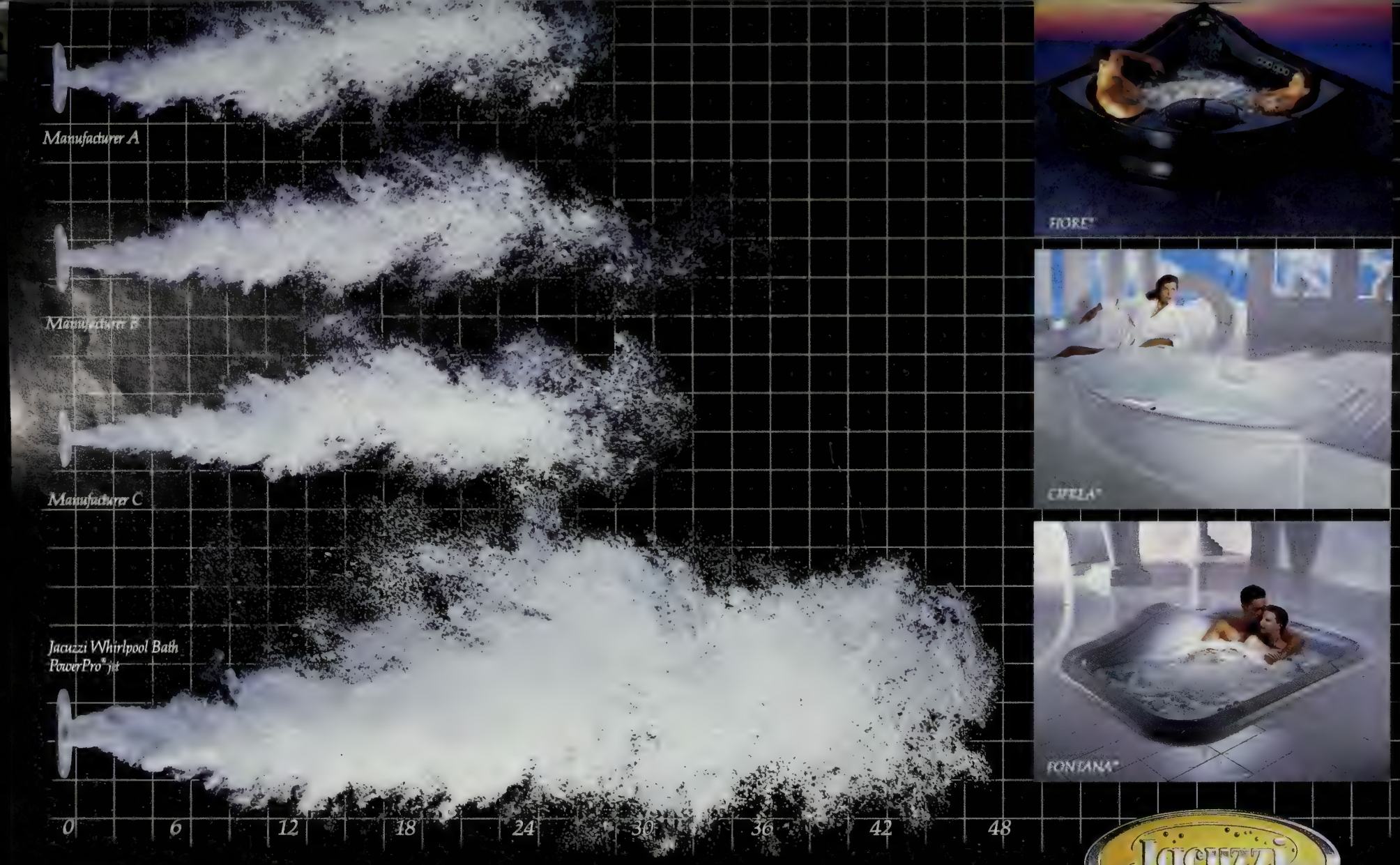
ABOVE: Recipient of the 19[illegible] Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award, versatile director Mervyn Le Roy is most remembered for his work with the early Warner Bros. studio and as the producer of *The Wizard of Oz* (1939).

BELOW: Grace Kelly enjoyed success in the 1950s, winning an Academy Award for *The Country Girl* (1954), before she left the movies to become Princess Grace of Monaco.



WISCONSIN CENTER FOR FILM AND THEATER RESEARCH

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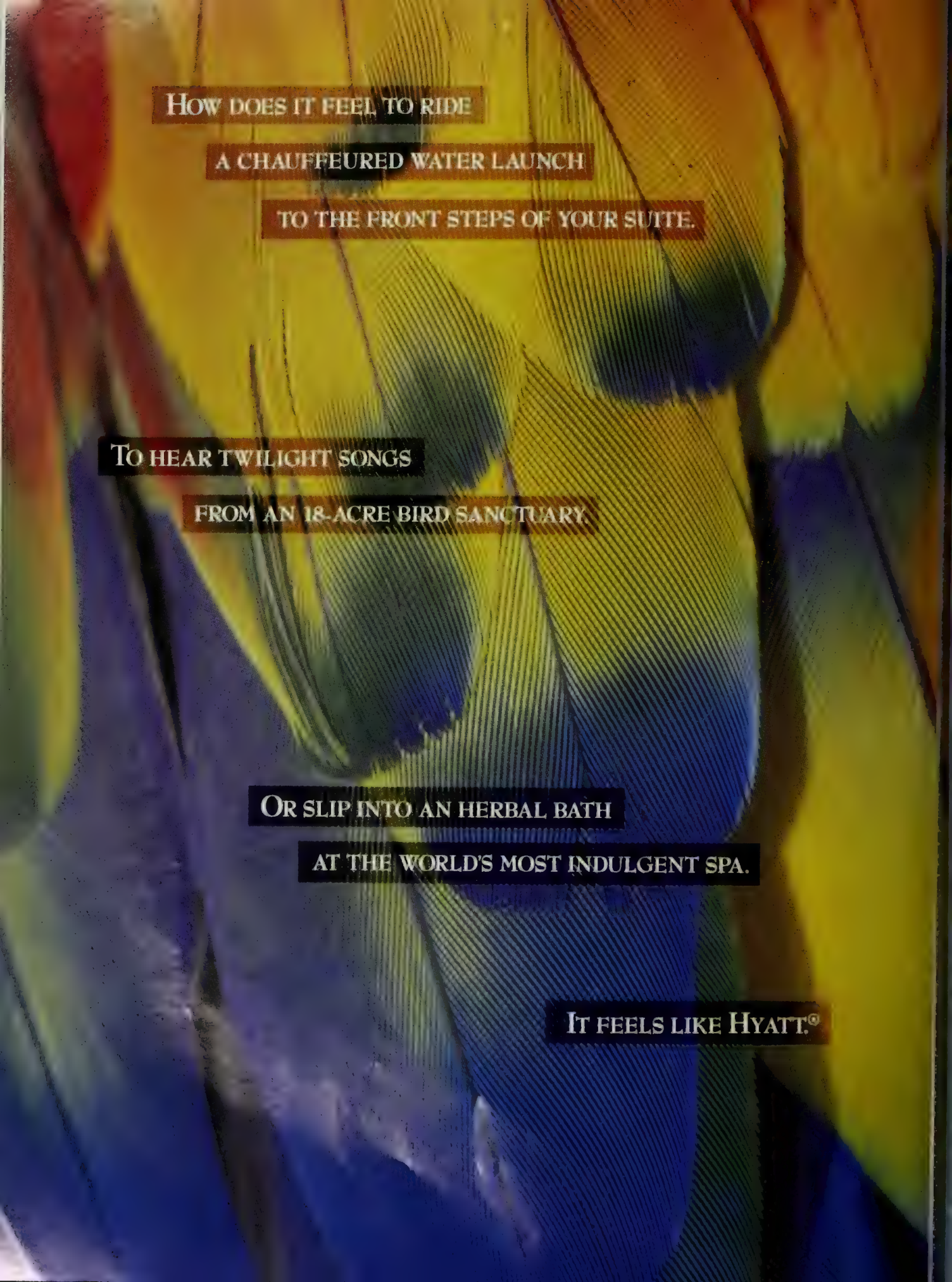


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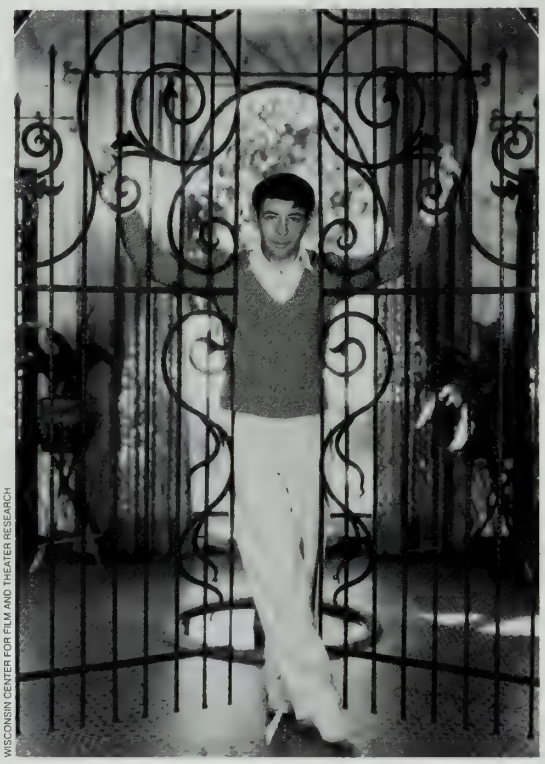
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BELOW: Austrian-born Paul Muni, seen at his Palos Verdes, California, residence, established his reputation as a stage actor and later in film for playing historical figures. He won a Best Actor Oscar for *The Story of Louis Pasteur* (1936).



WISCONSIN CENTER FOR FILM AND THEATER RESEARCH



TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO./MGM COLLECTION/COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

ABOVE: Basil Rathbone, best remembered for his swashbuckling roles and as Sherlock Holmes during the 1940s, also earned nominations for *Romeo and Juliet* (1936) and *If I Were King* (1938).

BELOW: After starting on Broadway in the 1930s, actor John Garfield frequently played defiant, up-and-coming characters, for which he was nominated twice. He lounges in his living room with his wife, Roberta, in 1948.



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continued from page 96



EVERETT COLLECTION/CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

ABOVE: Having launched a successful acting career on Broadway, Billie Burke played in a number of early silent films. She returned to New York, but in 1931 moved back to Hollywood. The actress, in 1937, relaxes in her bedroom.



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

ABOVE: In 1888, at 15, Adolph Zu[illegible] to the United States from Hungary. He began his own [illegible] udio in 1913, which eventually became Paramount, and [illegible] 1948 Special Award.

BELOW: British actor Sir John Mills enjoyed popularity as a romantic lead during the 1940s and 1950s. Later in his career he won an Academy Award for his part in *Ryan's Daughter* (1970).



COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

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LIAV DALTINGER

ABOVE: Often playing strong-willed characters in the 1940s, Van Heflin won an Oscar for his role as an alcoholic in *Johnny Eager* (1942). With his second wife, Frances, he looks over plans for an addition to their Brentwood house in 1955.

BELOW: An early star of British silent films, Victor McLaglen often acted in Hollywood's talkies in the 1930s as a robust, kind-hearted figure and was awarded a Best Actor Oscar for *The Informer* (1935). At Fairhaven, his estate in La Cañada, California, he poses in the trophy room of his stable, which contained eight Thoroughbreds.



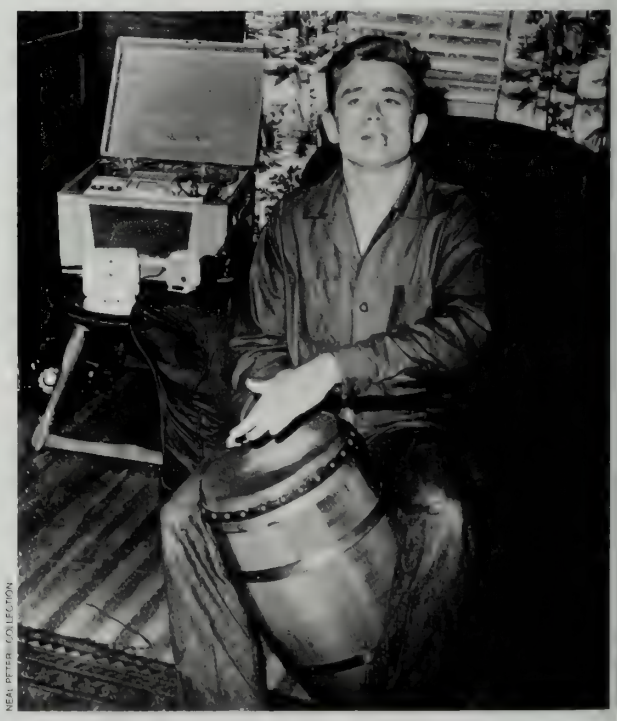
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MARIA RASTELLI/COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

ABOVE: Sophia Loren, famed for her Italian beauty, became an international star in the 1950s, receiving a Best Actress Oscar for *Two Women* (1961) and a 1990 Honorary Award. In the early 1960s, Loren relaxes in her apartment in Rome, which overlooked Michelangelo's Campidoglio.

BELOW: Though he made few films in the mid-1950s, James Dean earned nominations for *East of Eden* (1955) and *Giant* (1956). After his death in 1955, his legend grew to almost mythic proportions.



NEAL PETER COLLECTION

continued on page 106

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Car Magazine, November, 1991

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BELOW: Ralph Bellamy played various characters in Hollywood from the 1930s to the mid-1940s, before establishing a prominent stage career. Nominated for *The Awful Truth* (1937), Bellamy was given a 1986 Honorary Award for his "unique artistry."



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE



TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO./MGM COLLECTION/COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

ABOVE: After working on several Austro-German films, Luise Rainer went to Hollywood in the mid-1930s and was voted successive Best Actress Academy Awards for *The Great Ziegfeld* (1936) and *The Good Earth* (1937).

BELOW: Four Oscar nominations led Susan Hayward to an established career as a leading lady in the 1940s and 1950s, culminating in a Best Actress award for her part in *I Want to Live!* (1958). She and her husband, actor Jess Barker, read a book at home in 1946.



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CULVER PICTURES

ABOVE: Born in England, Sydney Greenstreet acted on stage until his screen debut as a villainous character in *The Maltese Falcon* (1941). His performance drew a nomination and defined many of his later roles in the 1940s.


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D. W. GRIFFITH

The Father of American Film in Beverly Hills

By Richard Schickel



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Widely regarded as the father of American film, D. W. Griffith brought artistry to the medium with such films as *The Birth of a Nation* (1915) and *Intolerance* (1916). ABOVE: Griffith lived nomadically until he bought a house in Beverly Hills in the 1940s with his second wife, Evelyn.

"Remember how small the world was before I came along. I brought it all to life: I moved the whole world onto a twenty-foot screen," he said. BELOW: Griffith, in 1947, poses next to his 1935 Special Award, presented to him for his innovative contribution to cinema.

HOW CURIOUS IT IS to see D. W. Griffith domesticated—living in a little house on a quiet little street in Beverly Hills and, one imagines, taking his meals at the customary times, going to bed at a regular hour with a loving wife at his side. Or trying to. For these were activities he attempted to engage in only when he reached his sixties—and he was none too successful. If Griffith had ever had the temperament for them, life had not offered him much of an opportunity to adopt the habits and perfect the lifestyle of the conventional middle-class male.

When he was twenty-four Griffith left Louisville, Kentucky, where he had grown up, to try his luck—never good, by the way—as an itinerant actor. He became in those years a creature of boardinghouses (occasionally flophouses), cheap hotels and lunch counters—a wanderer traveling light through the hard underclass life of turn-of-the-century America. It is true that he married an actress named Linda Arvidson just before he got a job directing one-reelers at the Biograph Studio, and that for a few years they shared an apartment in New York, where between 1908 and 1913 Griffith invented the job of film director and refined the basic grammar of screen storytelling. But the failed actor (and equally unsuccessful playwright-poet) focused all his astonishing energy on what he believed was a last chance in a developing new field that was not particularly choosy about its employees' past credits. There was no time to devote to home, hearth and wife.

But succeed he did—at first. Six years after coming to the movies, he made *The Birth of a Nation* (1915), a film that was virtually unprecedented in length and entirely unprecedented in the complexity of its design and, ultimately, its commercial success, despite the terrible taint of racism that it



BELOW: Also in 1947, a year before his death at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, D. W. Griffith stands in his house's sunroom admiring a collage of stills from the movies he created, made for him by his grandniece.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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The Father of American Film in Beverly Hills
continued from page 114

carried. It is not too much to say that its enormous profitability is what encouraged risk-loving entrepreneurs to turn the movies into big business. By 1921 Griffith was the proprietor of his own seigneurial studio, situated on a sometime oil baron's estate in Mamaroneck, New York, and he was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the authentic artists in a medium not generally recognized as an art form.

In those years he shed his wife and reverted to his previous way of life. The hotel accommodations were now suites, and the off-hour meals were delivered by room service, but Griffith was still living out of suitcases, a rootless, womanizing man (his taste ran to young actresses, some of them adolescents) incapable of a settled life. Or, for that matter, a carefully managed career.

He had some accomplishments after *Birth of a Nation*: the commercially disastrous, structurally flawed but often awesome spectacle *Intolerance* (1916), the poetic tragedy *Broken Blossoms* (1919) and the suspenseful melodrama *Way Down East* (1920). But his was an essentially Victorian sensibility, at odds with the more decadent tastes of the Jazz Age. And making just one film—usually an expensive one—every year, he could not sustain his grandiose studio. By 1926 his operation was gone, and along with it his independence. He worked as a director for hire for a few years and completed a couple of sound films, such as the not entirely unimpressive *Abraham Lincoln* (1930) and a ludicrous temperance drama, *The Struggle* (1931), which turned out to be virtually unreleasable.

His career was finished in 1931, and Griffith had a long leftover life to kill—seventeen years of it. There were a few abortive projects and a great deal of wandering—to London, to Kentucky, back and forth to Hollywood. During this period a clever Louisville lawyer was finally able to extricate Griffith from his first marriage (a legal fiction that persisted some two decades after he and the vindictively clinging Linda had separated), and that freed him to marry Evelyn Baldwin in 1936.

She had been about seventeen when they met (he strolled back and forth before her and her mother at a benefit in the Astor Hotel, muttering about Little Nell, implying she would be perfect for the adaptation of *The Old Curiosity Shop* he claimed to be contemplating), and they kept company off and on for almost a decade before they married. The very day of their wedding, Griffith received a phone call informing him that he had been given a Special Award and inviting him to the annual banquet to accept it. He and Evelyn took the opportunity to turn the trip into their honeymoon. Griffith was so encouraged by the warmth of Hollywood's reception that he and his bride, who was less than half his age, kept circling back to southern California over the next few years. When producer Hal Roach, almost as much a movie pioneer as Griffith, offered him a job as a consultant on his film *One Million B.C.*, they decided to move to Los Angeles in 1939.

By 1921 Griffith was acknowledged to be one of the authentic artists in a medium not generally recognized as an art form.

The job proved to be short-lived; Griffith believed he would be allowed to direct the film and was bitterly disappointed when the assignment was not given to him. His marriage, on the other hand, was for a time a happy one; despite the disparity in their ages, Evelyn Baldwin was in many respects a perfect helpmate for the disillusioned Griffith—a patient, sensible woman whose love for him was genuine.

It was Evelyn, a woman of traditional values whose interest in show business was minimal, who cultivated the nesting instinct in him. They rented a succession of small houses before buying the residence on Peck Drive in the Beverly Hills flats, not far from Wilshire Boulevard, where Griffith would often go for walks. He filled his days scribbling away at unproduceable plays and at least one screen treatment. Unfortunately, his nighttime activities increasingly involved wayward and often degrading entertainments. Although Griffith had been raised a teetotaling Methodist, he had taken to drink as his career began to falter. He had been relatively abstemious during the first years of his marriage to Evelyn, but sometime in the early forties he again embraced the bottle—roaming Hollywood's night streets, a pitiable figure looking for company, sometimes declaiming grandiloquently about former greatness and current neglect, sometimes mumbling forlornly about it. Occasionally he would try ineptly to pick up a woman, and one terrible morning Evelyn was summoned to the Beverly Hills jail to rescue him from the drunk tank.

In 1947 they separated, and Griffith retreated to his final hotel room, at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel off of Hollywood Boulevard. It was there that he was fatally stricken by a cerebral hemorrhage in July 1948. The arc of his career was like the narrative of one of those cautionary, melodramatic, self-referential movies about the price of fame that Hollywood used to produce, something along the lines of *A Star Is Born*. There was greatness in the man, and humbug, but never enough irony or self-knowledge to save him from his unexamined excesses. D. W. Griffith was a tragic character, but it was he—more than the industry that can legitimately be accused of ignoring its founding father in his last years—who was the author of that tragedy. □



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Greta Garbo

The Legendary Star's Secret Garden in New York

TEXT BY GRAY HORAN



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG© GRAY REINSFELD

ABOVE: Greta Garbo, who created memorable roles in *Anna Christie*, *Anna Karenina* and *Ninotchka*, found refuge from the intrusions of an avid public in a New York apartment near the East River from 1953 to her death in 1990.

RIGHT: A carpet Garbo designed lines a hall, where a painting by her brother, Sven Gustafson, hangs above a Louis XV banquette. In the elevator vestibule at right is a circa 1700 British School oil. BELOW: A detail of paneling in the bedroom, where Garbo took panels from a Swedish armoire to form a bed and a niche.



DAVID HAYS © GRAY REINSFELD

"THERE WILL NEVER be another Garbo." She said it herself in her own confident, charming manner. She was responding to a magazine article I had shown her about a new actress who was touted as "the next Garbo." "No, there will never be another Garbo," she continued. "I'm different inside." The emphasis was on the last word.

What was she like inside? So few people really knew. Both on- and off-screen, Greta Garbo evoked a sense of wonder. She created some of the screen's great characters in movies of the same name: *Queen Christina* (1933), *Anna Karenina* (1935), *Camille* (1936), *Ninotchka* (1939)—all were provocative and timeless. About herself, she left the public guessing. She was determined to live privately.

This was difficult for Garbo. Her beauty and mesmerizing film performances had catapulted her to fame at the cusp of womanhood. She was only seventeen when she starred in Mauritz Stiller's *Gösta Berling's Saga* (1924). With her unparalleled success came the less desirable trappings of stardom. She was pursued throughout her life by persistent fans, reporters and photographers. She rebelled



© GRAY REINSFELD



TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO./MGM COLLECTION/COURTESY GRAY REISFIELD

Garbo being filmed in 1929 by cinematographer William Daniels for her last silent movie, *The Kiss*. "You get a face like that before a camera once in a century," observed director Mauritz Stiller, who brought then-19-year-old Greta Gustafson to the United States in 1925. A three-time Oscar nominee, Garbo was given a special 1954 Academy Award for her "unforgettable screen performances."

at the intrusions, wishing desperately to be left alone.

"I was on the lam," Garbo said (she frequently peppered her speech with such colloquialisms), recalling the Hollywood days when she rented or owned a series of houses, constantly moving to elude inquisitive neighbors and relentless voyeurs. When preparing for a role, she was serious and concentrated; she would take her tape recorder to her bedroom and work for hours on end. It left her little time for homemaking. In fact, she acquired relatively few possessions for her home during this period in her life—notably a coveted seventeenth-century Swedish country table that belonged to her beloved film director, Mauritz Stiller, a bedroom set and a plethora of books on art and history. Of her



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG© GRAY RESFIELD

Renoir's 1909 *Léontine et Coco*, which depicts the artist's son Claude, is displayed in the living room. Garbo had a passion for art and antiques and began collecting works by Renoir in the 1940s. Louis XV fauteuils attributed to Jean-Baptiste Tilliard flank the fireplace, where late-18th-century famille rose roosters are set alongside 19th-century Chinese porcelain boxes. The taboret is Louis XVI.

spartan surroundings Garbo would explain, "I worked. When was I going to sit in the living room?"

Residential Los Angeles offered an unprotected lifestyle. One night the actress found herself dangling from the drainpipe outside of her bedroom window, waiting for the prowler inside to finish prowling. She needed security. It was time to move to New York, which offered both anonymity and doormen. Finally, she would settle down to a place she called home.

In 1953 Garbo bought the fifth-floor apartment at 450 East Fifty-second Street. Built in 1927 and boasting a Venetian-Gothic façade, it was a site of considerable intrigue, even before Garbo moved in. During Prohibition it housed a private speakeasy called the Mayfair. Situated at the end of a



DAVID HAYS/© GRAY REISFELD

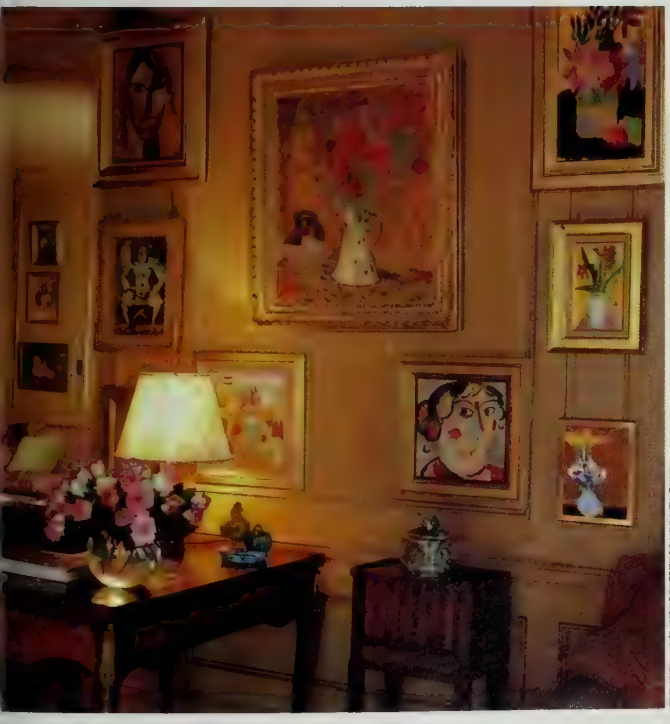
ABOVE: David Levine's *The Pink Hat* is one of the paintings in the living room. A friend of the artist's recalls Garbo at the opening in which the seascape was exhibited. "She came in, spotted the painting, bought it and left—five minutes later."

rare Manhattan cul-de-sac, with an unobstructed vista up and down the East River, the building has long had a colorful array of residents. Henry and Clare Boothe Luce maintained a triplex. Noël Coward, Edgar Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott were also among the illustrious that have made it their home. Though officially called the Campanile, it was dubbed Wit's End by Dorothy Parker. Tickled by the legacy, Garbo moved in.

Collecting paintings, antiques and furnishings for her new residence became a lifelong, international pursuit. Whether on a "trot" about New York, a brisk walk through Paris or a cruise around the Mediterranean, Garbo loved the quest for her treasures. What she acquired echoed her inner aesthetic. Her apartment was a place of beauty, wit and color.

BELOW: A panel painted after François Boucher adorns the upper part of a Louis XVI trumeau in the living room. The painted and parcel-gilt demilune commode below is Italian. At right are flower paintings, from top, by Georges d'Espagnat, Kees van Dongen and Louis Valtat.

What she acquired echoed her inner aesthetic.



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG/© GRAY REISFELD

ABOVE: Pierre Bonnard's *Les Coquelicots* hangs prominently in the living room. Elsewhere are portraits and a still life by Alexej von Jawlensky and oils by Georges Rouault and Juliette Juvin.



DAVID HAYS/© GRAY REISFELD





DAVID HAYS/© GRAY REISFIELD

ABOVE: Robert Delaunay's *Woman With Parasol* was a cherished canvas. For Garbo, color was essential in art and décor, and she surrounded herself with vibrant hues. "I love color," she once said. "With me it's inborn. I just know. I didn't have to learn it."

life. She began the series in 1962 with two rugs, one for her bedroom and one for what she called her "closet room," which she had transformed from a small library. The designs are boldly geometric and charged with color. Each has a central medallion motif, and the forms, though abstract, are translatable to their winged inspiration. By 1966, when Garbo made the last rug in this series, the geometric shapes, which she had conceived and sketched, could certainly have been considered avant-garde. The series, though colorful and modern, never compromised her classical sensibilities.

For the halls, Garbo designed runners with a trellislike pattern. Except for the rugs, the long corridors were relatively unadorned, compared with the rest of the apartment. The flocked brown wallpaper there might have fooled a visitor into expecting musty high Victoriana. In contrast, the char-

BELOW: Jean Atlan's *Composition*, a gift to the actress from her friend Elie de Rothschild, is set above a Continental Rococo painted chest of drawers in the master bedroom. The small gouache is Dimitri Bouchène's *Costume Design for a Masked Lady*.

A friend of Garbo's who herself presides over one of the world's greatest private art collections said it best: "She had a natural taste." Although she was fond of discussing art and design with the experts and trendsetters of the day, Garbo had her own instincts. She never followed fashions, she created them. She had tremendous faith in her judgment and was very sure of her innate and diverse talents. "I never set out to be an actress," she once remarked. "I would have been good at a number of things."

Garbo created many colorful rugs for the apartment. The first series she called *Birds in Flight*, which chronicles a particular period in her aesthetic



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG/© GRAY REISFIELD

OPPOSITE: Renoir's *Enfant Assis en Robe Bleu (Portrait of Edmond Renoir, Jr.)*, which dates from 1889, hangs above a Régence parquetry commode in the living room. The circa 1835 Staffordshire equestrian figures stand alongside one of a pair of Han pottery vases mounted as lamps. The corner chair is Louis XV.



BILLY CUNNINGHAM © GRAY RIESFIELD

The "closet room," which Garbo created from a small library, is highlighted by one of the carpets she designed for her 1962 series, *Birds in Flight*. Over the closet is part of her array of hats; others are stacked on a carved and painted Russian provincial tea table from circa 1880. The mahogany dressing table is Louis XV. Garbo chose the upholstery and drapery fabric, by Fortuny, which features African tribal motifs.

treuse and shocking-pink tones of her rugs were more suggestive of the gardenlike rooms beyond—her prelude, so to speak. It was all very schematic, though it did not appear to be contrived.

Composing the rugs was a wonderful outlet for Garbo's creativity. She was tireless, involved in every process. Ever practical, she would sit cross-legged on the floor when working on them. To her, it was the obvious perspective from which to design a rug. Roger McDonald, then a young man at V'Soske, the company that produced her designs, recalls his illustrious client: "We worked and we worked until we achieved what *she* wanted." Now V'Soske's design director, McDonald still feels Garbo's influence, particularly with color. "She knew just how to use color to energize a space," he says. "The rugs she designed held to the floor; they were never mincing, never overpowering."

For her bedroom, Garbo disassembled an old Swedish *skåp*, a huge armoirelike piece she had bought many years before at an auction in Stockholm. Typical of her taste in such furnishings, the floral carvings are natural and delicate. After she had the entire piece taken apart, she designed both a bed and a niche with the splendid panels.

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Garbo, in a circa 1929 photograph. Of her legendary desire for privacy, she remarked in a 1928 interview—one of the few she ever granted—"I wanted to be alone, even as a child. I used to go to a corner and think.... Thinking means so much, even to small children."



GEORGE HURRELL

PHOTOGRAPHY TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO. MGM COLLECTION COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

LEFT AND BELOW LEFT: In the early 1930s art director Cedric Gibbons built an Art Moderne house in Santa Monica for himself and his wife, Mexican actress Dolores Del Rio. Beyond the severe façade he crafted an elegant interior in tribute to his wife's beauty. BELOW: Del Rio and Gibbons in the living room in the 1930s. At the time, Gibbons was a highly influential designer for MGM.



GEORGE HURRELL

ON A PER-CAPITA basis, surely no community can rival Hollywood in the number of handsome married couples that it contains. And for this reason: For three-quarters of a century, exceptionally good-looking people have been drawn there to become movie stars and have fallen in love with and married other exceptionally good-looking people bent on achieving the same goal. Moreover, not all the handsome people in Hollywood are to be found in front of cameras. A case in point is Cedric Gibbons, who was MGM's art director from 1924 until just before his death, in 1960, and is generally reckoned to have been the most influential production designer in the history of American film. It was Gibbons who designed the suave gilded Academy Award statuette that has come to be called an Oscar. Gibbons himself received the award no fewer than twelve times, for

Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio

The Art Director and the Star of Flying Down to Rio in Santa Monica

TEXT BY BRENDAN GILL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE HURRELL AND CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



the design of such movies as *Pride and Prejudice* (1940), *Gaslight* (1944), *The Yearling* (1946), *Little Women* (1949), *An American in Paris* (1951) and *Julius Caesar* (1953), as well as a special Oscar for "consistent excellence."

As befits the cloud-cuckooland of moviemaking, the facts concerning Gibbons's early life are difficult to ascertain. Some authorities assert that he was born in 1893, others say 1895; some say his birthplace was Dublin, others say Brooklyn. Certain it is that he was Irish, that he attended the Art Students' League in New York City and that he was at work as a designer in Thomas Edison's movie studio in New Jersey at the time of World War I. Samuel Goldwyn lured him to Hollywood in 1918. Gibbons was as handsome as those celebrated movie stars —John Gilbert, Clark Gable and Ronald Colman—for whom he provided settings in *The Big Parade* (1925), *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1935) and *A Tale of Two Cities* (1935). He cut a dashing figure, being tall, black-haired and dark-eyed and sporting a pencil-thin mustache like that of his urbane friend William Powell, star of *The Thin Man* (1934)—another production from Gibbons's gifted hand. He also resembled Powell in being a notably



snappy dresser in an era that favored three-piece suits of sober weave and pearl-gray homburg hats. He was, in short, what was known in those days as a lady-killer.

Nobody in Hollywood had reason to be surprised when, in 1930, Gibbons married one of the most beautiful of all movie actresses, Dolores Del Rio. A voluptuous Mexican Venus, pursued and won by an ardent Irish Adonis—surely this was the ideal romance that the Hollywood dream factory had been invented to provide? Born in Durango, Mexico, in 1905, Del Rio was given the weighty baptismal name of Lolita Dolores Martinez Asunsolo Lopez Negrette. Her father was a banker, and one of her cousins was later to become the movie actor Ramon Novarro, star of *Ben-Hur*. In the usual way of Mexican bankers' daughters, she was educated in a convent; at sixteen she married a writer, Jaime Del Rio, from whom she was subsequently divorced. When she was twenty she met American director Edwin Carewe at a dance in Mexico City; he invited her to play a role in his movie *Joanna* (1925), and so her career was launched.

In those silent-movie days, Del Rio's strong Mexican accent was no handicap, and she starred in a number of big hits. While under contract to United Artists she was said to have received a salary of nine thousand dollars a week. Her sloop-size Cadillac Eight Custom town car required a two-man crew: a chauffeur to drive it and a footman to open and close its doors on behalf of its exquisite occupant. With the advent of talkies, Del Rio's accent caused her to be increasingly typecast in foreign roles; eventually she returned to Mexico and enjoyed a second, highly profitable movie career there. She died in 1983.

Del Rio's marriage to Gibbons lasted eleven years. Soon after their wedding, Gibbons designed a house for them in what was known at the time as the Art Moderne style. Located in Santa Monica, the house to this day remains a distinguished feat of architecture, worthy to rank with



GEORGE HURRELL

ABOVE: Characteristic of the era, the house was marked by angular forms and sleek surfaces. Reflected in the mirror is one of the 12 Oscars—11 for art direction—awarded to Gibbons, who designed the gilded statuette in 1928.



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

ABOVE: Del Rio's dressing room contained streamlined closets and drawers. There and throughout, he installed numerous mirrors—another homage to his wife—as well as built-in furniture. OPPOSITE: The couple in the living room, where Gibbons created a staircase for grand entrances by Del Rio.





CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

Del Rio (opposite, with Gibbons), who starred in silent movies at the beginning of her career, was later typecast in ethnic roles, such as *Flying Down to Rio* (1933). She returned to Mexico in 1943.

ABOVE: The study. Considered the most important art director in film, Gibbons oversaw the creation of sets for such movies as *Anna Karenina* (1935), *Gaslight* (1944) and *An American in Paris* (1951).

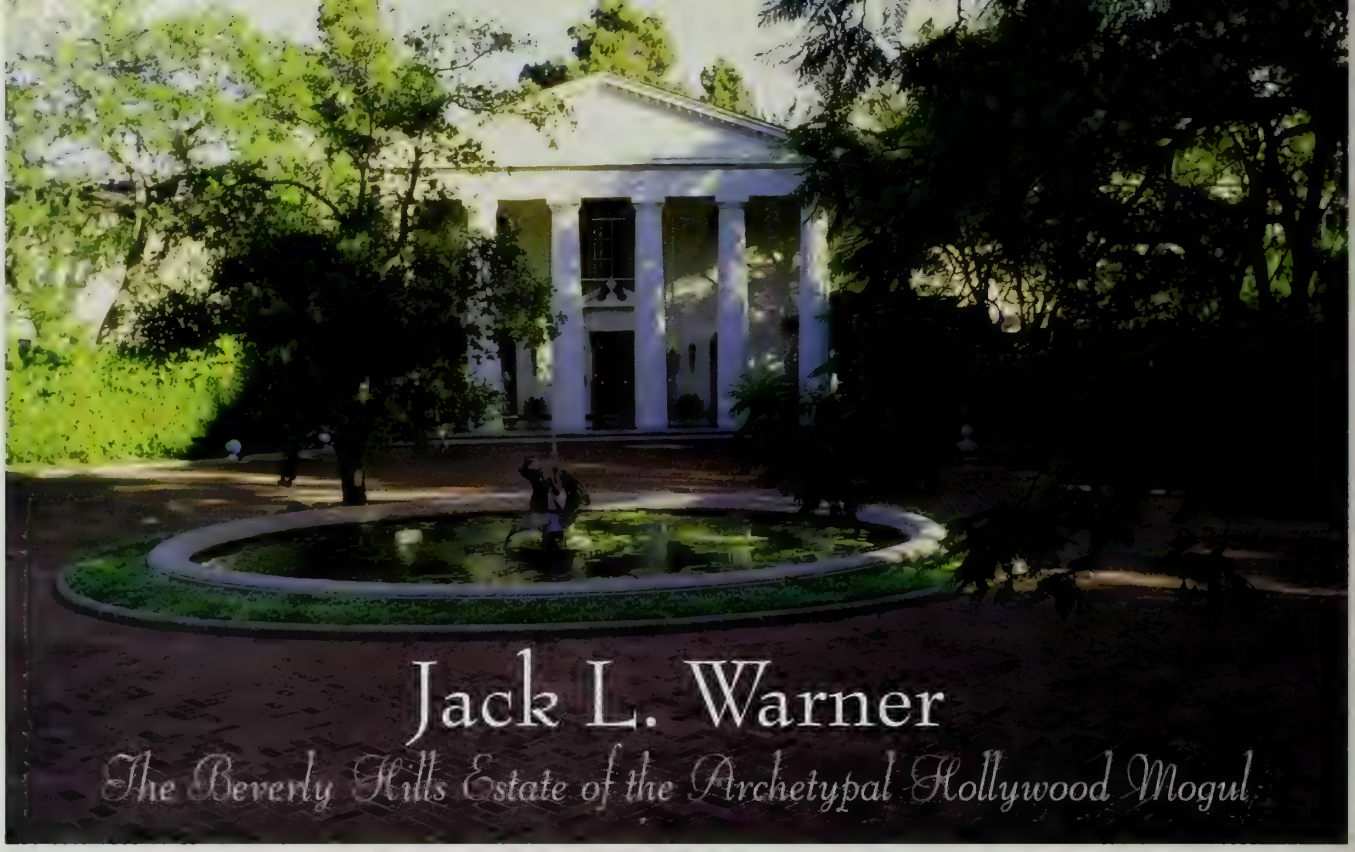
houses designed at roughly the same time and in the same general area by his contemporaries Richard Neutra and Rudolf Schindler. Boxy and flat-roofed, the house is at once severe in form and playful in detail; it presents to the street a blank façade clad in smooth white stucco, with a modestly scaled, unadorned entrance that no inquisitive fans, however bumptious, would have dared to approach. At the rear, the house opens to embrace several levels of garden, a swimming pool, and a tennis court

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GEORGE HURRELL®

RIGHT: The dining room. The house, which is reminiscent of the work of architects Richard Neutra and Rudolf Schindler, featured a multilevel garden, a swimming pool and a walled tennis court with a gallery for spectators.

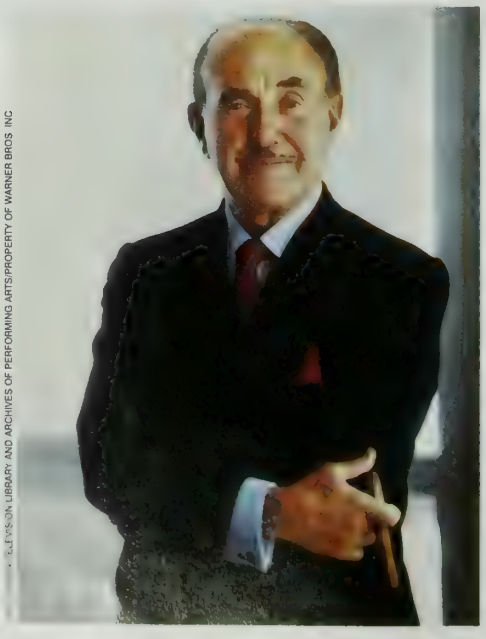


Jack L. Warner

The Beverly Hills Estate of the Archetypal Hollywood Mogul

ARCHITECTURE BY ROLAND E. COATE INTERIOR DESIGN BY WILLIAM HAINES LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE BY FLORENCE YOCH
TEXT BY CHARLES LOCKWOOD PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY HAYDEN

"I am what I am, and I will probably never change," wrote Jack Warner, head of the Warner Bros. studio for over 40 years and the 1958 recipient of the Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award. ABOVE: On his ten-acre estate, which he built from 1926 to 1937, was a Neoclassical mansion designed by architect Roland E. Coate with interiors by William Haines and grounds by Florence Yoch.



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OF ALL THE ESTATES created by Hollywood "greats" in Beverly Hills during the twenties and thirties, just one—the Jack L. Warner residence—remains complete with its original mansion and extensive grounds.

Only a handful of Beverly Hills houses have ever rivaled the Warner estate. With its 13,600-square-foot Georgian-style mansion, expansive terraces and gardens, two guesthouses, nursery and three hothouses, tennis court, swimming pool, nine-hole golf course and motor court complete with its own service garage and gas pumps, the nine-acre property was—and still is—the archetypal studio mogul's estate.

Few residences, moreover, compared with the Warner estate as a so-

"I would not kid myself by saying that everyone likes me, or everyone hates me. But I do say—such is life in a big city," wrote Warner (above), who established his studio's reputation with the release of the first talkie, *The Jazz Singer*, in 1927. OPPOSITE: The grand two-story entrance hall featured a parquetry floor, cantilevered curving stairs, cut-glass chandelier and a set of paintings by the circle of Giuseppe Arcimboldo.



cial milieu in the thirties and forties. "I remember one New Year's Eve party in 1939 or 1940," Olivia de Havilland has recalled. "All the men were glorious in white tie. Errol Flynn was behind the bar, Howard Hughes was my date, and Jimmy Stewart was seated on a stool. Just the four of us having our first drink of the evening. All those beautiful women dressed in wonderful elegance. Dolores Del Rio in a white satin gown that contrasted her dark hair and dark eyes. Ann Warner, herself a striking presence. Those beautiful women, looking marvelous in this wonderful setting."

Unlike most of his famous neighbors, Warner did not build his estate in one grand gesture. Instead, he created his home step-by-step over an entire decade according to the changes in his business affairs and personal life.

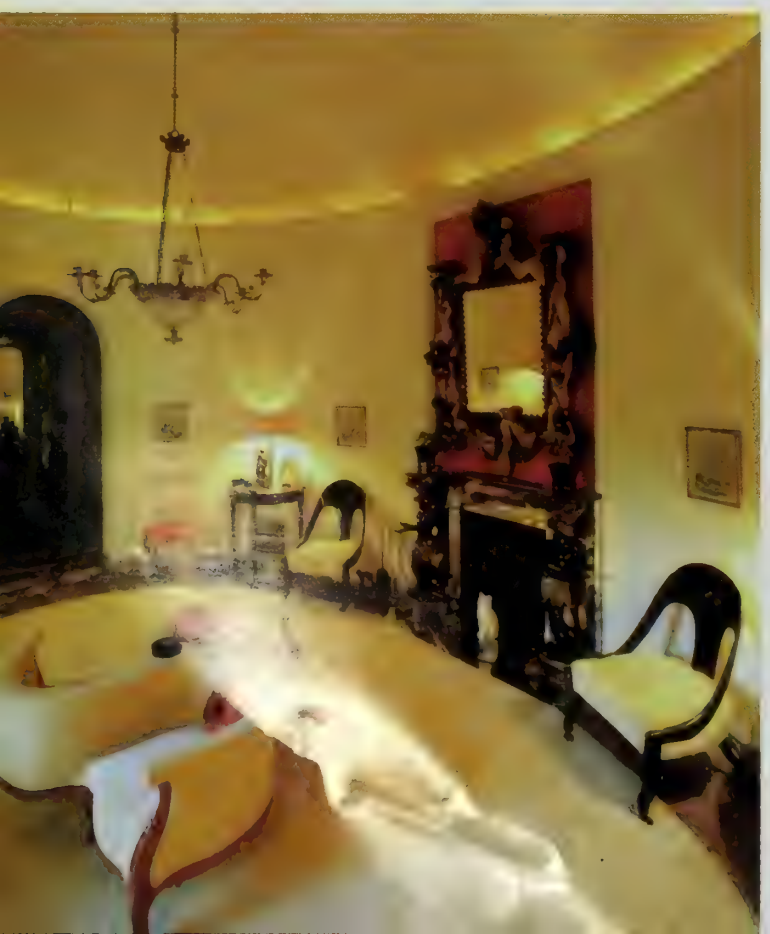
This estate, like so many other studio moguls' residences, was the symbol of Warner's hard-won success. The sons of a Polish immigrant shopkeeper, Jack, Harry, Albert and Sam Warner entered the movie business when they purchased a nickelodeon in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, in 1904. Jack Warner entertained the audiences during intermissions. During the next two decades the Warners expanded into film distribution with varying degrees of success, and in 1923 they formed Warner Bros.

In the early twenties Warner Bros. had been a distinctly second-rank studio, whose best-known star was Rin Tin Tin. At times, the studio was so hard-pressed that Warner left his office by the back door in order to avoid creditors. But by 1926 he felt comfortable enough to purchase three acres of former farmland in the gentle foothills a half-mile north of the Beverly Hills Hotel and to start construction of a house. Two years later, Warner and his family moved into a new fifteen-room Spanish colonial–style mansion.

Within several years, however, the residence seemed inadequate to Warner. The studio's financial condition had improved considerably after its highly profitable introduction of the talkies with *The Jazz Singer* (1927). Warner Bros. subsequently enjoyed a string of financial and critical successes with gangster films like *Little Caesar* (1930) and *Public Enemy* (1931), the Busby Berkeley musicals and social-conscience movies like *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* (1932). Warner had become so rich that he bought an adjacent parcel of land that had been subdivided into building lots, and installed a pitch-and-putt golf course with two ponds. He then acquired—and demolished—three nearby mansions and added those lots to his estate. (The three houses, it is estimated, would today have cost ten million dollars.)

Warner completed the grounds of his spectacular estate in 1937, a year after his second marriage, to Ann

BELOW: In the oval ladies' sitting room are a late-19th-century gilt Venetian mirror, a Neoclassical chandelier, a three-seat Louis XV–style confidante and a pair of blackamoor pedestals flanking the fireplace.



BELOW: The Warners entertained regularly, but perhaps their largest fete—for about 300 guests—celebrated the unveiling of Salvador Dalí's portrait of Ann Warner, set into the sunroom's Gothick overmantel.





ABOVE: Adjoining the sunroom and off the entrance hall was the main living room, which contained a fraction of the Warners' antiques, such as George III mahogany armchairs, a George III–style library table and cut-glass chandelier and an early–George III lady's writing desk, right. Under the arched doorways are two sets of 18th-century Chinese painted wallpaper panels.

Page, an occasional screen actress.

The existing Spanish-style mansion, which had been the height of architectural chic in the mid-twenties, looked outdated by the mid-thirties, and it reminded the brash studio head of his failed first marriage. Warner consequently enlisted architect Roland E. Coate, who enlarged and rebuilt the mansion in the Georgian style with an impressive Greek Revival portico. Coate was well known in the conservative San Marino and Pasadena social circles during the twenties, but after designing producer David O. Selznick's nearby residence, he had begun in the thirties to work more and more in flamboyant Beverly Hills.

In keeping with the Warner mansion's elegantly restrained façade, matinee-idol-turned-designer-to-the-stars William Haines decorated the rooms in a Georgian style, frequently adding his own whimsical touches. Haines counted some of the thirties and forties Hollywood legends among his clients, including Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer and director George Cukor. He also helped popularize the Neoclassical style in Los Angeles residences during the thirties.

At the Warner mansion, the front door opened into a two-story entrance hall, notable for its extraordinary parquetry floors with patterns executed in a variety of woods and a sweeping cantilevered staircase that led to the upstairs bedrooms.

On the first floor, the living room boasted eighteenth-century English paneling, corner niches for the display of Wedgwood china and other objects, and a George III–style cut-glass chandelier. The room, like most of the others, displayed a number of fine antiques, including a George III–style mahogany library table and a George III writing desk.

With its parquetry floor, wall niches, Adamesque serving table and early-nineteenth-century French wallpaper with picturesque scenes of India, the dining room typified William Haines's pleasing style. The multi-





"Few people remember, once they become successful, how the studio gave them their first opportunity," wrote Ann Warner. THESE PAGES: In many ways the library was the most important room, for the Warners edited many of Warner Bros.' early films there. The space was decorated with low furniture that Jack Warner preferred because of his height, a collection of every movie script the studio produced and Louis XV–style painted panels.

The room had several concealed devices. INSET RIGHT: The screen was raised with the help of a water pump, and the front sofa was rotated to provide viewing. INSET LEFT: Projectors were hidden behind a panel that was opened by moving the Buddha's head, left.

ABOVE: Next to the screening room was the bar, which was ornamented by two monumental circa 1760 Mexican candlesticks and a circa 1820 Mexican chandelier. Behind the bar are Tang Dynasty pottery and figures; in the center is a statue of Guanyin, of whom Ann Warner was a devotee. Her interest in Buddhism appeared in Guanyin figures placed throughout the house.



ABOVE: In the dining room, decorated with early-19th-century wallpaper panels, a table is surrounded by 14 of the Warners' 48 Regency-style armchairs, George III mahogany urns and pedestals, right, and a Carrara-marble-and-lapis-lazuli mantelpiece, left.

pedestal dining table usually sat sixteen at dinner parties, but it could be expanded to accommodate several dozen guests. The Warners owned a set of no less than forty-eight Regency-style dining chairs.

The library could seat several dozen as comfortably as a private screening room. The sunroom had handsome paneling in the Gothick style that was so popular in late-nineteenth-century England, and its furniture was a mixture of fine Chippendale pieces and large, comfortable sofas and chairs. A portrait of Ann Warner painted by Salvador Dalí and celebrated with a party for about three hundred people was set into the paneling over the fireplace mantel.

An invitation from the Warner estate replaced one from Pickfair as the most sought after in the thirties and

Florence Yoch, the set designer and landscape architect who was responsible for the grounds at David O. Selznick's and George Cukor's estates, created a dramatic setting for the Warner residence. ABOVE: In addition to a nine-hole pitch-and-putt golf course, the estate had a large swimming pool, around which the frequent Sunday afternoon guests would lounge.

forties movie community, but the reason was not Warner's warmth or goodwill. Although Warner was a brilliant businessman, he was widely feared for his ruthless practices in a rough-and-tumble Hollywood, and he was often mocked behind his back for his bad jokes. His invitations were rarely refused, however, because he headed one of Hollywood's most powerful studios, which had been awarded Best Picture Oscars for *The Life of Emile Zola* (1937) and *Casablanca* (1943), and whose stars included Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Al Jolson, James Cagney and Bette Davis, who was famous for fighting with her headstrong boss.

For most people, a Sunday at the Warner estate meant a visit to the grounds but not to the house—except

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ABOVE: "One of the greatest points of interest in building gardens in California is the variety of materials available to harmonize with the many styles of architecture," Yoch wrote. Above the mansion were fountains and a series of landscaped terraces.

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier

Gone With the Wind and *Wuthering Heights* Stars in England

TEXT BY ANNE EDWARDS

What Olivier had foreseen was England's answer to Pickfair.



For Academy Award winners Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier (above), perhaps best known respectively as Scarlett in *Gone With the Wind* (1939) and Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* (1939), an estate in Buckinghamshire, England, became a personal refuge in 1945. "Of all the houses I've lived in over the years, Notley is my favorite," said Olivier.

SHORTLY AFTER Laurence Olivier's completion of the film *Henry V* at the end of World War II, he came upon a twelfth-century country house that had been endowed by that monarch. He was bewitched by it and rushed back to London to tell his wife, the actress Vivien Leigh, that he had found a home they must buy.

In the 1940s Vivien and Larry were the golden couple. A youthful beauty clung to them. England, during the Second World War, was bleak and despairing. But then, just when the prewar golden days seemed lost forever, the couple exploded into the public eye. Everyone wanted to read about them, to see their pictures in the papers, to meet them and to be a member of their large group of friends and even wider circle of acquaintances. What Olivier had foreseen when he first set eyes on Notley Abbey was a grand estate that would be England's answer to Pickfair, where he and Vivien would entertain the greats of the stage, film and publishing worlds.



COURTESY ANNE EDWARDS

Notley Abbey, which was founded by Augustinian friars in the 12th century, is a house set on a rise above the River Thame. It was endowed by Henry V in the 15th century. "It had mesmeric power," said Olivier. "I could easily drown in its atmosphere. I could not leave it alone, I was a child lost in its history. Perhaps I loved it too much, if that is possible."

On a grim February day, using a month's gasoline ration stamps to do so and after much prodding on Olivier's part, they drove the forty-eight miles from London to Long Crendon, Buckinghamshire, where Notley Abbey was situated. The ancient house stood gray and foreboding in the chill, and as they approached the front entrance along the wide avenue through pasture fields, they could see over the gently sloping high grass to the bank of the murky River Thame.

The twenty-two-room stone house was set on sixty-nine acres, with a farm manager's bungalow, a refectory and farm buildings. As it was a residence of historic and architectural merit, Leigh could admire the stone-mullioned tracery windows, the red-tiled roofs and old brick chimney stacks, and the central tower that had been added in the sixteenth century. But the massive, sprawling stone abbey with its overgrown rose gardens and its great, drafty rooms posed a formidable challenge. It would cost a fortune to refurbish and restore.

Nonetheless, Olivier was passionate in his desire to own the abbey. Not only had Henry V endowed it, but it had originally been founded during the reign of Henry II for the Augustinian canons, and Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey were known to have stayed there on several occasions. He overrode Vivien's warnings about the burst pipes, the lack of a heating system, the sheer number and size of rooms to be decorated and the absence of a modern kitchen and baths, insisting they could do it slowly, one room at a time. It didn't matter how many years it took, for Notley Abbey would be their home, their refuge, for the remainder of their days. As she could see that he was obsessed with the idea of being lord of the abbey, Vivien reluctantly agreed.

No sooner had ownership passed to them than Leigh was struck by her first serious siege of the tuberculosis that was to contribute to her early death. Olivier brought her to Notley to recuperate after her hospitalization while he returned to London to appear at the New Theatre in the title role in *Oedipus* and as Mr. Puff in Sheridan's *The Critic*.

For four months Vivien was unable to rise from her bed. Her life revolved around the one room she had selected for her bedroom. It was an L-shaped room on the first floor with an attractive fireplace and windows looking south and across the gardens. By spring she was able to see the chestnut trees white with flowers and watch the gardeners as they pruned and replanted trees and vines and shrubs. From her bed she worked on the plans for the house, and refused to let the gardeners plant one seed without her approval. By the time all was abloom, Notley Abbey had become her home, and she loved it perhaps even more than Olivier did.

The residence began to take shape.



COURTESY ANNE EDWARDS

ABOVE: A stone fireplace recess enclosing another fireplace dominated the drawing room, which overlooked the gardens. It was there that the Oliviers would amuse their friends with games and heated discussions. "There were few tears and gales of laughter," wrote David Niven.

BELOW: The library, with its pine parquetry floor, paneled ceiling and fitted bookshelves, was one of the rooms where Olivier felt most at ease. The actor, who was obsessed with the history he felt at the abbey, liked wearing his tweeds and playing the role of a country squire.



COURTESY ANNE EDWARDS

With the help of Sibyl Colefax, the favorite decorator of stars, royalty and nobility at the time, Vivien furnished it with valuable pieces, an admirable mixture of brocade and comfort, antique and scholarly manuscripts and a modest wealth of fine paintings.

The house soon started to possess its occupants. It was a demanding place that seemed to insist that one put on evening dress before descending the staircase for dinner. Leigh did not leave its refuge for nine months from the date she had arrived from the hospital. In time she had regained fifteen pounds and did not tire as easily. It was late spring, and she looked forward eagerly to seeing Notley under June skies.

The fates were kind that first summer. The sun shone, the roses bloomed and Vivien remained well. A lifestyle developed on the beautiful estate:



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

ABOVE: At first Vivien Leigh was reluctant to come to Notley Abbey, telling a friend, "Larry has lost his heart far more than I have." In time, she came to love the abbey and enthusiastically decorated it with the help of Sibyl Colefax and John Fowler.



COURTESY ANNE EDWARDS

ABOVE: Guests such as Orson Welles, Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn were feted in the dining room, where the Oliviers would lay out Battersea enamel candelabra and Georgian silver. British journalist Godfrey Winn thought that to be at Notley was like "being part of an exquisite charade, performed by an all-star cast."

During the week Vivien would weed the flower beds and Olivier would supervise the management of the farm. But on weekends, Notley's hallowed halls glittered with the aristocracy of the English theater and film worlds. Cecil Beaton, Noël Coward, John Gielgud, Michael Redgrave, Alexander Korda, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., David Niven, Tyrone Guthrie, Alec Guinness and Margaret Leighton—the Notley guestbook was a theatrical who's who.

As the forties progressed and ran into the midcentury, Olivier became the king of theater and was knighted by the queen, and Vivien, more in love with him than ever, desperately fought to share his throne. She treated their oversize bed at Notley like a shrine. The satin covers were not allowed a crease, nor the polished wood frames a fleck of dust. By simply studying the objects on her night table one could tell whether she was in residence or not; for the picture of Larry, the boxes containing mementos from him that she deemed sacred and the few notes he had written her that had special meaning were set down on her bedside table wherev-

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Judy Garland

The Wizard of Oz Star in Bel-Air



COURTESY SID LUFT

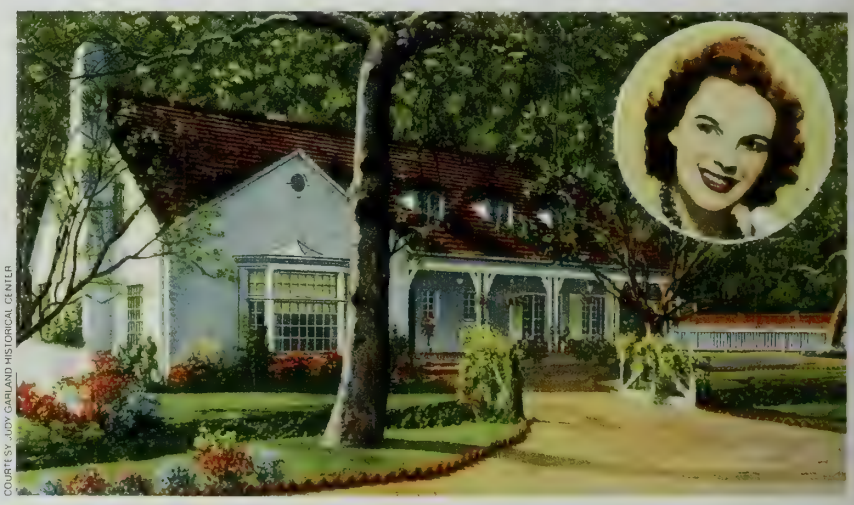
TEXT BY GERALD CLARKE

MARIA CALLAS, who knew about such things, said that the lady had the most superb voice she had ever heard. Bing Crosby, who was also something of an expert, said that when she was in form, no other singer could be compared to her. But Judy Garland was more than a singer, more than an actress, more than a movie star: She was probably the greatest American entertainer of the twentieth century.

She had an early start, and she could scarcely remember a time when she was not on stage. Her parents were both professional performers. Frank Gumm had been singing since he was a boy in Tennessee, and his wife, Ethel, had been playing the piano since she was a girl in Michigan. After they married in 1914 and settled down in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, they continued to perform at Frank's movie house, providing a live addition to the silent films.

As their three daughters came along, they were also inducted, one by one, into the act. Judy, born Frances, who was the youngest, made her debut at Christmastime 1924. She was just two and a half when she belted out the words to "Jingle Bells"—over and over again—until her father finally pulled her off the stage. The applause thrilled her, and she was hooked on it for life. There is nothing so exciting, she would later say, as the sound of clapping hands.

ABOVE: At the same time that Judy Garland was making *The Wizard of Oz*, a film that would establish her as a compelling screen presence at the age of 17, she and her mother were planning a sprawling house for themselves in Bel-Air.



COURTESY JUDY GARLAND HISTORICAL CENTER

ABOVE: Garland—who won a 1939 special Oscar for her "outstanding performance as a screen juvenile"—had her own suite of rooms where she often entertained her "gang." OPPOSITE: Garland behind the house in about 1939.

In 1926 the family moved West. Frank and Ethel had hoped to buy a movie house in Los Angeles, but they had to settle for one in Lancaster, two and a half hours away in the Mojave Desert. By the late 1920s the Gumm sisters had become an act, and Ethel, a tirelessly ambitious stage mother, toured with them throughout the West and as far east as Chicago, where they sang at the World's Fair in 1934. According to Garland, the theater in which they were performing had inadvertently spotlighted them as "the Glum Sisters," and comedian George Jessel, who was on the same bill, suggested that they drop Gumm—which, he quipped, rhymed with words like *crumb* and *dumb*—in favor of Garland. Little Frances came up with Judy on her own. From then on she was Judy Garland.

Like a thousand other stage mothers, Ethel Gumm had been pounding on studio doors for years. At last, in September 1935, her efforts paid off



when Judy, who was the real star of the Garland trio, signed a contract with MGM. Judy had everything she —or, at least, her mother—wanted, but happiness crumbled just a few weeks later when her father, whom she worshiped, died suddenly of spinal meningitis. It was a tragedy that shadowed the rest of her life.

Though MGM knew that it had acquired an unusual talent, it had no idea what to do with a chubby thirteen-year-old with a grown-up voice. In fact, Garland did her first feature film, *Pigskin Parade* (1936), on loan to Twentieth Century-Fox. MGM never loaned her out again, and during the next couple of years she was given increasingly important roles in such pictures as *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry* (1937)—the first of the many films she made with Mickey Rooney—*Everybody Sing* (1938) and *Listen, Darling* (1938). The picture that made her a star, of course, was *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). To millions all over the world she will be remembered forever as the lovable Dorothy, wistfully searching for happiness somewhere over the rainbow. A 1939 special Oscar honored her for her "outstanding performance as a screen juvenile."


COURTESY SID LUFT

BELOW: Joan Crawford was a guest at the 1941 party for Garland's engagement to David Rose. "I can live without money, but I cannot live without love," Garland later said.

ABOVE: The star of *Babes in Arms* earned a 1954 Oscar nomination for her role in *A Star Is Born*. BELOW: At home in 1939 she played records, practiced her singing and read.


COURTESY SID LUFT







BILL CHAPMAN COLLECTION/SNAP PHOTO

ABOVE: Her mirrored dressing room. RIGHT: Garland singing in her bedroom. The former Frances Gumm of Grand Rapids, Minnesota, made her debut at the age of two and a half.

It was during the making of the picture that Garland and her mother planned their new house on one of Bel-Air's most bucolic streets. Though she was still a teenager, Garland was deeply involved in the project, and she probably provided much of its inspiration. During the years in Lancaster her mother had forced her to spend much of her time on the road, going from audition to audition, job to job; later, in Los Angeles, there had been a series of apartments and rented houses. The house in Bel-Air was to be the first permanent home she had had since leaving Minnesota twelve years earlier.

It was thus not just a house but a romantic vision of what home was meant to be. And like the studio art directors of the thirties and forties, Garland identified that platonic ideal not with the sun-drenched houses she saw around her in California but rather with the Christmas-card images of New England, where, as everyone who had ever been to the movies knew, there was always snow on the ground for the holidays and, inside, happy families drank hot chocolate around a fire. The Bel-Air house, with its warm brick exterior, its covered front porch, its rustic shingles and its understated dormers, almost looked as if it had been transported from Connecticut.

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BELOW: Though the strains of her success tormented her up until her death in 1969, Judy Garland was one of Hollywood's most beloved performers. "It was her love of life that carried her through everything," her daughter Liza Minnelli once remarked.



BILL CHAPMAN COLLECTION/SNAP PHOTO



PHOTOGRAPHY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

Throughout his career, London-born Leslie Howard (above), who began on the stage and later played Ashley Wilkes in *Gone With the Wind*, remained the epitome of the proper Englishman. He received Academy Award nominations for *Berkeley Square* and *Pygmalion*.



RIGHT: Howard, in the early 1930s, in the Spanish colonial–style house he rented in Beverly Hills. About that time he made *Smilin' Through* with Norma Shearer and Fredric March and *Animal Kingdom* with Myrna Loy.

Leslie Howard

Star of Intermezzo and Gone With the Wind in Beverly Hills

TEXT BY BRENDAN GILL

TO AMERICAN MOVIEGOERS in the thirties, Leslie Howard was the archetype of an authentic British gentleman—urbane, soft-spoken and hinting at a capacity for passion that bore no threat of sexual intimidation. Slender, blue-eyed and with blond curly hair above an exceptionally high forehead, Howard starred in such sweetly sad romances as *Smilin' Through* (1932) and *Berkeley Square* (1933) and in such brisk drawing room comedies as Philip Barry's *The Animal Kingdom* (1932) and George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* (1938). He appeared with Bette Davis in *Of Human Bondage* (1934) and with Humphrey Bogart in both the stage and movie versions of *The Petrified Forest*. Always looking many years younger than his age, Howard played Romeo in the movie version of *Romeo and Juliet* (1936) when he was forty-two. To his dismay, but not to that of his fans, Howard also played what he thought of as the detestably soppy role of Ashley Wilkes in *Gone With the Wind* (1939), and, more to his satisfaction, the role of a violin virtuoso in *Intermezzo* (1939). The plot of the latter

ABOVE: Howard's wife, Ruth, was determined to give their American house an English touch, and she added chintz upholstery and flowers to soften the effect of the rough beams and stucco walls.

BELOW: Howard off the patio. At the outbreak of World War II he returned to London and volunteered for the war effort. In 1943, on a flight from Lisbon, his plane was shot down by a Nazi squadron.

called for a celebrated public performer, long married, to fall helplessly in love with a ravishing young protégée—Ingrid Bergman in her first American movie role.

Intermezzo meant a lot to Howard, for two reasons. The first was that, like so many intelligent actors, he was eager to try his hand at directing and producing, and David O. Selznick, the producer of *Gone With the Wind*, had invited him to serve as associate producer on *Intermezzo*. The second and more important reason was that the

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CULVER PICTURES



LOU VALENTINO COLLECTION

Lana Turner, first known as the "Sweater Girl," went on to star in *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Peyton Place*, for which she received an Oscar nomination. ABOVE: In the early 1940s she bought a house north of Sunset Boulevard in Brentwood.

Lana Turner

Best Actress Nominee for Peyton Place at Home in Brentwood

TEXT BY MICHAEL FRANK

THE PRESS CLIPPINGS that chronicle Lana Turner's career in Hollywood are so crumbly and fragile that even a single perusal loosens enough brown and yellow flakes to cover a tabletop, almost as if the paper had been eaten up by the fevered intensity of the life recorded upon it: "Lana was still hefting a smoky torch"; "Amatory skill is the one thing Lana loves"; "The physical allure is just as heavy when she looks at a headwaiter as when she looks at the hero"; "The marriage was apparently happy for six months. Then with her usual dramatic suddenness...." This sort of copy is, of course, partly the product of a deft publicity machine, but it is also a reasonable reflection of the star's offscreen imbroglios, which shared with her characters such plot points as multiple marriages and divorces, a suicide attempt and a homicide. With Lana Turner, person and persona are not easily separated.

It began, the story used to go, at Schwab's drugstore, with a producer delivering that old line to a girl sipping a malted at the counter, "How would you like to be in pictures?" In truth, Schwab's was actually the Top Hat Café, the malted was a Coke, and the producer was William Wilkerson, publisher of *The Hollywood Reporter*, but the girl, fifteen-year-old Lana (then Julia Jean Mildred Frances) Turner, was the same. Wilkerson introduced her to Zeppo Marx, who had become a talent agent. Marx increased her age to eighteen and sent her to meet director Mervyn Le Roy, who felt that despite her inexperience



RIGHT: Turner on the lawn in 1942, the year her film *Johnny Eager* (in which she starred with Robert Taylor) was released. She was 21.



TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO./MGM COLLECTION COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

The cottage-style house, Turner writes in her 1982 autobiography, was set amid "a lush green community with attractive white Moderne-style homes and apartments nestled in the curves and dips of hills amid the eucalyptus and cypress trees."

and her shyness she had "tremendous appeal." After changing her name, he cast her in *They Won't Forget* (1937) as Mary Clay, a southern schoolgirl who is raped and murdered before the end of the first reel. At the screening, Lana watched the scene in which she takes a walk wearing a close-fitting sweater and an equally snug skirt, and was dismayed by the "audible growl, [the] chorus of wolf whistles" that filled the hall. "Tell me. I don't really look like that," she said to a production assistant as she hurried out of the room. "Fortunately," he replied, "you do."

And so she became the "Sweater Girl," one of the most durable pinups of her generation. "That image clung to me for the rest of my career," Turner observes in her autobiography. "I was the sexual promise, the object of desire. And as I matured, my façade did too, to an image of coolness and glamour—the movie star in diamonds, swathed in white mink." The Tropic Restaurant named a rum drink for her, Untamed. At the studio commissary there was a salad called Lanallure. Fan clubs mushroomed. Her salary climbed.

But could she act? With *Ziegfeld Girl* (1941), Turner discovered "how much I liked acting" and was given a chance to appear in roles that demanded craft, not just cleavage. She played opposite Spencer Tracy, as Dr. Jekyll's fiancée in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1941). She was a convincing society girl in *Johnny Eager* (1942). She and Gene Kelly dressed up in *The Three Musketeers* (1948). She even tested for Scarlett O'Hara but, to her credit, recognized that she was rather out of her league. It was as Cora in *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1946) that Turner found her element, melodrama. With her hair shellacked platinum and her curves well delineated, Turner played a young woman who conspired with her young lover to murder her older husband and inherit his property. She was a convincing blend of seductress and murderer, a classic film noir heroine; even James M. Cain, the author of the novel on which the movie was based, called her the perfect Cora.

Eleven years later, playing against type in *Peyton Place*, Turner delivered perhaps her best performance as the repressed Woman with a Past, Constance MacKenzie, who is finally told, "It isn't sex you're afraid of—it's love," by her suitor, the principal of the local high school, in this prototypical soap opera. She was nominated for an Academy Award as Best Actress for her work in the movie.

In one of those curiosities of old Hollywood, Lana Turner's tumultuous, often scandalous private life, which was never for a moment particularly private, only helped to augment her popularity at the box office. She was married seven times, eight if you count her remarriage to Stephan Crane. She endured an abusive relationship with Fernando Lamas. She married one husband because he dropped a diamond into her martini glass, and "there's something awfully compelling about a large engagement

ring." But the darkest interlude in Turner's ongoing personal melodrama was her love affair with underworld hoodlum Johnny Stompanato, who savagely beat her on the night she returned from the Academy Awards in 1958; a year later, after once more threatening to disfigure her, Stompanato was killed by Turner's teenage daughter, Cheryl, an act that was later deemed justifiable homicide. Although the actress observed, "Now I wasn't the famous Lana Turner but the notorious one," six weeks later she received her next job offer, and soon she resumed her career, continuing to work in movies and eventually on television and in the theater.

Did the sultry star live with animal hides and smoky mirrors and black marble? Far from it. At home—at least during the early 1940s in Brentwood, in the first house she bought—she was still very much Julia Jean Mildred Frances from Wallace, Idaho. She was in her early twenties when she selected the modest cottage, in a lush, quiet neighborhood north of Sunset Boulevard. For the interiors, Turner created a cocoon of frills and flounces and surrounded herself with china figurines, ruffled lampshades and an enormous teddy bear.

It was an innocent house, acquired during an innocent time in the star's life—so innocent, in fact, that partying one night in the living room with Frank Sinatra, Tommy Dorsey and Susan Hayward, among others, Turner did not know, until her mother told her, that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. "I got the musicians quieted down and turned on the news," she remembers in her autobiography. "As we listened I looked around at the stunned young men in my living room, and thought how drastically our lives were going to change." And so they were, especially that of the star, whose grimmest personal and most celebrated professional dramas still lay ahead. □



TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO. MGM COLLECTION COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

ABOVE: Turner lounging on the living room sofa. She would later write, "The shades I chose for the first house were rich and true, sunshine yellow, brilliant green."

BELOW: A giant teddy bear stands beside the fireplace in the living room. The actress arranged the interiors herself, incorporating ruffled fabrics and lampshades, plush rugs and china figurines.



BELOW AND OPPOSITE: "Once I finished decorating I began to entertain," writes Turner. "And because many of my friends were musicians, jazz and swing music often filled the house."





At home she was still very much Julia Jean Mildred Frances from Idaho.



Preston Sturges

Writer and Director of Sullivan's Travels and The Miracle of Morgan's Creek in the Hollywood Hills

TEXT BY DONALD SPOTO

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY MRS. SANDY STURGES

Director, screenwriter and playwright Preston Sturges, who won an Oscar for *The Great McGinty* (1940), purchased a house at the base of the Hollywood Hills in 1937, which became a setting for both prodigious work and play. William Wyler, Charlie Chaplin and Howard Hughes were among the contemporary luminaries who would drop by from time to time. ABOVE: Luxuriant gardens surrounded the bathhouse.

WHEN HE CAME TO Hollywood from Europe in 1934, the young writer Billy Wilder had a list of his favorite authors and moviemakers. At that time, the man who would go on to direct such classics as *Double Indemnity* (1944), *Sunset Boulevard* (1950), *Some Like It Hot* (1959) and *The Apartment* (1960) admired Ernst Lubitsch, Josef von Sternberg and F. W. Murnau, all of whom had been among the masters of silent film.

"Not long after I arrived," Wilder said recently, "I went to Paramount Studios and met Preston Sturges, who had written the screenplay for *The Power and the Glory* in 1933. I'd seen that movie half a dozen times while in Paris, and I was fascinated by it. He was a completely original talent—we all knew that—and I don't think there's ever been anyone like him, before or since."

Born in Chicago in 1898, Preston Sturges crossed the Atlantic more than a dozen times before he reached the age of twenty. His mother—an eccentric culture maven who could have been the original Auntie Mame—whisked Preston all over Europe, where he grew up in glamorous and iconoclastic social circles that included not only his mother and her best friend, Isadora Duncan, but also their many respective husbands and lovers. From Paris to Venice, from Bayreuth to Berlin, young Sturges learned about Continental culture, style and manners, and enough about romantic intrigue to inspire the stories (and even some actual episodes) in his own later life.

After much wandering and professional uncertainty, Sturges turned to writing. His hit Broadway comedy *Strictly Dishonorable* (1929) played more than five hundred and fifty performances and resulted in an offer to write for the movies. In 1932 he emigrated to Los Angeles, where over the next four years he wrote several brilliant film comedies—among them *The Good Fairy* (1935), which starred Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall, and *Easy Living* (1937), with Jean Arthur and Ray Milland. These movies were remarkable for their wit, vitality, ele-



"His film stories were all originals," recalls an old friend, silent-film star Priscilla Booner Woolfan, "but he scoured everywhere for fresh ideas." ABOVE: Sturges, seated on the stairs of the library/games room, did exhaustive research for the script of *Unfaithfully Yours* (1948). On a tray at his feet are, in the words of his son Tom, his "essential research tools: a pot of coffee and his Picayune cigarettes."

gance and enormous audience appeal.

By 1939 Sturges was widely known in the industry as the most prolific and respected writer working at Paramount. Satirist, social critic, bon vivant, gourmet, linguist, sportsman and eternal romantic, he was also an inventor and restaurateur who owned a factory and a famous Hollywood night spot, The Players, on Sunset Boulevard.

At the age of thirty-eight he decided to buy his first residence—a cheerful, modest, two-bedroom house on Ivar Avenue at the base of the Hollywood Hills. At once he drafted plans for an enlarged living/dining area, a kidney-shaped pool, a flagstone terrace, a badminton court and a bathhouse with a fully stocked bar. The total cost for renovations in 1938 was about six thousand dollars (then half his monthly pay), and so Sturges could afford to grace the interior with such diverse luxuries as a two-hundred-piece sterling silver dinner service and an antique billiard table. The house and the lushly planted grounds were the center of his social life, a setting invariably bustling with guests and boisterous with late-night parties.



OPPOSITE: One of the first things that Sturges did when he purchased his residence was put in a kidney-shaped pool. Such was his love for the house that when the county needed land for a new freeway, he had the entire structure dismantled and moved to another site nearby.

was reluctantly given a green light by Paramount—thus making him the first Hollywood screenwriter to become a director of his scripts.

The result was *The Great McGinty* (1940), still the standard for political satire, a brilliant and biting comedy that at once resulted in a new Academy Award category—Best Original Screenplay. The picture also initiated a period of creativity unmatched in Hollywood history, for Sturges wrote and directed eight films in less than four years—among them *The Lady Eve* (1941), a daring and hilarious romantic comedy starring Barbara Stan-

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"He wanted to make every bit of life gala for his friends," Rex Harrison remembered, "and we were often invited to his home, where there was usually a sort of circus atmosphere." ABOVE: An old wagon-wheel chandelier illuminated the bathhouse's bar.

Life at Ivar Avenue was often chaotic—but remarkably creative, too.

And prodigious work. "His ambition and his writing habits were astonishing," recalls Louise Sargent Sturges, his third wife and the mother of his first child. "He arrived home in the small hours from The Players, and then he usually labored through the night." Life at Ivar Avenue was often chaotic—but usually it was remarkably creative, too.

In 1939, as Sturges said, he "began to bother everyone at Paramount to let me direct a picture." But, he explained, "I was known as a writer, and I hadn't the ghost of a chance to get out of that category." After offering to direct one of his own scripts for a token sum [illegible] rges



RIGHT: Although Sturg[illegible] skillfully tailored suits, the [illegible] wear around the sets earned him a [illegible] on [illegible] list of Hollywood's worst-dres[illegible] nominated by Bing Crosby, w[illegible] that Sturges's name replace his i[illegible]



Janet Gaynor and Adrian

Nominee for A Star Is Born and Her Costume Designer Husband

TEXT BY GAVIN LAMBERT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED LYON

IN 1938, THE year before Janet Gaynor married Adrian, she decided to give up her movie career; eighteen months later, after disputes with Louis B. Mayer over Garbo's costumes for *Two-Faced Woman*, Adrian left MGM. He soon gave up designing clothes for movies and concentrated on starting his own salon. The marriage was also a turning point in their personal lives. They met when Gaynor, a major star at Fox, criticized her costumes for *Daddy Longlegs* (1931) and insisted that the studio employ Adrian. But it was not love at first sight. Recently divorced, Gaynor was wary of another relationship, and Adrian was known as a solitary man with a complex about the way he looked—"like a camel," he said. But eight years later they were married.

Born in 1906 in Philadelphia, Gaynor moved to Chicago with her mother after her parents divorced. She was fifteen when her mother remarried, and the family moved to Los Angeles chiefly because Gaynor's stepfather was convinced she had a future in movies. Gaynor herself was diffident, but after appearing as an extra she was tested at Fox for *The Johnstown Flood* (1926), and landed the part and a long-term contract. Three years later she won the first Oscar for Best Actress for her work in *Sunrise* (1927), *Seventh Heaven* (1927) and *Street Angel* (1928). They remain, with *A Star Is Born* (1937), her most famous movies.

It was in the silent era that she did her finest work, her wistful expressive face and mastery of pantomime proving ideal for the medium. F. W. Mur-



Janet Gaynor, Academy Award winner for 1927–28 for her roles in silent films *Sunrise, Seventh Heaven* and *Street Angel*, later appeared in *A Star Is Born* before announcing her retirement from the screen. ABOVE: Her husband, costume designer Adrian, remodeled their Bel-Air house in 1951.



RIGHT: Adrian, who created clothes for Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo while at MGM, worked with architect Burton A. Schutt on the house. OPPOSITE: The couple before an array of Indian paintings in the 1940s



nau's *Sunrise* established her screen persona of the child-woman, which Frank Borzage developed by teaming her with Charles Farrell in a series of immensely romantic melodramas, *Seventh Heaven*, *Street Angel*, *Lucky Star* (1929). "We were essences," Gaynor would later say about the female stars of the era, "and I was the essence of first love."

The partnership continued through the early years of the talkies. She then starred as a small-town girl in a dozen pictures, two of them remakes of Mary Pickford silent vehicles, *Daddy Longlegs* and *Tess of the Storm Country* (1932). With sophistication on the rise, her appeal began to wane, but after she left Fox, David O. Selznick revived her career with *A Star Is Born*.

In 1938 she was near the top of his short list for Melanie in *Gone With the Wind*, but she wasn't interested. Much less of a child-woman than she appeared, she was ready to escape from her "particular corridor," as she told her friend Frances Goldwyn, and "know another side of life."

With Adrian, she realized her dream. "He took me into a whole new world, a world of art and fashion," she said.



ABOVE: In the living room, paintings of Africa by Adrian are displayed above a collection of tribal artifacts gathered by the couple on their travels. Over the mantel is a Grinling Gibbons carving. In 1952 they bought a ranch house in the Brazilian interior, and for the next few years they divided their time between Bel-Air and Brazil.

BELOW: Chairs and a sofa by Robsjohn-Gibbings are paired with African drums used as end tables in the sunroom. After he left the screen, Adrian produced lines of men's and women's clothing before returning to design for the theater in the late 1950s.



Born in Connecticut in 1903, Adrian Adolph Greenburg studied design in New York and Paris. A costume he created for the Grand Prix Ball caught the eye of Irving Berlin, who hired him to design clothes for the Music Box Revue. As Gilbert Adrian, he worked on Valentino's *Cobra* (1925) and *The Eagle* (1925); and by the time MGM signed him in 1928 he had become, simply, Adrian.

Prolific and inventive, he revealed a flair for costume as an aid to performance, and an instinct for giving actresses a "look"—streamlined for Shearer, broad-shouldered for Crawford. Several of his creations, such as Crawford's ruffled gown for *Letty Lynton* (1932) and Harlow's white satin dress for *Dinner at Eight* (1933), became popular department store items. His designs for Garbo, especially in *Mata Hari* (1932), *Queen Christina* (1933) and *Camille* (1936), formed an integral part of her mystique, and the climax of his career at MGM was his costumes for Shearer's *Marie Antoinette* (1938).

The Bel-Air house he remodeled in 1951 for Gaynor and their son, Robin, kept its exterior, but the interior was gutted and, with architect Burton A. Schutt, resurrected in a style at once modern and antifunctional. Carved doors from China, Regency furniture and cowhide chairs, African drums serving as end tables, a wall panel from a French theater, a crystal chandelier from Ireland and porcelain from Vienna all combined to create a richly personal world.

In 1952 Adrian suffered a heart attack. When he recovered, he took Gaynor on a trip to Brazil. They fell in love with the remote interior of the country and built a ranch house in the province of Goiás, which Gaynor described as "a cross between Palm Springs and Hawaii." In 1957 Gaynor returned to the screen for *Bernardine*. The nondescript role only confirmed her desire to remain in a new world.

Adrian, meanwhile, had abandoned the internationally famous Adrian Ltd. line and developed another—shirts and ties for men. When the couple sold the Bel-Air house, he created an apartment for them in Hollywood, and in 1959 he began to work in the theater again. His costumes for a Los Angeles musical, *At the Grand*, were widely admired and led to an offer for a Broadway musical, *Camelot*. But he completed only a few sketches before suffering a second, fatal heart attack that same year.

Gaynor married producer Paul Gregory in 1964, and for a while resumed her acting career, appearing in television movies and a touring production of *On Golden Pond*. She also took up painting, and a New York gallery exhibited her still lifes in 1976. Seriously injured in an automobile accident in 1982, she died two years later. Before the accident she was interviewed for Kevin Brownlow's television series about Hollywood's early days, and she recalled working with Murnau on *Sunrise*. Like *Seventh Heaven*, it had become a "rediscovered" film and introduced her "essence" to a new generation of moviegoers. Videocassettes have also made available the essence of Adrian and his creations, which captured styles from the Renaissance to the Jazz Age, by way of the czarist Russia of Anna Karenina, the Rococo of Marie Antoinette and the Victoriana of Elizabeth Barrett. □



A Zuber wallpaper panel framed in gingham is set off by blue-green walls in the dining room. On a marbleized dining table designed by Adrian are crystal candelabra. Above is an Irish chandelier. The couple sold the house in 1958 and moved to a Hollywood apartment.



KARSH OF OTTAWA

For nearly 40 years screenwriter and director Garson Kanin and his late wife, actress Ruth Gordon (above, in the 1950s), lived in the Turtle Bay neighborhood of New York. They received Academy Award nominations for their screenplays for *A Double Life* (1947), *Adam's Rib* (1949) and *Pat and Mike* (1952). Gordon also received an Oscar for Best Supporting Actress for *Rosemary's Baby* (1968).

Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon

The Turtle Bay House of the Writers of Adam's Rib and Pat and Mike

TEXT BY GARSON KANIN

SINCE THE NIGHT before Christmas 1951 and for nearly forty years thereafter, I lived in Turtle Bay, a small town in the great city of New York.

No matter where else I have lived in the world outside of New York, I always feel I really live there. The house I lived in meant New York to me, and even though I no longer live in Turtle Bay Gardens, the house that I am writing about will always be my home in the city.

In the late 1940s, my wife, Ruth Gordon, and I decided that we no longer wanted to live in hotels or apartments. We wanted to live in a house.

That is not quite the truth.

The truth is that our great friend Katharine Hepburn decided we no longer should live in anything but a house, and the house for us was the one next to hers in Turtle Bay.

By then, Ruth and I were looking at a nice house on West Eleventh Street. Ruth had lived on West Twelfth for many years before we were married and loved that part of town. I almost wrote "loved that town" because New York has always seemed to be a collection of small towns, small villages, connected by streets and avenues and alleys. But every ten blocks or so there is another area, another way of life that prevails among the inhabitants. Chinatown, Gramercy Park, Murray Hill, Little Italy, Harlem and SoHo are different in many obvious ways, but other areas, such as the blocks around the Metropolitan Museum, Central Park South and Riverside Park, have unique qualities. The towns surrounding West Twelfth, and the town of Tur-



The couple in the light-filled living room of their five-story brownstone. Over the mantel is *The Old Oaken Bucket: The Last* by Grandma Moses, a gift from Kanin to Gordon. Furnishings from plays that Kanin directed or Gordon appeared in fill the room. The windows open onto gardens shared by the neighboring houses. "It will always seem to be my home in the city," says Kanin.

tle Bay, are also unique in their ways.

While negotiations for the Eleventh Street house were still in progress we had dinner with Kate. In the course of the preliminary small talk we told her that we were about to buy a house.

"Where is it?" she asked.

"In Greenwich Village."

"Nonsense," she said. "You can't afford to buy a house down there. A house has to represent an investment for you. You have to own something where the property values are sure to increase—like here," she smiled, "in Turtle Bay Gardens."

"We've been looking for about two years and not more than one came up. We were outbid fast on that!"

"Well," she said, "let me see what I can do."

"All right," said Ruth.

"But *don't* buy the Village one."

We indicated agreement, but it was our intention to go forward with our plans: As it happened, there were legal complications involving title clearance that delayed the deal.

Kate was on the phone. "Okay," she said. "You can have the house next to mine—pretty good—needs a little work, not much. They want sixty-five—worth it—but I think you can buy it for about fifty-eight five."

We saw it, loved it, and bought it for fifty-eight five. Ruth asked Kate how she had managed it, and she explained. "They're terribly nice people, Judge Rublee and his wife—he's sweet—a distinguished lawyer. Dean Acheson used to work for him. He's lived here in the Gardens for about forever—before me—even when Maxwell Perkins and E. B. White did, but he's getting old and he's rather infirm, so I went to see them and I told them about you, and convinced them they'd be much happier in an apartment. What's more, I offered to help them find one—I will, too—and I'm sure this is best for everyone." Kate had changed our lives, and not for the first time.

In our neighborhood, persons of that disappearing breed, craftsmen, were still valued citizens who mended silver (Cliff), repaired shoes (Rallo's), installed locks (Adolph), fixed plumbing (Gaertner) or electronics (Salzman); we had butchers who were interested in meat, fruiterers who loved fruit and grocers who cared. Our postman smiled and our garbage collectors whistled and our cops came swiftly when summoned.

It is said that in New York one never knows one's neighbors, but in Tur-



ABOVE: Reginald Marsh's *Striptease: Burlesque* is displayed above the fireplace in the small book-lined study. The leather-upholstered rocking chair was a gift to Gordon from the late Supreme Court justice Felix Frankfurter.

tle Bay it was otherwise. Mine were incomparable. In addition to Kate, who gardened enchantingly and often dropped in for dinner, there were Tassie and Gardner Botsford, whose daughters evolved before my eyes, from delightful little girls looking for their cat to lovely young ladies, home occasionally from school; behind us were Cynthia and Stephen Botsford and family, the sight of whose lively abode through my back wall was as stirring as any work of art on my other walls. Across the street Emily Genauer took a lapidary interest in her handsome brownstone; and above her Sam Taylor, an admired colleague, lived with his good wife and jolly dog. On *all* sides there was Minnie, the wisest ginger cat in captivity, who wandered about, tinkling her bell and spreading calm.

On our block, we met as neighbors, sang carols at Christmas and passed the time of day. We talked of politics and the weather, shared worries about air pollution, complained of the traffic—and we missed one another when we were away from home.

Our village was bounded on the south by Caswell-Massey (the best

As theater people do, we acquired posters from favorite plays.



drugstore you ever saw); on the north by the Lexington News Service; on the west by the Liberty Music Shop; and on the east by Gatsby's and the United Nations (two splendid meeting places).

Within its boundaries can still be found a synagogue, several churches, a biblical seminary, a fine branch library, a fire station, the Seventeenth Precinct, a few comfortable hotels (the Waldorf-Astoria is only one of them), shops, markets and services galore, as well as an eclectic assortment of some of the friendliest bars

LEFT: Kanin in the study at a rolltop desk that was originally owned by Gordon's father, Captain Clinton Jones, when he worked at the Mellin Food Company in Quincy, Massachusetts. A photograph of the factory is on the wall.





ABOVE LEFT: Three still lifes hang in the dining room. ABOVE RIGHT: *Sailor's Return* by Eileen Glancy is set in the master bedroom. When Gordon was starring in *The Matchmaker* in London in 1955, Kanin bought the oil and gave it to her on opening night. Portrait of Kanin is by Cecil Beaton. Needlepoint pillow was made by Madeline Sherwood, wife of playwright Robert Sherwood.

and finest restaurants in the city. Ruth and I rarely patronized them. Was it because the kitchen was the heart of our house? It faced Forty-ninth Street on the first floor, with its big old-fashioned gas stove, and a large dumbwaiter for sending food upstairs. We seldom used it for that purpose; instead, the dumbwaiter usually carried our mail and packages and manuscripts from floor to floor.

Our friends in the 1950s were all in love with our cook. Suzanne Loran's domain was sacrosanct, and out of her pots and pans, out of her imagination, came dinners that Ruth and I enjoyed as much as our guests did. My memories of the faces around our table include many colleagues from the theater: Robert and Madeline Sherwood, Thornton Wilder and his sister, Isabel, Tyrone Guthrie and, of course, our beloved Nela and Arthur Rubinstein. Nela, a superb cook, appreciated Suzanne's artistry more than any other guest. Suzanne adored preparing dinner for the Rubinsteins, and they adored her feasts.

The dining room's three glass doors looked out on the gardens, and we chose three paintings, all of food, to ornament the walls. The living room was white and full of light. Pieces of furniture from plays I had directed or

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BELOW: The back of the house, which faces the common gardens. Katharine Hepburn, an old friend, first suggested the couple look for a residence in the area, and then found them the house beside her own brownstone, at right.



IN ONE OF THE thousands of memos written by David O. Selznick to his staff, he protests, "The figures on Phyllis Walker are in my opinion slightly insane. Here is a girl who has done nothing, or next to nothing, and we think of starting her at $200 [a week]....We have been thrown way out of line by such exorbitant figures as we paid to Vivien Leigh and Ingrid Bergman at the time we signed them. Let's get down to earth." Four weeks later he had changed his tune. "I think we have enough enthusiasm for her now to believe that we will give her an important lead."

Following the fictional pattern of one of his earlier movies, *A Star Is Born* (1937), he placed her under personal contract in 1940 and asked his publicity director to find her a new name, adding, "I don't want anything too fancy, and I would like to get at least a first name that isn't also carried by a dozen other girls in Hollywood."

Phyllis (Isley) Walker was thus rechristened Jennifer Jones. She was living in New York, working in radio and theater, married to a struggling young actor named Robert Walker and the mother of two small sons.

Even in that select and "much-abused and sadly vanishing" group (as he was to call his peers, Hollywood's independent creative producers), David O. Selznick stood out as a titan. He produced the most popular film of all time, *Gone With the Wind*,





PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HARRY RANSOM HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTER, THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

LEFT: Actress Jennifer Jones, who won an Academy Award for *The Song of Bernadette* (1943), and her second husband, legendary producer and 1939 Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award recipient David O. Selznick, lived in Tower Grove, a hillside house in Los Angeles. ABOVE: On the trestle table in the living room are a pair of black vases, which were a gift from Slim Hawks. Jones always kept them filled with fresh flowers from her garden.



Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick

The Song of Bernadette Star and Producer of *Gone With the Wind* at Tower Grove

TEXT BY ANNE EDWARDS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JULIUS SHULMAN



Selznick had "a kind of innocence," John Huston once reflected. "Like all boys, he loved to play games, and there was a quality of game-playing in everything he did. He loved to dress up and to entertain, to play the host. He was kind of high and handsome; he couldn't do enough for his guests." ABOVE: The country trestle table adds a rustic feel to the multiwindowed living room.

and *Rebecca* (which won Best Picture Academy Awards for 1939 and 1940 respectively), and his name above a movie's title was in itself a box-office draw. The films he made during his lustrous Selznick International years created an impressive list that included the fabulous Oscar-winning duo previously mentioned. Four other Selznick enterprises were nominated for Best Picture—*Viva Villa!* (1934), *A Tale of Two Cities* (1935), *A Star Is Born* and *Spellbound* (1945).

By virtue of his grooming and good judgment, his films had made international celebrities of Ingrid Bergman, Vivien Leigh and Joan Fontaine. He was determined that Jennifer Jones have the same stellar renown. Three years after he had signed her, Selznick finally agreed to loan out his most recent discovery to Fox for the lead in *The Song of Bernadette* (1943), which he believed would (and which indeed did) bring her immediate suc-



After retiring at the peak of his career, Selznick commented, "Very few people have mastered the art of enjoying their wealth. I have mastered the art, and therefore I spend my time enjoying myself." ABOVE: Tower Grove was a redesigned Spanish house.

cess. Her second film, 1944's *Since You Went Away*, was for David O. Selznick Productions. By then Robert Walker was embarked on his own career, and Selznick cast him opposite Jones. At the end of production, Selznick and Jones were in love, and after divorcing their mates, they were married in 1949, having also made *Duel in the Sun* (1946) and *Portrait of Jennie* (1948) together.

Exhausted by twenty years of film producing, Selznick took Jones off to Europe, and their careers shifted into international gear during the next few years. He astutely traded off some of the foreign rights of his former pictures and acquired Western Hemisphere rights to several European ventures, the very first being *The*



"The difference between me and other producers is that I am interested in the thousands and thousands of details that go into the making of a film," said Selznick. ABOVE: The long hall was punctuated with a bold geometric floor. BELOW: Center stage in the study is a painting of Jennifer Jones from *Portrait of Jennie* (1948). The lemon-filled brass bowl was a gift from Katharine Hepburn.





"I don't want to be normal," said Selznick. "Who wants to be normal?" LEFT: Facing a mirrored wall along the stairway to the second floor is a collection of ornamental figures, which were given to the Selznicks by their close friends Babe and William Paley. The camel at the top was Jennifer Jones's favorite.



Fallen Idol (1948). Then, with the same partners, Sir Alexander Korda and Sir Carol Reed, he coproduced *The Third Man* (1949), contributing to the film's screenplay. And, with Jones as star, he did *The Wild Heart* (1952) and *Indiscretion of an American Housewife* (1954).

When they returned to Los Angeles they bought a comfortable old Spanish colonial–style house on a thickly wooded hillside in Benedict Canyon. With the addition of vast floor-to-ceiling windows, the natural beauty of their surroundings became an integral part of the décor. To this ambiance they brought their own unique tastes. Tower Grove quickly became a full collaboration between husband and wife.

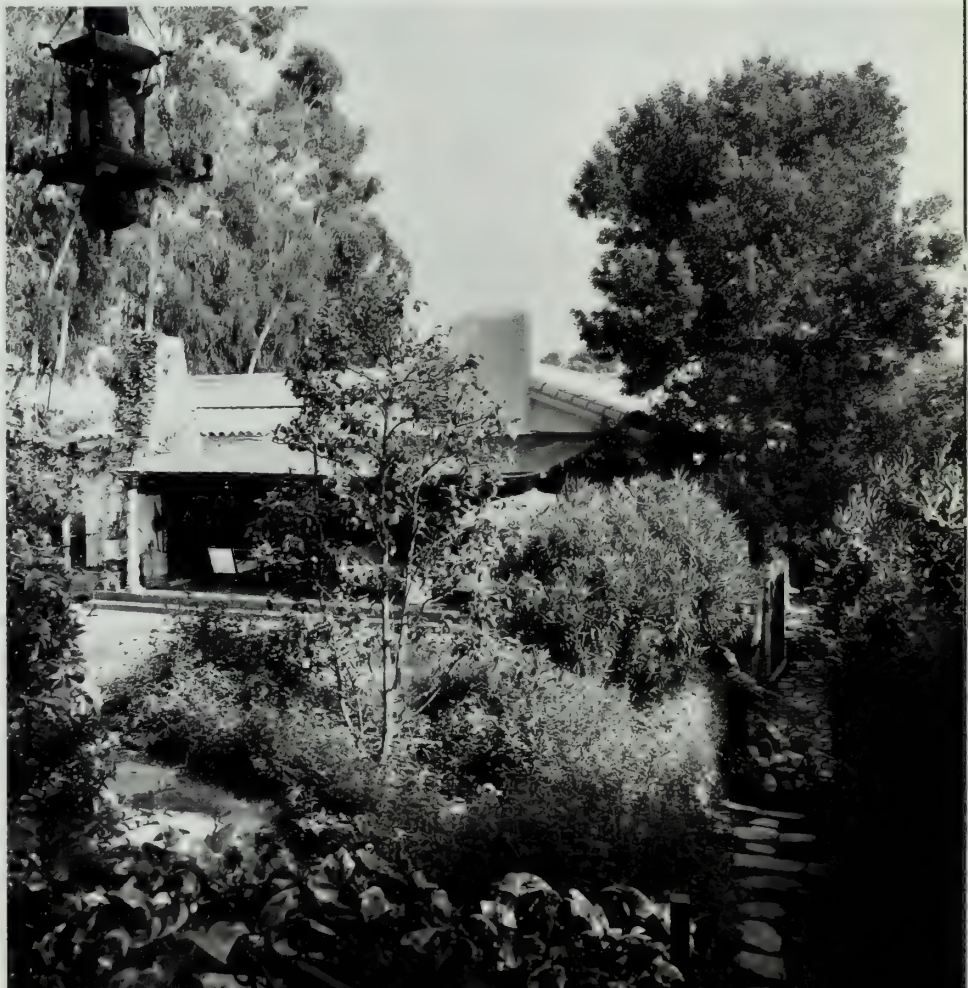
Jennifer Jones's former home was "a magical place," she remembers. "It was filled with marvelous ghosts. The house was once owned by John Gilbert, and there were legendary stories about his getting wildly drunk and standing stark naked in the patio off the bar and shouting dramatically to guests approaching from below." It had also been occupied by Greta Garbo. Selznick had purchased it from Miriam Hopkins.

Much of the couple's entertaining was done outside on the handsome grounds, which had a swimming pool and a tennis court. Shaded terraces provided a cool oasis for observing the California hills, but Selznick, great showman that he was, could not help attempting to improve upon the scenery when he could.

Elia Kazan recalled a time when he drove to Tower Grove to see Selznick. A maid asked him to wait while he was announced. Kazan could hear the woman inform his host, who was on the patio, of his arrival. "Oh, yes, yes. Show him in," Selznick replied, and then added: "No, wait a minute. Turn on the fountain first."

Increasingly, Jones's career became the focus of her husband's life. She was now a great star, the recipient of one Academy Award and several nominations. Selznick wanted her to appear in critically and financially successful

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ABOVE: Mexican-style spiral columns support the canvas awning of the terrace room, created with flagstone, tile and stucco. RIGHT: Tower Grove sat amid dense vegetation. The old brass lamp hanging at left was bought by the Selznicks on a trip to Italy in 1957. "At night it cast a wonderful glow," Jones recalls.



PHOTOGRAPHY: TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO./MGM COLLECTION/COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Greer Garson, who was discovered on the English stage in the late 1930s by Louis B. Mayer, moved to Hollywood and went on to become an acclaimed dramatic leading lady in films. She was honored with six Oscar nominations in her career, winning a Best Actress award for *Mrs. Miniver* (1942). ABOVE: Garson and her husband, actor Richard Ney, whom she married in 1943, stroll outside their Tudor-style house in Bel-Air, California, with their poodle, Gogo. OPPOSITE: The actress reclines on the sofa in the antiques-filled sunken living room.

Greer Garson

Mrs. Miniver's Best Actress with Husband Richard Ney in Bel-Air

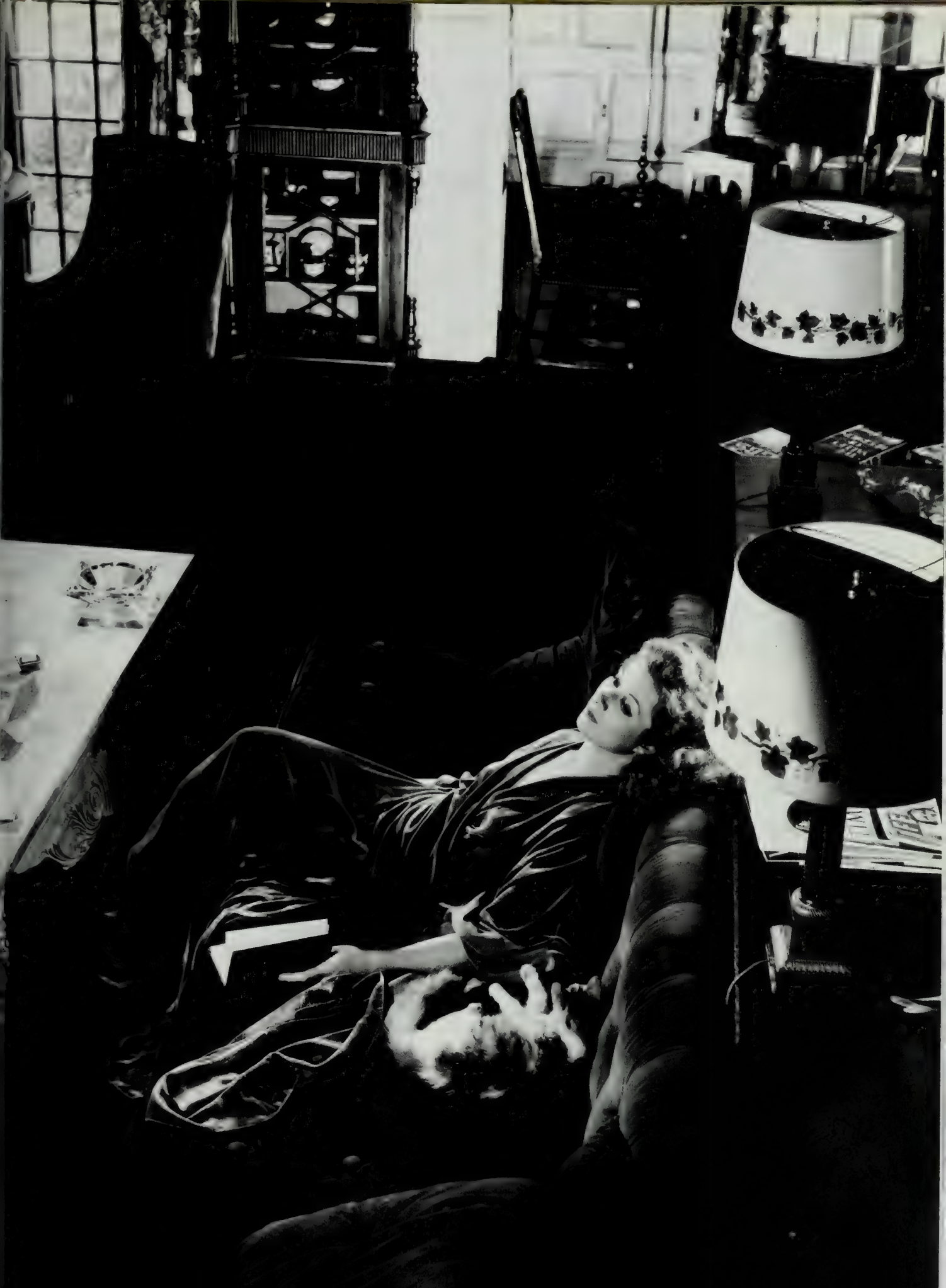
TEXT BY A. SCOTT BERG

ALTHOUGH SHE HAS BEEN absent from the screen almost as long as she was on it, Greer Garson continues to hold a place in the hearts of many movie fans, especially those steeped in the forties. She attained stardom not only because of her beauty or her acting ability but also as a result of the happy confluence of historical events with the public's emotional needs. Like few actresses before or since, Greer Garson came to embody the spirit of her times.

She was an only child, born in County Down, Northern Ireland. In 1932 Greer Garson debuted with the Birmingham Repertory Company, proving she had the talent to match her striking looks—an exquisite face with big green eyes, a creamy complexion, red hair, a terrific figure, beautiful diction and a velvety voice. Over the next few years she established herself on the London stage.

During a 1937 trip abroad, Louis B. Mayer saw Miss Garson in a West End play and promptly signed her to an MGM contract. A year later he cast her in her first film, as the title character's wife in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, and she was nominated for an Academy Award as Best Actress.

In her thirties, Garson thus became one of the few movie stars ever to burst on the scene a fully mature woman, not a budding ingenue, and Mayer carefully limited her to a succession of serious, noble roles. In 1941 she appeared in *Blossoms in the Dust*, a wildly popular tearjerker about a woman who starts an orphanage. Garson received her second Academy Award nomination as Best Actress, and perhaps more important, she was introduced on-screen to the





LASZLO WILLINGER



"The mixture of Irish charm, natural red-haired beauty and her unceasing capacity to project the shopgirl's vision of the great lady made her an incontestable star," said *The New Yorker* of Greer Garson in the 1940s. To which she replied, "If you're going to be typed, there are worse molds in which you can be cast." ABOVE LEFT: The actress in her paneled hall.



LASZLO WILLINGER

equally elegant Walter Pidgeon. The following year, after America's entry into World War II, MGM assembled a film that would capitalize on both MGM's popular new screen team and the wave of Anglophilia that was lapping at the nation's shores.

Mrs. Miniver, which was based on Scottish novelist Jan Struther's sketches of English life, gave audiences a sentimental view of the quietly courageous Mrs. Miniver—an icon for Great Britain itself—holding her life and her family together during the Blitz, even holding a downed Nazi flyer at gunpoint. The film received cheers and accolades from almost everyone who saw it, from President Roosevelt to its one and a half million customers at Radio City Music Hall alone. Overnight Greer Garson was no longer just a Hollywood star; she became an in-

Garson eventually became restless playing serious roles, saying, "I'm tired of suffering. Half the joy of acting is being able to live other people's lives. The fun is lost if those lives are always sad and noble." LEFT: Garson leans against the stairs, next to an 18th-century-style side table.



Set in the large paneled alcove of the living room were a pair of grand pianos, where Garson and Ney, both accomplished pianists, would play duets for themselves and their friends.

Inside, the house featured high ceilings and bleached-oak paneling, gently vaulted passageways and windows everywhere.

ternational symbol of courage, Liberty leading the troops.

On March 4, 1943, Hollywood royalty crammed into the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel for the Academy Awards. It was almost ten o'clock when the ceremonies began, and then several political speeches preceded Bob Hope's introductory remarks. It was well after midnight before Joan Fontaine got to the finale, the Best Actress award.

Greer Garson was the two-to-one favorite that night, and she disappointed only the bookies. As she took the stage with Fontaine, the two were all smiles, posing together for the press. Then Fontaine stepped away from the podium while the winner leaned into a bouquet of radio microphones. She drew a deep breath and spent half a minute in amenities before saying, "Thank you. That is really all there is to say...but..."

Joan Fontaine, sensing they were now in for a stemwinder, assumed a comfortable stance, clasped her hands in front of her and modestly looked down. And Greer Garson launched into a monologue about the Oscars themselves. "Why do we all long to win the award?" she asked rhetorically...and then took several minutes to answer the question, concluding, "There's no rivalry in this room tonight; there's no competition." The fingers of Joan Fontaine's clasped hands began to wriggle, and she shifted her weight from her left foot to her right; but Miss Garson rambled on, ultimately quoting the Dodo in *Alice in Wonderland*.

And there was more, a soliloquy about her journey to America and the friendship she had found in Hollywood—"*Welcome* is officially on the mat." A few moments later, she finally added how "very humbly, very gratefully, I say thank you—and I step across your threshold."

But there was still more...and it was after one o'clock in the morning when she had completed her oration. Joan Fontaine looked spent.

Garson embarked on a spate of big hit pictures: *Random Harvest*, a weepy set after World War I, was also released in 1942; *Madame Curie* (1943) reteamed her with Walter Pidgeon and earned both of them Oscar nominations;

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Robert Montgomery

Debonair Leading Man and Two-Time Nominee in Beverly Hills

TEXT BY BRENDAN GILL



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES/ATTRIBUTED TO CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES/ATTRIBUTED TO CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL/THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

"If you are lucky enough to be a success, by all means enjoy the applau[illegible] of the public. But never, never believe it," said [illegible]ery (top, at his residence in 1932).

ABOVE AND A[illegible]ery, who was nominated for an Oscar fo[illegible] and *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* (1941), lived with [illegible]th Allen, in Beverly Hills.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY MADE his name in the movies as the ideal embodiment of a wellborn, debonair East Coast playboy, irresistible to women and therefore a constant challenge to their virtue. On some occasions the plot would require that Montgomery, for all his evident charm, was at heart a cad, whom the chaste heroine would finally reject in favor of a less threatening suitor—say, the stammering, virginal James Stewart. On other occasions Montgomery's role would cause him to become that unlikely hero of all movie romances in the thirties and forties, a man who, though keeping a roguish glint in his eye, would agree in the last reel to accept the heroine's lofty sexual standards and embrace a future invincibly monogamous.

The role of aristocratic easterner was an easy one for Montgomery to play because he had, in fact, assumed it in the cradle. He was born in 1904 in Fishkill Landing, in a big



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL/THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Montgomery came to MGM in 1929 and was the first male star to be developed since the talkies arrived at what was known as a "woman's studio." ABOVE: The actor in his beamed living room.

BELOW: Reinforcing his public image as a well-bred, intelligent leading man is a portrait of Montgomery seated in the corner of his study that was dedicated to his passionate interest in polo.

house on the banks of the Hudson River, not far from the ancestral seat of another aristocratic easterner, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Montgomery was the son of a successful business executive, who, dying when Robert was sixteen, left his family unexpectedly impoverished. Robert gave up prep school and set about earning a living as a deckhand and railroad mechanic. These jobs may have lasted no longer than Dickens's brief, traumatic stay in the blacking factory, but they had a similarly useful effect, giving Montgomery a taste of a so-called real world very different from that which he was later to encounter in the flowering green fastness of Beverly Hills and Bel-Air.

Moving to New York City, young Montgomery attempted to achieve fame, so he asserted later in life, as a writer of short stories. If the assertion was true, he was a notably im-

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CULVER PICTURES/ATTRIBUTED TO CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



Paulette Goddard called her Normandy-style residence off Coldwater Canyon Drive in Beverly Hills her "Trophy House." The actress bought it in 1942 and lived there alone and with her third husband, Burgess Meredith.

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Paulette Goddard

Star of Modern Times and Kitty in Coldwater Canyon



COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES; PARAMOUNT PICTURES

DESIGN BY HAROLD GRIEVE
TEXT BY GAVIN LAMBERT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED R. DAPPRICH

SHE HAD A BRISK, no-nonsense glamour and a face with the highest brow of any Hollywood star—very appropriate for someone described by Anita Loos as "extraordinarily intelligent," by Fred Astaire as "one of the most alert persons I've ever known" and by Michael Arlen as "the most civilized girl in Hollywood." Once asked to list the most fascinating men she had ever met, Paulette Goddard omitted her second husband, Charlie Chaplin, but included her fourth, Erich Maria Remarque, "because he's the last of the old romantic school—and if the school were opened again, he'd be the first." Others in her personal pantheon were Albert Einstein, Raoul Dufy,

LEFT: A 1941 portrait of Goddard, who was nominated for an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress in *So Proudly We Hail* (1943). Author William Saroyan once said of her, "What she has is an inner twinkle, and it goes around in a strictly non-sorrowing frame; all of it is attractively tough, challenging, mischievous, coquettish, wicked and absolutely innocent."



Goddard commissioned the former art director Harold Grieve to do the interior design. Her living room had an irregularly shaped ceiling, a loft and an alcove with a fireplace. A renowned collector of paintings, jewelry and books, she nevertheless maintained, "I don't like to collect anything I can't pack."

ABOVE: The study featured knotty-pine paneling and a peg-and-groove floor. Over the fireplace was a print by Toulouse-Lautrec. The crescent-shaped plaid-upholstered sofa echoed the banquette under the windows. "She has books autographed by H. G. Wells, Anita Loos, Will Durant, Robert Benchley . . . and dozens of others," said a 1944 article in *Photoplay* magazine.

John Huston and Aldous Huxley, "because he believes in the unbelievable."

This was clearly a girl who'd been around. Long Island–born in 1911, the only child of low-income parents, Pauline Marion Levy had in fact been around from the age of thirteen. After her father left her mother, she went to work as a fashion model. A year later, her hair dyed blond and her name changed to Paulette Goddard, she was a Ziegfeld show girl in *No Foolin'*. At sixteen she married a wealthy lumberman, Edgar James, and went to live with him in Asheville, North Carolina, where she learned to play hostess and to ride to hounds—and, as she commented later, "nearly died of boredom." But the divorce was amicable; just turned eighteen, she acquired a one-hundred-thousand-dollar cash settlement and spent some of it on taking herself and her mother on a trip to Europe.

Deciding to try her luck in Hollywood, Goddard landed a few bit parts, then in the summer of 1932 met Chaplin at a weekend party aboard the yacht of Joseph Schenck. Attraction was mutual and instant; Chaplin wrote the part of the gamine in *Modern Times* (1936) for Goddard, had her take ballet lessons



ABOVE: "She never entertains more than six people at once," said *Photoplay*, and she had a "Friendship Garden" of plants "given her by such friends as Mary Pickford, Arthur Hornblow and Burgess Meredith."

to cure her show-girl walk and insisted she restore her hair to its natural brown. In her first starring role she gave a brilliant performance, and she remains the most original of Chaplin's leading ladies: streetwise, unsentimental, effervescent.

Major stardom should have followed, but although Goddard enjoyed acting and worked hard at it, she was emphatically more interested in the pursuit of jewelry, paintings, romantic adventure, travel—and knowledge. When she met Chaplin, she was paying a professor at USC to give her private lessons in English literature, and later she employed others to teach her French, Spanish and history, as well as economics to sharpen her already acute business sense.

Houses were never a priority. "I'm a gypsy who likes to go first-class," she once said, and the only residence she thought of as home in California was a comfortable base, not a showplace. Its exterior was typically Hollywood-rustic, set in a Beverly Hills canyon, and to design the interior she commissioned Harold Grieve. In the twenties an art director on some of Ernst Lubitsch's silent movies, Grieve by the mid-thirties had become a successful interior designer, with Lubitsch among his clients. The style of the Goddard house—relaxed, uncluttered, unpretentious—reflected its owner. There were more books than objets d'art, and even the Toulouse-Lautrec poster (an original print) above the study's fireplace looked casual.





"I've never had a permanent home," Goddard once said. "I have property but no home. You see, I'm not ready to settle down. I have no roots anywhere. I love being wherever I happen to be." TOP: A bold plaid on the swing-arm wall lamps accented her bedroom, which had a paneled wall and wardrobe. ABOVE: A modern quadrant desk and a bookshelf stood in the guest bedroom.



"I don't believe in sacrificing to make a movie," said Goddard, whom Charlie Chaplin called "a fresh-air fiend." ABOVE: She often entertained outdoors, with her house's "witches' hats" as a backdrop.

After *Modern Times*, Goddard made nearly forty movies, most of them potboilers that she cheerfully accepted. She only once lobbied for a part, making three tests for *Gone With the Wind* and becoming the top contender for the role of Scarlett—until Vivien Leigh appeared. According to George Cukor, who directed the tests, "the camera was her friend"; and after being fired from the picture, he cast Goddard in *The Women* (1939). The role of a show girl who came to Reno for a profitable divorce was relatively small, but she played it with crackling authority.

In 1940 she appeared again with Chaplin in *The Great Dictator*, her vitality unsubdued by a more conventional role, and in mid-1942 they divorced. Under contract to Paramount, she was chosen as Astaire's partner in *Second Chorus* (1940). He wondered at first whether she could meet the challenge, then found that "she seemed to learn not only the steps but the mood and rhythm of dancing." She received her

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COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES/RKO RADIO PICTURES



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

"It was the first home I had ever owned," said Niven, who won a Best Actor award for his performance in *Separate Tables* (1958). "I longed to settle down at last. I seemed to have been running and running all my life." ABOVE: Niven stands near the garden.

"The Pink House, as it was known for obvious reasons, became of tremendous importance to me," wrote British actor David Niven (above). He bought the Pacific Palisades house in 1946.

David Niven

Separate Tables' Best Actor in the Pink House

TEXT BY A. SCOTT BERG





Before Niven moved in with his two boys, he renovated the 40-year-old house, the basement of which "had about three feet of water in it." ABOVE: Niven appreciates the privacy of the library, with its view of what later became Will Rogers State Park.

five years and over twenty pictures (most on loan to other studios) before Goldwyn starred him for the first time, in *Raffles* (1939); it was the story of a debonair amateur thief, variations of which Niven would perform again and again.

Just as he became a full-fledged leading man (as well as one of Hollywood's most legendary ladies' men), Niven left town for five years—the first Hollywood star to go to war. He fought with the British commandos, became a lieutenant colonel and married a "perfect English rose" of a girl named Primula Rollo. They had two sons, James and David, and after the war he returned with them to Holly-

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THE CONSUMMATE journeyman actor, David Niven was peripatetic from the start. Born in London in 1910 to a father who was killed at the Dardanelles in 1915, young David had a dozen different addresses before he left for Sandhurst, the Royal Military College. He served with the Highland Light Infantry in Malta, then embarked on several aborted careers, including selling whiskey in New York. Wherever he went, his patented smile was his passport.

In 1934 Niven's travels brought him to Hollywood, where he promptly charmed his way into the town's most exclusive circles. He met Samuel Goldwyn, who signed him to a seven-year contract, which became both the boon and bane of Niven's career: steady pay but practically no say in the films he appeared in. It took



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILL ARCHIVE

ABOVE: Though Niven's first wife died tragically before they could move in, he found happiness with Hjördis Tersmeden. "The Pink House came alive under her hand."

Virtually every room had large-paned windows, affording magnificent views of the Santa Monica Mountains and the Pacific.



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

OPPOSITE: Niven, surrounded by part of his collection of Regency furniture, stands by the library's fireplace. He sold the house in 1960, and he and his family moved to Switzerland.

RIGHT: "In the morning the deer grazed on the hills opposite," recalled Niven, who loved the setting. "The sunsets over the Pacific must have been ordered by the Chamber of Commerce."



PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY BLACKWOOD HALL THEATRE COLLECTION

"Most of my time was spent at Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, getting up at dawn six days a week, filming long hours at the studio, returning exhausted each night to study the lines for the next day's scenes," remembers Joan Fontaine (above), Best Actress winner for *Suspicion* (1941).

Joan Fontaine

Suspicion's Best Actress on Rodeo Drive

TEXT BY BRENDAN GILL

ONE AFTERNOON in June 1939, the British actor Brian Aherne gave a cocktail party in the garden of his house at 703 North Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Aherne was a tall, handsome man of thirty-seven who had made a name for himself in New York City and on tour playing Robert Browning to Katharine Cornell's Elizabeth Barrett, in a romantic play called *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. Having been summoned to Hollywood to act with Marlene Dietrich in *Song of Songs*, he had decided to settle down there, in the midst of a cricket-and-high-tea outpost of the British Empire that included Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, David Niven, Leslie Howard and Dame May Whitty. Aherne was enjoying considerable success in the movies. He had starred in *What Every*

Fontaine married Brian Aherne in 1939 and lived at the Rodeo Drive house until 1946. BELOW: The couple in the living room.



BELOW: "We *always* dressed for dinner," says Fontaine, by a Sheraton bureau in her bedroom, adorned with Chinese wallpaper.





ABOVE: "One wall of Brian's library was covered with a flying map of the United States—it was magnificent," she recalls. "We crossed the country five times in our plane."



ABOVE: "We were part of the 'English Colony'—which included the Ronald Colmans, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the Basil Rathbones—an enclave in Beverly Hills," she says.

Woman Knows with Helen Hayes, in *Beloved Enemy* with Merle Oberon and in *The Great Garrick* with Olivia de Havilland. To the party he invited, among many others, Miss de Havilland, her mother and her twenty-one-year-old "baby" sister, Joan Fontaine.

Olivia being almost a year and a half older than Joan and already launched on a career (she had recently been cast as Melanie in *Gone With the Wind*), the family name was professionally hers. Joan's jawbreaking full name—Joan de Beauvoir de Havilland—might have been reduced to Joan de Beauvoir, but it was surmised that the ordinary moviegoer wouldn't know how to pronounce it. Playing a bit part in the Joan Crawford–Robert Montgomery movie *No More Ladies* (1935), Joan at eighteen had chosen to bill herself as Joan Burfield, borrowing the name from a street. A fortune-teller in a nightclub predicted that it would improve her luck to assume a name that ended in *e*. On the spur of the moment, the only name that Joan could think of was Fontaine, which belonged to her mother's second husband. She and Olivia disliked Fontaine (they always referred to him as the Iron Duke); reluctantly, she armed herself with his name and, presto-magico, she soon won small roles in *Gunga Din* (1939) with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Cary Grant and in *The Women* (1939) with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell and Paulette Goddard. She also served as Fred Astaire's dancing partner in *A Damsel in Distress* (1937), about which she has since candidly confessed, "I fell on my face. For me the title was appropriate." Moreover, like a dozen other young actresses in Hollywood, she tested several times for the leading feminine role in *Rebecca*, Daphne du Maurier's best-selling novel to which David O. Selznick had bought the movie rights and which Alfred Hitchcock was scheduled to direct.

During the cocktail party on Rodeo Drive, Fontaine explained her recent change of name to an old friend, who was quick to claim that she possessed psychic powers as great as any fortune-teller's. Then and there, she insisted on reading Fontaine's palm, after which she asserted that Fontaine would soon be marrying their host.

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RIGHT: "The gardenia hedge flourished—we'd pick the flowers and throw them in the pool." Aherne "fitted my pillow dreams," Fontaine writes in *No Bed of Roses*. "They envisioned a home, haven of rescue, a sanctuary."





PHOTOGRAPHY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

Academy Award nominee and 1951 Honorary Award winner Gene Kelly entertains his first wife, Betsy Blair, also a nominee, and daughter Kerry as he practices a dance routine in their rented Beverly Hills home in 1943. Hollywood friends would gather every Saturday night to play charades.

Gene Kelly

Star of An American in Paris on Alta Drive

TEXT BY MICHAEL FRANK

IN 1942, WHEN Gene Kelly and his first wife, actress Betsy Blair, rented a house on Alta Drive in Beverly Hills, the dancer was just beginning to find his way through the intricate studio machinery that ruled Hollywood in the forties. He was just becoming introduced [illegible] (to him) and challenging medium of film.

Born and educated in Pittsburgh, where he and his family started their own dance studio in the thirties, Kelly first appeared on Broadway in the chorus of *Leave it to Me* in 1938. In 1940, as the lead in *Pal Joey*, Kelly attracted the attention of producer-songwriter Arthur Freed, who convinced his boss, Louis B. Mayer, to see the show. Although it was Mayer's son-in-law David O. Selznick who finally put the dancer under contract and brought him West, Kelly was in fact loaned out to MGM for his first movie, *For Me and My Gal* (1942),



Guests often played sardines. "Children's games are a lot more fun for grown-ups than for children," Gene Kelly would comment. ABOVE: The living room was paneled in pine.

The parties would continue until dawn. When it was light enough, a volleyball game would start in the yard. RIGHT: Kelly hangs a framed panel in the dining room. BELOW: The table and chairs are 19th-century-English style.



which was produced by Freed and directed by Busby Berkeley. During his tenure on Alta Drive, Kelly was buoyant, inventive and vastly energetic, but he was also inchoate—and more than a bit green: "I knew nothing about playing to the camera," he said of his work on the movie. "It was Judy [Garland] who pulled me through."

Kelly learned fast. Over the next fifteen years he revolutionized the way dance was used in movies—how it was choreographed, performed and photographed; where it fit in the narrative; what it conveyed about the psyches of his characters. With Busby Berkeley and Fred Astaire, Kelly formed a triumvirate of men who virtually define dance on film.

Berkeley came first. The interchangeable plots of his movies usually centered on the production of a musical comedy on Broadway. Characterization was never terribly important; in his quest for a cinematic form of dance, Berkeley created lavish visual effects in which teams of chorus girls, photographed from above, opened and closed like a flower or like pieces of glass inside a kaleidoscope. Fred Astaire, to whom Kelly has been copiously though not all that fruitfully compared, took movie dancing off its imaginary stage and into Central Park and nightclubs and ocean liners. The plots of his movies were usually a bit of tomfoolery that existed as a framework, a breather between choreographic feats. And these, of course, were tailored to Astaire's persona: Elegant, cool and romantic, Astaire inhabits a perpetual ballroom. His dances are seamless, stylized, witty—and inimitable.

This is perhaps why Kelly has disliked being compared to the man who dominated dance in the movies during the thirties. Although he himself has fallen into the inevitable trap from time to time—"I was the Marlon Brando of dancers, and [Astaire] the Cary Grant"—Kelly really set out in a different direction. For one thing, literally and figuratively, he was never comfortable in a tuxedo: "As a Depres-

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Rosalind Russell

Auntie Mame at Home in Beverly Hills

TEXT BY MICHAEL FRANK

"OTHER PEOPLE will not go on being made miserable indefinitely, sacrifices to your worship of house furnishings," Jane Darwell, as Aunt Ellen, says to Rosalind Russell in *Craig's Wife* (1936). "I have a feeling when I look at these rooms that [they] have died and are laid out." The *maîtresse* of this lifeless *maison* is glacial Harriet Craig, a woman who believes that love is a liability in marriage and that the only thing she can trust in the world is her home. With its pedimented bookshelves and bronze candelabra, its burnished piano and the tree a defiant maid once refused to dust, Mrs. Craig's house imparts a stern moral lesson: You must not care more for possessions than you do for human beings, because "people who live to themselves," the legend informs us at the end of the movie, "are generally left to themselves." Misery, it would seem, is the price you have to pay for too much interior decoration.

Harriet Craig was Rosalind Russell's first starring role, a logical enough progression for an actress who was pegged as a young sophisticate during the first part of her career, the sort of girl who would glance at Jean Harlow or Joan Crawford and say to Clark Gable or Robert Montgomery, "How can you spend time with *her*? She's rather vulgar, isn't she?" Born in Waterbury, Connecticut, into [illegible]ltivated, upper-middle-clas[illegible] Russell was educated a[illegible]t and the American Academy of D[illegible]matic Arts.



COURTESY LANCE BRISSON

ABOVE: "We got our house partly because when I'd made *The Women*, I'd become friendly with Mary Boland," wrote Rosalind Russell, who, with her husband, Frederick Brisson, bought the residence from the actress in 1942. "I wasn't prepared…to cultivate important producers,…to become involved in the intrigue," wrote Russell (below, in the library). Four times nominated for Best Actress, she received the 1972 Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award.



COURTESY LANCE BRISSON/ JBLPN COLUMBIA PICTURES



COURTESY LANCE BRISSON/COBURN/COLUMBIA PICTURES

ABOVE: "Freddie and I never entertained a soul in our house that we didn't like," Russell declared. "We kept our privacy that way, and I think our sanity too." The jade tree by the living room window was from Barbara Hutton.

BELOW: A view of the garden from her bedroom balcony. "I did a great deal of the gardening because I enjoyed being out among the trees and the birds and the flowers," she wrote.



COURTESY LANCE BRISSON/COBURN/COLUMBIA PICTURES



COURTESY LANCE BRISSON

"Most people need some work, some love, some laughs, some friends," wrote Russell. She also said, "Acting is standing up naked and turning around very slowly." ABOVE: The actress's bedroom.

Following her graduation, she was appearing on stage in New York in a revival of S. N. Behrman's *The Second Man* when a talent scout from Universal Studios invited her to Hollywood, gave her a screen test and put her under contract. After a ruse in which she went to see Carl Laemmle, Jr., with Vaseline in her hair and lipstick on her front teeth, Russell was freed from her seven-year Universal contract and moved on to MGM, where she made her first movie, supporting William Powell and Myrna Loy in *Evelyn Prentice* (1934).

In the beginning, Russell was not an easy actress to cast. She was well

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PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

LEFT: From 1935 to 1958, producer Hal Wallis and his wife, Louise Fazenda, lived in a Monterey colonial–style house they built on Woodman Avenue in the San Fernando Valley.

"Hollywood was growing and I was growing with it," wrote Wallis of his early filmmaking years. He was presented with two Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Awards, and his nominations for Best Picture included *The Rose Tattoo*, *Becket* and *Anne of the Thousand Days*. BELOW: Wallis in his 1930s-era study, which was accented with Art Déco objects and furnishings.



Hal Wallis

The Producer's Valley Farm

TEXT BY ANNE EDWARDS

HAL WALLIS WAS AT the height of his reign as an executive producer at Warner Bros. when, in 1937, Ronald Reagan was signed to a contract. Wallis was known to have discovered more great stars than any other Hollywood filmmaker, but he was not enthusiastic about young Reagan's star potential. The boy from Dixon, Illinois, was placed on the second team. Two years later, with Reagan still playing in the minors, the studio announced that Wallis was to produce *Knute Rockne, All American* and was looking for an actor to play coach Rockne's famous player George Gipp, the great Gipper.

Reagan begged the film's star, Pat O'Brien, to speak to Wallis on his behalf. "The role calls for a top performer," Wallis countered when approached, "and Reagan is a hick radio announcer from the Middle West." He weakened, however, and Reagan



"We lived within our means," Wallis wrote. "Neither of us liked to live 'high' or go to parties." ABOVE: A portrait of the Wallises' son, Brent, hung above the fireplace in the living room. "It always struck me as a somewhat daunting room because of its formality," Brent Wallis remembers.



LEFT: "The woodwork in the dining room—a splendid, tavernlike room—was imported from an English manor house," notes Brent Wallis. "My father liked English style—some of his best films were taken from English history." The oak dresser holds a collection of pewter tankards and salvers.



"We entertained small groups of friends...but, by choice, lived far outside the social whirl of Hollywood," Wallis recalled. RIGHT: Special guests were received in the living room.

"A producer must be a creator...[and] diplomat, organizer, strategist, planner, businessman, psychiatrist, juggler, midwife, and manager of egos," wrote Wallis. BELOW: An assortment of ceramic dog figures crowds the commode and bracket shelves in his bedroom.



was tested for the part. As soon as he saw the former sportscaster in the Gipper's uniform, he knew he had been wrong. The rest was history. Reagan did not become a star of the same magnitude as some of Wallis's other discoveries—Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson, Charlton Heston, Kirk Douglas and Humphrey Bogart, to name just a few—but as an actor he is remembered primarily for two films he made directly under Wallis's aegis: *Knute Rockne, All American* (1940) and *King's Row* (1942).

Wallis was never afraid to act on his own hunch when it came to making a movie or casting the lead players. As a young man in the early 1920s, he worked as publicity director for Warner Bros. The staff was small, and Wallis also participated in planning the studio's production schedule. By 1930 Wallis was executive producer in charge of production, the company was making fifty pictures a year, and he was involved in every phase of each of them. Even with that enormous responsibility, he managed to personally produce his pet projects. Many were nominated for Academy Awards for Best Picture: *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* (1932), *The Story of Louis Pasteur* (1936) and *The Life of Emile Zola* (1937).

Wallis was honored with the 1938 Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award, and three of his films were nominated for the 1938 Best Picture Oscar (an unprecedented achievement in the Academy's history). In a career that spanned over fifty years, he was to collect more nominations and awards for his films than any other Hollywood producer. Many became classics: *Dark Victory* (1939), *The Letter* (1940), *The Maltese Falcon* (1941), *Yankee Doodle Dandy* (1942) and *Casablanca* (1943), which was voted Best Picture the same year that Wallis was presented with his second Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award.

Louise Fazenda, known as Warner Bros.' "Queen of Comedy," married him in 1925, despite being warned by

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COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES/PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Actress Olivia de Havilland (above, in 1947) won two Academy Awards, for her *To Each His Own* (1946) and *The Heiress* (1949). BELOW LEFT: In the late 1940s de Havilland rented a house in Beverly Hills.

Olivia de Havilland

The Beverly Hills House of the Best Actress in To Each His Own and The Heiress

TEXT BY ANNE EDWARDS

ON THE EVENING of January 13, 1939, David O. Selznick, the producer of *Gone With the Wind*, released the names of the major stars who were to play the main characters in the film adaptation of Margaret Mitchell's best-selling novel. The diminutive author waited for the telegraphed disclosure in the editorial office of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Photographs did not accompany the information, and the only picture of Olivia de Havilland, who was to play Melanie, that could be found was a publicity cheesecake shot of her posing in a brief bathing suit. "Not exactly *my* Melanie," Mitchell complained.

"Well," her former editor and good friend Angus Perkinson said, grinning, "we can explain that Sherman's men had gotten away with the rest of her clothes."

Moments later a second telegram arrived from de Havilland: "The news that I am to play Melanie means a long cherished dream realized. Now I hope for one thing more important, that is to play the role to your satisfaction." To which Mitchell replied: "[Melanie] is one of my favorite characters in the book and I am looking forward to the day when I will see you portray her on the screen."



From that moment and throughout her career, despite the disparate roles she played, her two Academy Awards for Best Actress (*To Each His Own*, 1946, and *The Heiress*, 1949) and three nominations (Best Supporting Actress for *Gone With the Wind* and Best Actress for *Hold Back the Dawn*, 1941,

and *The Snake Pit*, 1948), de Havilland would be remembered foremost for her portrayal of Melanie Wilkes.

Born in Tokyo, the daughter of a British patent attorney, Walter de Havilland, and Lilian Ruse, a former actress (who were divorced when she and her younger sister, Joan Fontaine, were infants), de Havilland was raised in California. Although she received a scholarship to Mills College, she never went. After a stage appearance as Hermia in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, she was signed to a seven-year contract with Warner Bros., her first assignment being the same role in the film adaptation of Shakespeare's comedy.

Her expectations were high, and the parts she was subsequently given as the demure heroine in films domi-



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

Although best remembered for her portrayal of Melanie Wilkes in *Gone With the Wind* (1939), de Havilland also costarred with Errol Flynn in seven classic adventure movies. BELOW: De Havilland and her first husband, Marcus Goodrich, in their French-wallpapered dining room.

After a three-year absence from the screen in the early 1940s, de Havilland returned to film and quickly established herself as a leading dramatic actress. ABOVE: Her chintz-filled living room had a warm, English-country-style ambiance. BELOW: The actress in her master bedroom.



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

nated by top male stars like Flynn fell far below her standards. Once she returned to Warner Bros. after her loanout for *Gone With the Wind*, she rejected all the scripts submitted to her and was placed on suspension.

In a daring move, when Warner Bros. refused to release her in 1942 at the end of the seven-year term, claiming she still owed them her services for the time of her suspension, she went to court. For three years she was unable to work as the case, fought bitterly by Warners, went through two lower courts to finally reach the California Supreme Court. The issue had been whether seven years meant calendar years or years of work. The decision was the former. At great cost to herself, de Havilland had won, and the ruling, called the antipeonage law, is referred to as the de Havilland decision in the law books.

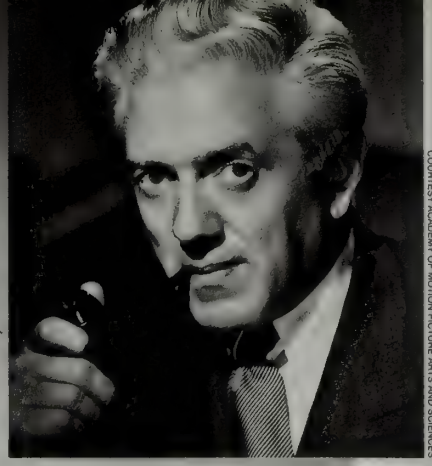
During this difficult time she lived on the East Coast, appearing in theater, and met and married novelist Marcus Goodrich. She resumed her film career in 1946 with an Academy Award performance in *To Each His Own*. This

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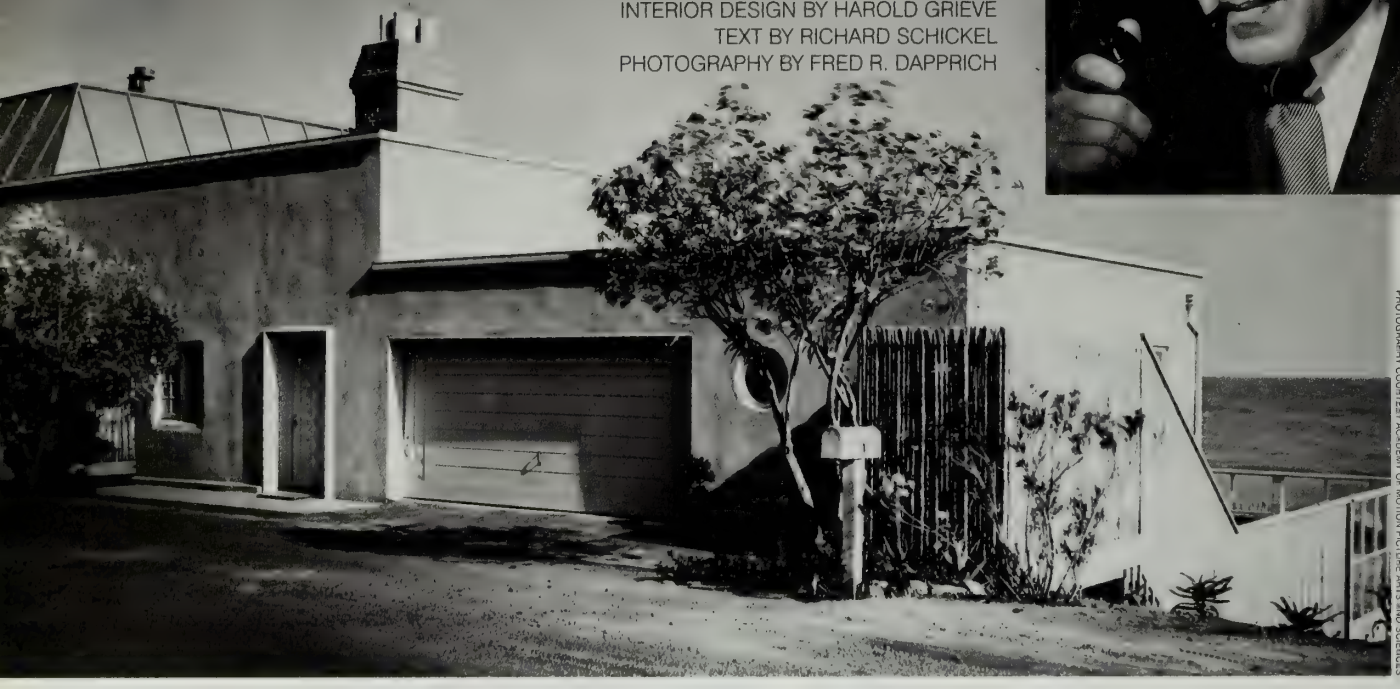
Anatole Litvak

Oceanside Retreat of The Snake Pit's Director

INTERIOR DESIGN BY HAROLD GRIEVE
TEXT BY RICHARD SCHICKEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED R. DAPPRICH



COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES



PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Though he was peripatetic most of his life, Russian director Anatole Litvak (inset) found domesticity in his beach-front house north of Santa Monica. He arrived in Hollywood in 1937, garnering Oscar nominations for *The Snake Pit* (1948) and *Decision Before Dawn* (1951). ABOVE: His mansard-roofed residence, with interiors by Harold Grieve, was designed by architect Douglas Hannold.

ANATOLE LITVAK'S beach house is one of the many places the director came to rest for a time in a life that was all wandering. Whether he was by nature a restless man or whether he was by happenstance one of those people whom the historical cataclysms of the twentieth century propelled hither and thither with a particularly cruel force it is impossible to say. The spareness of his house on the Pacific Coast Highway north of Santa Monica and the lack of tracks he left on the historical record (there are almost no interviews with him, and many of the standard reference books ignore or barely mention him, despite the fact that his career was long and dotted with significant films) suggest that circumstances had taught him that most basic of émigré skills—traveling light and unrevealingly.

Not that his films were, for the most part, light (though they were self-effacing). If he had a characteristic vein it was romantic melodrama, film noirish in manner but usually not in spirit, since most of Litvak's pictures lacked the cynical bite and the fondness for low American life, language and places that other refugees from Hitler's Europe—Billy Wilder is a good example—so enthusiastically developed and exploited. Essentially, Litvak's pictures, like such roots as he set down, are in Movieland, that mythical back-lot country that bears only a superficial relationship to any known reality.

That is understandable. Country after country failed him, but the movies never did. Born in Kiev in 1902, he became an actor when he was thirteen, participated in the Russian Revolution in some way he never publicly described and directed his first film when he was twenty-two. He moved on to Weimar, Germany, where he worked as a film editor ("Deep in my heart I'm always a cutter," he would say years

Litvak was an adept, adaptable and prolific man, the kind of director that Hollywood likes best.



later), then to London and Paris, where, eventually, he made his first international hit, *Mayerling* (1936), which starred Charles Boyer as the heir to the Habsburg dynasty and Danielle Darrieux as his mistress; together they arrange a suicide pact rather than abandon their love for reasons of state. Its success earned him a trip to the United States, where he made a film for RKO, then signed a contract with Warner Bros. It would be the fifth country in which he had lived and worked in twelve years. Small wonder that his largest loyalty was to movie studios; wherever he went they always seemed to welcome him.

And, in Hollywood's case, they were eager to present him with congenial projects. His first American film, *The Woman I Love* (1937), was a remake of a picture he had done in France and whose star, Miriam Hopkins, he married. He was reunited with Boyer in his next movie, *Tovarich* (1938), a comedy for which he had a special affinity, since it was about Russian émigrés trying to make a life for themselves in Paris. Until America entered the war, he did a little bit of everything: a propaganda drama, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (1939); a prison picture, *Castle on the Hudson* (1940); even a wistful little piece of poetic social realism, *Out of the Fog* (1941). Litvak was an adept, adaptable and prolific man, the kind of director that Hollywood likes best.

ABOVE: Connecting the house's three levels was a winding staircase, which led to the recreation room below. The living room was accented by knotty-pine tongue-and-groove paneling.

BELOW: In the dining area of the hip-ceilinged living space are a French provincial table and chairs. "No thing should be used as decoration solely," Grieve—who was a studio art director—said.



Apparently he lived mainly to work. He said his only hobbies were dancing and reading, and when his marriage to Hopkins ended after two years, he waited sixteen years before remarrying. The rumor was that his largest extracurricular activity was gambling and that he made several films only because he had to pay off his bookies.

Be that as it may, he made eleven pictures during his first four Hollywood years, and by his own account only one of them presented any difficulties. That was *City for Conquest* (1940), over which he and its star, James Cagney, clashed. He said it was the only time he and an actor had major differences, but the picture had a richer look than most of the star's urban melodramas, and even after it had been recut by the studio, the film had an ambitious, striving quality about it, too.

This contretemps had no effect on Litvak's career. But once again, world events did. When America was drawn into World War II, he immediately accepted a commission as a lieutenant colonel in Frank Capra's signal corps film unit, where he was, in Capra's account, among its most valued members. Litvak directed or codirected four of the most memorable productions in the famous *Why We Fight* series, among them the great *Battle of Russia* compilation, which even today remains one of the best war documentaries that have ever been made.

He was, for a time, an important figure in postwar Hollywood, more or less a specialist in what were then known as women's pictures. Three of them, indeed, represent his largest claim on posterity. *Sorry, Wrong Number* (1948) was a febrile, highly original thriller in which Barbara Stanwyck played a bedridden hypochondriac whose husband sends a hired killer to murder her. *The Snake Pit*, released the same year, starred Olivia de Havilland as an inmate in an insane asylum. Everyone who worked on the picture signed a contract requiring him or her to spend a period of time in a mental institution absorbing atmosphere, and when it was released, the picture raised a public outcry against the inhumane treatment of the mentally ill and earned Litvak his first Academy Award nomination. Stanwyck and de Havilland also received nominations but were beaten out by Jane Wyman.

That year was doubtless Litvak's apotheosis. Though *Decision Before Dawn* (1951) was nominated for Best Picture, his pace, like Hollywood's, slowed with the advent of television. In 1954 he fell out with his studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, over *Desirée*, which Litvak believed had to be shot on location in Europe but which the studio wanted to do on the back lot. He quit his contract and returned

The recreation room, located on the lower floor, had a large glassed-in bay that afforded views up and down the Pacific coast, as well as out to sea. A curved sofa faces the fireplace, and at right is a bar. Plank floors and a porthole, left, add to the nautical atmosphere.





"Each object in a room should be selected fundamentally for its usefulness," Grieve has said, "then for its beauty." ABOVE: Litvak, who traveled a great deal, used his study as a bedroom. It was furnished with built-in bookshelves, a banquette and a desk in walnut.



ABOVE: The guest bedroom, which also boasted spectacular views of the Pacific, contained a tiled fireplace with chrome andirons and chintz-upholstered and blond wood furniture.



ABOVE: Grieve, who did interiors for director Ernst Lubitsch and producer Hal Roach, placed a bed with a headboard that echoes a rolled-back settee at the other end of the guest bedroom.

to Europe, where after a feckless decade he again asserted himself on a matter of principle. Litvak believed that Ingrid Bergman, then in disgrace for publicly having an affair with, and bearing the children of, Roberto Rossellini, was the only possible choice to play the title role in his 1957 *Anastasia*, an adaptation of the play about a woman who claimed to be the only surviving child of the Russian czar murdered by the Bolsheviks. He prevailed, and the film became his last large success. This time his star won the Academy Award, and he won her undying gratitude for rescuing her career.

It was a brave and graceful act on the part of a civilized man. He continued to work, frequently with Bergman, always in Europe. But his last films grew increasingly out of touch with both the commercial and the human realities of the sixties. They were staid, turgid, uncolored by irony or humor, and in the last five years of his life—he died in 1974—he was unable to get work. It might be argued that he was belatedly paying the price for his rootlessness. It might also be argued, of course, that, all things considered, he had done better than most men without a country ever do. □

Gene Tierney

Beverly Hills Backdrop for the Enigmatic Star of Laura

TEXT BY GAVIN LAMBERT



PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES/TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

Gene Tierney, whose films included *Laura*, *Heaven Can Wait* and *The Razor's Edge*, received an Oscar nomination for *Leave Her to Heaven* (1945). RIGHT: Tierney (circa 1950) lounges on the patio of the Beverly Hills house she shared with her husband, fashion designer Oleg Cassini.

The house, which the couple acquired in 1948, was more modest in size and taste than previous residences. "I used to like loud colors and fluffy ruffles, but today I like muted tones," Tierney said. BELOW: The living room featured an Italian commode and an Oriental-style low table.



"NO ONE BUT Gene Tierney could have played Laura," insisted Vincent Price, who had an important role in the film. "There was no other actress around with her particular combination of beauty, breeding and mystery." Yet when she first read the script, Tierney was very uncertain about the part, which Jennifer Jones had turned down. It seemed to her more like a painting than a character, and she didn't want to play a painting. Director Rouben Mamoulian—who "seemed to have no idea what the story was about," according to Price—was fired after the first ten days of shooting. The film's producer, Otto Preminger, took over as director, and not only did a classic of film noir result but "the face in the misty light" came to define Gene Tierney.

It was a face of delicate, almost perfect beauty, flawed only by slightly projecting teeth, which she realized were part of its attraction and never had fixed. Born into an upper-crust East Coast family, her father an insurance broker, Gene began her career on the New York stage in 1938, at the age of eighteen. After her performance a year later in the Elliot Nugent–James Thurber play *The Male Animal*, she signed her second Hollywood contract (with Twentieth Century-Fox) and was offered the lead in *Claudia* on Broadway. From 1940 until 1944 her experience was mainly frustrating, as she was cast in a series of unsuitable roles—as poor white trash in *Tobacco Road* (1940), an outlaw in the western *Belle Starr* (1941) and a half-Arab girl in *Sundown* (1941)—before being loaned out to Josef von Sternberg for *The Shanghai Gesture* (1941), which proved to be a critical and commercial disappointment. She returned to Fox, where she achieved a partial breakthrough when Ernst Lubitsch cast her in his romantic comedy *Heaven Can Wait* (1943). Tierney played a wife who remained devoted to her philandering husband, and the film received an Academy Award nomination for Best Picture.

By this time she had married, against her parents' wishes, the dress designer Oleg Cassini, who created her costumes for *The Shanghai Gesture* and many subsequent films. A master of chic, he had a subtly elegant style





"Don't keep your room completely in period," Tierney advised. "Venetian furniture goes well with French." ABOVE: A French dressing table complements Venetian chairs in the master bedroom.

that suited her perfectly. They bought a house at the top of Coldwater Canyon, which Tierney decorated in her favorite early American style. Soon afterward, she was the victim of a double trauma. First she discovered that her father, who had formed a corporation to manage her earnings, had used up every cent in a vain attempt to save his failing business. A few months later the Cassinis' first daughter was born retarded.

There seems no doubt that the quality of mystery, Tierney's wild card as an actress that she played for the first time in *Laura*, sprang from her own inner tensions. To the beauty and breeding was added an unsettling kind of reserve, cool and yet somehow lost, fragile but steely. Her emotional frailty became even more compelling in her portrayal of Ellen in *Leave Her to Heaven* (1945), a role that she had wanted to play. She had read the novel and felt that she understood the character, a woman who

"Dinner was 'Our Crowd' most nights," Cassini wrote in his autobiography, "Gene and me and Butch, our German shepherd." LEFT: The dining area had French and Italian antiques.

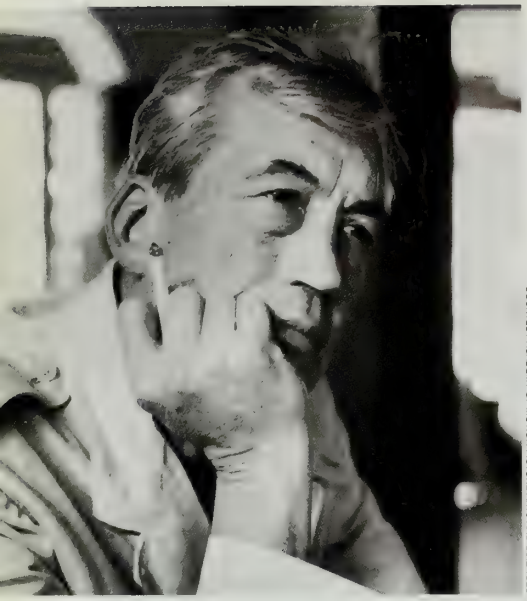


ABOVE: A rolltop desk in the knotty-pine-paneled study displays family photographs. A pair of 1874 English horse prints hang above.

"believed herself to be normal and worked at convincing her friends that she was." For the film she was a woman of masklike desperation, obsessed by her dead father, dangerously charming, so compulsively jealous that she would kill anyone who occupied too strong a place in her husband's affections. Nominated for an Oscar, Tierney lost to Joan Crawford's Mildred Pierce, but was later congratulated by Noël Coward on a unique show of "real screen acting."

The following year she decided for status reasons to move to the Holmby Hills section of Bel-Air, and bought a mansion that Cassini found disappointingly traditional. He became reconciled to it when she took charge of decorating the interior, which she transformed by choosing different styles—early American, Empire, Victorian—for different rooms. The re-

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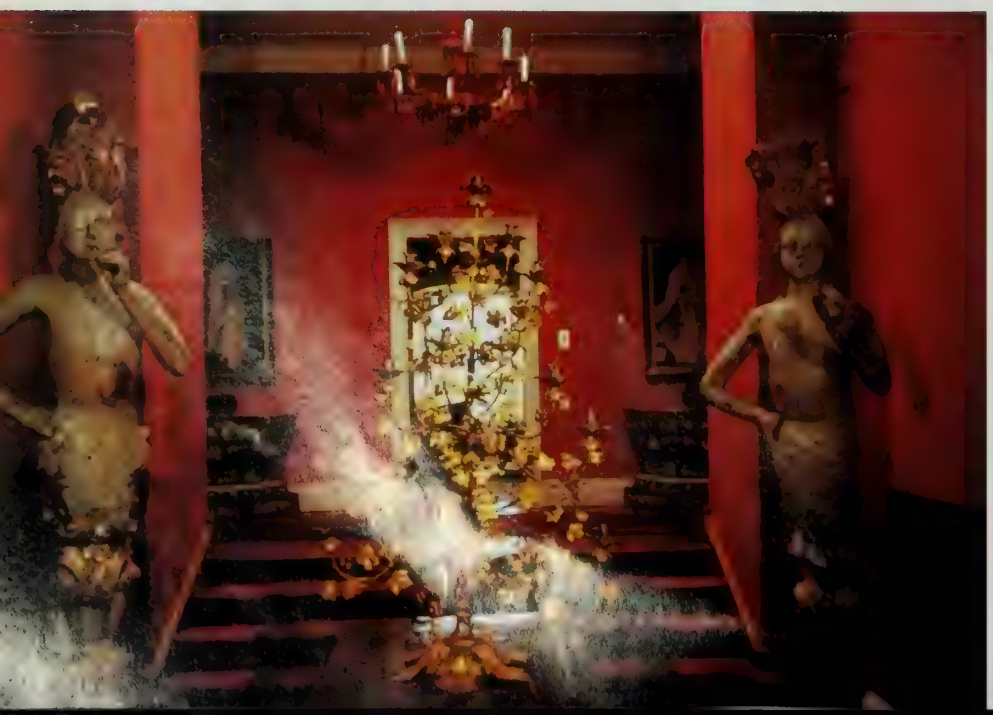
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Writer-director-actor John Huston (above), who won two Academy Awards for *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (1947) and was nominated 12 times for such films as *The Maltese Falcon* (1941), *The African Queen* (1952) and *Prizzi's Honor* (1985), lived at St. Clerans, his estate in western Ireland, from the late 1950s to the 1970s.

RIGHT: "The house itself was one of the most beautiful in all Ireland," wrote Huston about the Georgian residence in his autobiography. The estate was an ideal place for him to indulge his passions—riding, painting and entertaining.

John Huston

Mercurial Director of The Maltese Falcon and The Dead at St. Clerans



TEXT BY LAWRENCE GROBEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LOOMIS DEAN

IN 1952 JOHN HUSTON had just begun making *Moulin Rouge*, which after its release would give him enough money to live anywhere in the world. Huston chose Ireland. He wanted a place to put everything he'd collected on his travels, and while staying at Courtown, he and his wife, Ricki, found the ideal spot in the western part of the country near Galway: a one-hundred-and-ten-acre estate called St.

LEFT: In one hall, a deep red that Huston was fond of sets off Mexican mermaid sculptures on both sides of a tree-form candelabrum.



Clerans, whose three-story, seventeen-room house was in need of repair.

Huston went to see it, imagined what the manor would be like after workers spent a few years restoring it to its Georgian splendor, and told Ricki to buy it from the Land Commission for ten thousand pounds. Even though their marriage—her first, Huston's fourth—was sliding, the renovation of St. Clerans kept them together another seven years, before Ricki finally decided to move to London with the children.

St. Clerans provided Huston with a tranquil haven from his fervid pace of filmmaking, a place where he could paint, tend his horses and entertain. Since dazzling Hollywood with his first picture, *The Maltese Falcon*, in 1941, Huston was in demand. He won two Oscars for writing and directing the 1947 film *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Then came *Key Largo* (1948), *We Were Strangers* (1949), *The Asphalt Jungle* (1950) and *The Red Badge of Courage* (1951). But when *Red Badge* was taken away from him and edited down from more than two hours to sixty-one minutes, Huston got fed up and left the country to

ABOVE: "I like to mix good art," wrote Huston, describing the eclectic works in the main drawing room. "The fact that pieces are not of the same period and culture doesn't mean that they will not go together." At right is one of Monet's *Water Lily* paintings, and in the foreground is a Greek marble horse head. BELOW: Huston also amassed a large collection of pre-Columbian pottery and figures.

BELOW: In his basement office, Huston's Academy Award statuettes flank a Donatello award from Italy.





St. Clerans provided Huston with a place to paint, tend his horses and entertain.



The Kremlin Letter (1970). Ricki and the children, Anjelica and Tony, were left to enjoy the splendid isolation.

It was there that the children watched their father's films from sixteen-millimeter prints, put on dog and pony shows, played in the ruins of the Norman castle on the property and fought imaginary battles with the IRA. For Anjelica, St. Clerans was a place to dress up in the costumes kept in a huge trunk. For Tony, it was a journey back in time. He studied falconry, fished in the estate's trout-filled stream and traded his father's expensive gifts for the local kids' pop guns and toys.

Because of the drift in the Hustons' relationship, Ricki and the children lived in what was called the Little House, a comfortable three-bedroom house a half-mile from the Big House, where Huston resided.

ABOVE: Huston enjoyed painting in his studio. "St. Clerans was a wonderful haven," he wrote. "When I came back from a trip abroad and entered that atmosphere, it was a world apart."

BELOW: Huston's portrait of his daughter, Anjelica. She and her brother, Tony, spent many of their childhood years at the estate, which was located near the seaside town of Galway.

make *The African Queen* (1952). He wouldn't return to America to make another film for ten years.

During the nineteen years Huston owned St. Clerans, he made an average of one film a year. And of those films, only four were fully or partially made on Irish soil—*The List of Adrian Messenger* (1963), *Casino Royale* (1967), *Sinful Davey* (1969), *The Mackintosh Man* (1973). Which meant that for much of each year Huston traveled around the world, making such films as *Moby Dick* (1956), *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* (1957), *The Barbarian and the* [illegible] (1958), *The Roots of Heaven* (1958), *The Unforgiven* (1960), *The Misfits* (19[illegible]962), *The Night of the Iguana* ([illegible] *Bible* (1966), *A Walk with Love* [illegible]h (1969) a[illegible]



Ricki, who had a knack for such things, made Huston's house a home; Huston himself made it a museum where he stored and exhibited the art and artifacts he loved to collect: paintings by Miró, Gris and Monet, a set of Toulouse-Lautrec posters, giant wooden crucifixes, pre-Columbian figures from Veracruz and racks of practical and rare guns, along with the heads of a tiger and a water buffalo that he had shot on Indian and African safaris.

Journalist Alexander Walker, upon visiting St. Clerans, marveled at the art on the walls, the black-marble hallway, the silk screens from Japan, the Spanish colonial chairs, the Napoleon bed and the Inca and Aztec handiwork. "The effect was of a well-ordered treasure house into which the living Pharaoh would ultimately retire himself," he said.

Eloise Hardt MacNamara, a close friend and frequent visitor, recalled that there seemed to be so much scheming going on that the house could have been something out of de Sade. "Everybody had their little episode at St. Clerans," she said. "[Huston] had to forever have some intrigue and romance going on. The more intriguing and involved and black Irish it got, the better he liked it." A childhood friend of Anjelica's, Lizzie Spender, described Huston as "an old-fashioned king or sultan" and remembered people going in and out of different bedrooms late at night.



ABOVE: Huston luxuriates in his four-poster Florentine bed, carved and painted with doves and flowers. "I sometimes feel that I sold a little bit of my soul when I let St. Clerans go," he wrote.



BELOW: "I had an entire Japanese bath, with shoji doors and mats, sent over and installed," wrote Huston. "The bath accommodated up to six bathers, and was wonderful for after hunting."

When he was in preproduction of his films, Huston often used St. Clerans to entertain writers, actors and producers. Arthur Miller came to discuss *The Misfits*, Jean-Paul Sartre *Freud*, Marlon Brando *Reflections in a Golden Eye* (1967) and producer Ray Stark *The Night of the Iguana, Reflections* and *Fat City* (1972). Once, Montgomery Clift came to stay to discuss his role as Sigmund Freud. When Huston saw a male reporter, who had come to interview Clift, emerging from Clift's room one morning, it was an indiscretion he couldn't forgive. "I don't care what he does," Huston would later say, "but I just didn't like having my nose rubbed in it." He took it out on the actor throughout the making of *Freud*, and in the end Clift would dub Huston a "laughing sadist."

John Steinbeck, also a frequent visitor, never thought of Huston that way. The writer was taken by the director's great charm. Huston even convinced the Nobel laureate to dress up as Santa Claus on Christmas Day. Steinbeck hoped to get even by writing about Daly, the ghost that Huston was convinced haunted St. Clerans, but he

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Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan

Hollywood's First Super-Agent and the Nominee for Three Comrades

INTERIOR DESIGN BY HAROLD GRIEVE TEXT BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED R. DAPPRICH



JOHN SWOPE COURTESY WILLIAM HAYWARD



PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

ABOVE LEFT: In 1936 Leland Hayward—the most powerful agent in Hollywood, with clients that included Henry Fonda, Montgomery Clift and Judy Garland—married client Margaret Sullavan (above, with Hayward, circa 1940). She received an Academy Award nomination for *Three Comrades* (1938). ABOVE RIGHT: Fir, pepper and acacia trees surrounded the Colonial house they bought in Brentwood in 1937. BELOW: The downstairs study, like the rest of the house, was filled with such country touches as braided rugs and chintz.



EVEN FOR THAT glamorous place, they were glamorous, those two.

He was the "best goddamn agent in Hollywood," as he was the first and last to tell you. He had the authority, the buoyant self-appreciating certainty, of the born center of attention. An "*homme fatal*," Irene Mayer Selznick, daughter of his bitter enemy Louis B. and wife of his cherished friend David O., described him. Tall and rangy, slightly loose-jointed, blue-eyed and stubbornly crew-cut, he exuded as powerful a sense of effortless American masculinity as any of Hollywood's leading men, most of whom he represented—Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, Fredric March, Gregory Peck.... He brilliantly engineered the careers of these and hundreds of other actors and actresses, including Fred Astaire (as legend has it, his first client), Judy Garland, Ginger Rogers, Myrna Loy, William Powell, Charles Laughton, Montgomery Clift, Boris Karloff and David Niven, and of such writers as Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Lillian Hellman, Billy Wilder, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, Herman Mankiewicz, and Dorothy Parker. He pulled in so many stars and pushed up wages so high that the studios, the myth persists, raised a purse of several million dollars to drive him out of town. "He was a sleek bully—he outjabbered both his clients and their tormentors, the producers," Helen Hayes, one of his early clients, says of him.

The first bicoastal titan, he maintained stylish offices in both New York and Los Angeles, flying his own plane back and forth several times a month (aviation was a passion—he served on the board of TWA, later organized and chaired Southwest Airways, and during the war established his Thunderbird Field flying schools to train cadet pilots from twenty-seven countries). He was the grandson of a United States senator and the son of a celebrated World War I hero; he had been seasoned at Princeton; and he lived at the omphalos of the social as well as the artistic aristocracy of his time, inhaling with tonic nonchalance the gin fizz of show biz and society (his father had taken as a second wife one of the richest women in New York). Hectic, restless, marauding, blasphemous and affable, hazardously extravagant, exotic yet always representatively American, he was Leland Hayward, the only and the one.



Large windows looked out to the yard. The pool was a favorite gathering place for friends of the Hayward children, Brooke, Bridget and Bill. Neighbor Jimmy Stewart, also a client of Hayward's, was a frequent guest when he was on leave from the air force.

She was Margaret Sullavan, an unself-conscious original in a world of studied carbons (and his client, of course). No one who ever heard her poignantly husky voice or saw her could forget her—*Vogue* once remarked her curious ability to look both like a straightforward Junior Leaguer and a doomed, Deirdre-like creature of imminent disaster. They were married in 1936, in Newport, Rhode Island, his father and stepmother opening their Bellevue Avenue villa, Clarendon Court, for the occasion (a house that, in a reversal of fortune, would know infamy a generation or two later as "the von Bulow estate"). She was already pregnant with their daughter, Brooke, and an "act of God" clause that her husband-to-be/agent had presciently inserted in her run-of-the-play contract would allow her to leave—and in the process close down—*Stage Door*, the hit play she was starring in on Broadway. Like Leland Hayward, Margaret Sullavan had been married twice before—both times, as it happened, to clients of his: Henry Fonda and William Wyler ("The Maggie Club," they all called it). Right up to the time of their wedding, Hayward was reported to be engaged or even secretly married to another client, Katharine Hepburn, with whom he shared a certain "yare" (see *The Philadelphia Story*). "Oh, he was a bad lot," Hepburn says today, with affection unmistakable. It may have been a pacifying irony for her that after Hayward sold the rights to *Stage Door* to RKO, she got to play Sullavan's part on film.

In 1929, at the age of nineteen, the gently Virginia-born Sullavan had made her professional debut with the University Players on Cape Cod. Arrived in New York, she promptly got a part as an offstage voice in a Theatre Guild production, and by 1931 she



Just before Bill Hayward was born, in 1941, Sullavan and Hayward built a two-story addition to the house. The barn had pine walls, redwood floors and sofas covered in denim. ABOVE: A corner of the study, in what the children called "the Other House."

had talked her way resoundingly onto the Broadway stage, starring in *A Modern Virgin* and *Dinner at Eight*—a stage that she would later hold at her career's zenith in *The Voice of the Turtle*, *The Deep Blue Sea* and *Sabrina Fair*. She signed a contract with Universal in 1933. With some of the genius and all the gall of youth, she proceeded to take the film colony by storm. Her 1938 role as Robert Taylor's tubercular wife in *Three Comrades* won her both the New York Film Critics best actress award and an Academy Award nomination for Best Actress; after that came *The Shopworn Angel* (1938), *The Shining Hour* (1938), *The Shop Around the Corner* (1940), *The Mortal Storm* (1940), *Back Street* (1941) and *Cry Havoc* (1943), among other films. She gave no quarter to Hollywood and she asked none—throughout her career she remained a movie star who would rather do a jigsaw puzzle than make a "personal appearance."

In 1937 Hayward and Sullavan bought a white clapboard Colonial-style house in the then-small-town Los Angeles enclave of Brentwood. It had big bay windows and was set inside a veritable arboretum—eucalyptus, pepper, acacia, gravilea, apricot, avocado, pine and fir trees marked the property. With the arrival of a second daughter, Bridget, in 1939, the Haywards had to add a nursery wing. Sullavan had decided for some reason that she wanted to lead a Connecticut life in California, so the house soon wore the colors of the Colonial period and came to be furnished mostly with rag and braided rugs and pine and maple pieces. There was even a settle. "It's all so goddamn authentic!" grumbled Leland Hayward, a sprawler at heart who must have longed to sink—or, more hopefully, swim—in some titanic divan.

On the mantel in the living room gathered the scores of antique dolls that Sullavan had painstakingly collected. "It was all part of this idealized idea of having these charming children and having this charming house," her daughter Brooke Hayward reflects today. The dining room held a mahogany oval table. There was chintz in the bedroom, but the feeling of the place was abidingly masculine. "Mother liked chintz bold and overscale—she didn't like itsy-bitsy chintz," she explains. Her father's dressing room boasted one entire floor-to-ceiling wall of drawers containing handkerchiefs, some so all-unfurling his little daughters were able to wrap them sarilike around themselves; shirts, all thin-cut and bespoke, of which Hayward never wore fewer than three a day; and, astonishingly, almost three hundred pairs of shoes laid out in regiments on specially made shelves. "Father had a lot more clothes than Mother did," Brooke says. "She went around wearing gabardine tailored slacks and shorts, with a typical tailored forties jacket—that was her style. Her dresses were tailored, too; I only remember her wearing an evening dress once or twice. Even up to the day she died she was still wearing those damned gabardine shorts." Bill Hayward, Brooke's brother, observes, "Today you look at these glamorous photographs of my mother and father dressed for breakfast on the patio in Brentwood, and you think, 'That's, you know, *The Way They Lived Then*'—or something. It's just a different way of doing life."

In 1941, when Sullavan was pregnant with Bill, she and Hayward built a barn "to keep the kids in," painted it red like one back East and attached it to the house by an open breezeway. Bill Hayward says today, "I was the straw that broke the camel's back, the one extra burdensome person that required them to expand. Peter Fonda has said to me that we Hayward kids were the envy of all our pals because we had our own house. Michael and Bobby Walker [Robert Walker, Jr.] got built a separate house by [their mother] Jennifer [Jones] and David [Selznick], but they were adolescents by then. In hindsight, you'd have to say that it was a really screwy idea—

your parents making their kid, at birth, their next-door neighbor."

Hayward and Sullavan did not stint their children—the barn was a lofty two-story building. Upstairs were bedrooms; downstairs was a sixty-by-eighty-foot room with its own kitchen and a hard redwood parquetry floor designed to take serious scuffing from roller skates and tricycles. Two fourteen-foot-long sofas flanked a giant fireplace. "The big thing that Mother's decorator, Harold Grieve, did—it was a really 'hot' idea in those days—was to have those sofas covered in blue denim," Brooke Hayward recalls. One side of the barn was a vast many-paned honeycomb of a window—a holding pen of stored sunshine. Running the full length of the window was a trestle table, with a chair at either end and long Quaker meetinghouse–like benches; a big pool-table lamp played overhead. A friend of the Haywards', novelist Leonora Hornblow, remembers that "at a party Leland and Margaret gave, Frances Goldwyn couldn't go in the barn because they had stuffed owls or something there and she had an allergy to birds."

The three Hayward children were taught to swim by being stood on upside-down flowerpots at the shallow end of the enormous pool and then told to strike out from there. This pool was the watering hole for a generation of Hollywood children. Tarquin Olivier would come to swim, and later be picked up by his father, Laurence; Gary Cooper would arrive to fetch his daughter, Maria. "Jane Fonda was always there," Brooke adds, "and Jimmy Stewart, who lived just a block away. He was in the service then, but when he came back on leave he'd come around in his uniform." There was a badminton court. And a very large Victory garden, where, it was reported, each dawn Hayward roused Sullavan and "they spaded, fertilized, and reaped before breakfast." Brooke adds, "Father paid us a penny apiece to pick tomatoes—one could make quite a lot of money do-

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ABOVE: Hayward had offices in New York and Los Angeles but also worked at home. When the couple moved to Connecticut in 1945, he went on to produce Broadway shows. Sullavan, who decided to retire from movies in 1943, returned to the stage in *The Voice of the Turtle*. Her last film was *No Sad Songs for Me* (1950). BELOW: Brooke Hayward's bedroom.





RIGHT: "Let's take it," Henry Fonda said as soon as he and his wife, Shirlee, saw the hacienda-style residence in Bel-Air. They moved there in 1967 and substantially renovated the 1928 house. Fonda, who won an Honorary Award for his "enduring contribution to the art of motion pictures" and a Best Actor Oscar for *On Golden Pond* (1981), was drawn to the two-and-a-half-acre hillside property.

Henry Fonda

The Bel-Air Residence of On Golden Pond's Best Actor

INTERIOR DESIGN BY PETER SHORE TEXT BY RICHARD SCHICKEL PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELIOT ELISOFON

"It was a real hodgepodge," Shirlee Fonda has said. "When we bought it, everything was painted shiny white and shiny black. The floors were covered with gold carpeting. Well, we had that pulled up and then we sandblasted the beamed ceilings and stripped all the doors." BELOW: Henry Fonda displayed some of the canvases he painted in the long gallery, which before the remodeling was a porch.





"Shirlee hired one of the finest decorators in the country, Peter Shore, and we furnished the place from scratch," Fonda said. "All we had in a twenty-room house was Shirlee's king-size bed, a beaten-up refrigerator, a few odd chairs, and a table." Shirlee and Henry Fonda sit in their library, which features several of their favorite paintings. Outside the sliding glass doors, steps lead from a patio to the pool.

LUCILLE BALL WARNED him to check the plumbing before he bought the old hacienda-style house in Bel-Air in 1967. But Henry Fonda and his wife of two years, Shirlee, loved the place on first sight and couldn't be bothered. Naturally, a pipe burst soon after they acquired the house, and it cost perhaps another fifty thousand dollars to have it repiped, heaven knows how much to remodel it, uncovering its original charm and blending in some modern motifs.

Fonda, however, was in no mood to count costs, for in this house he belatedly found a contentment that had long eluded him. There was a studio where he could work on his meticulous still lifes, and there were two and a half acres where he could practice organic gardening. Above all, there was Shirlee, an intelligent, outgoing woman who brought him out of the shy shell in which he had encased himself for so many years, watched over his reconciliation with his children and shared his transformation from movie star into "national treasure." ("I don't pay any attention to that," he grumped, "it's embarrassing.") From this house he set out to claim the 1980 honorary Academy Award he was voted. To this house his daughter Jane brought the Best Actor Oscar he won for *On Golden Pond* (1981); she accepted on his behalf when he was too ill to attend the ceremony. In this house he died, at seventy-seven, a few months later.

What occurred in this house, in this marriage, in the last fifteen years of Henry Fonda's life was a kind of reconciliation with himself. There was a main line to his career, a series of portraits of thoughtful, decent, liberal-minded men: Tom Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath* (1940); Gil Carter, the cowpoke who attempts to stop a lynching in *The Ox-Bow Incident* (1943); Mister Roberts, of course; and the conscientious, anonymous juror of *Twelve Angry Men* (1957). Out of these roles he (and we) forged his image.

It was by no means a lie. Born and raised in Nebraska, Fonda had the slightly depressed sense of social responsibility and fair play that the middle-class Midwest breeds into its children. Not to mention modesty—especially when the subject of one's accomplishments is raised.

Nor was the image the whole truth. "I ain't Henry Fonda," he said. Or, as he explained on another occasion, "You become an actor maybe because there are these complexes about you that aren't average or normal, and these aren't the easiest things to live with. You can be easily upset, or short-tempered, or lack patience."

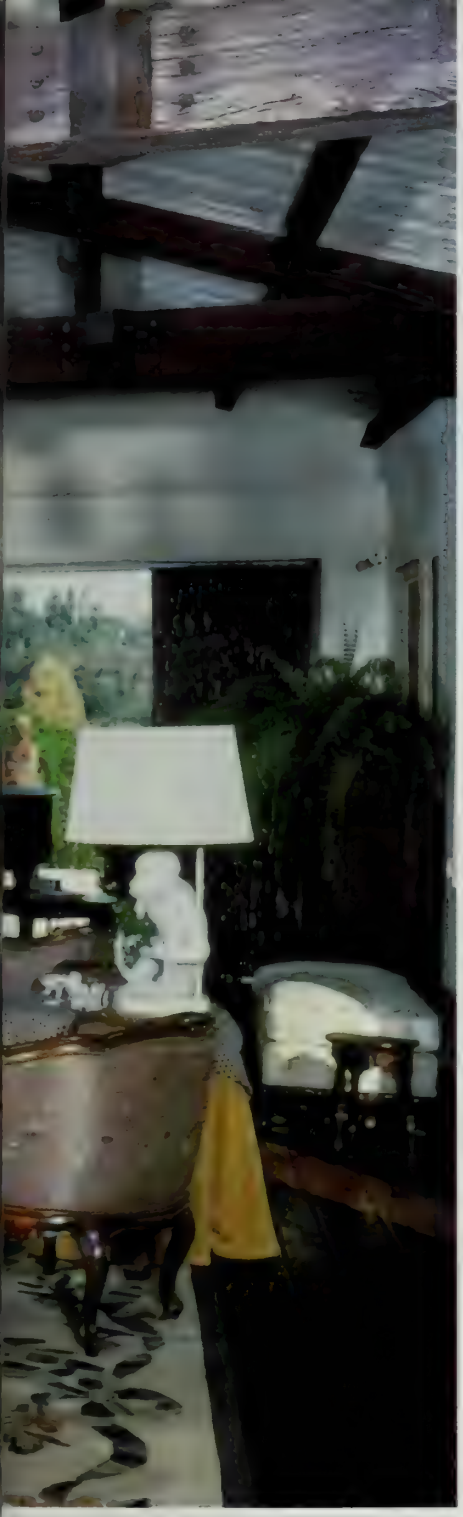
This is a point that actors often miss—particularly movie stars, whose sole business is playing an idealized version of themselves. They surrender to their images, to the belief that image is reality—an oversimplification they share with their hoodwinked fans. But Fonda never did.



Married five times "and god-damned ashamed of it," he was tormented by the passages when he and his children were disaffected. Late in life, in a letter to a friend he admitted, "For reasons that are too deeply buried for me to understand I have never been able to articulate my emotions."

But in his work he continued to try. Probably no actor of his stature was as susceptible to off-casting as Fonda was. Among his ninety-odd movie roles there were any number of unheroic, downright deplorable and outrageous characters: a hapless victim of circumstances in *The Wrong Man* (1956), a coward in *Welcome to Hard Times* (1967), a psychopathic killer in *Once Upon a Time in the West* (1969), a military martinet in *Fort Apache* (1948) and the hilariously naive and klutzy Charles Pike in the Preston Sturges masterpiece *The Lady Eve* (1941). He was never less than persuasive in these roles, and they provided the metaphors that allowed Fonda to express himself and to turn shameful private turmoil into useful artistic account.

No movie star of Fonda's stature re-



ABOVE: The living room's beam ceilings, red-tile floor and wrought-iron chandelier recall the rusticated atmosphere of a hacienda, while the various European furnishings and the Fondas' collection of bronze figures, porcelains and crystal add a touch of elegance.

What occurred in this house in the last years of Fonda's life was a reconciliation with himself.

turned to the stage as often as he did. He genuinely enjoyed working on an audience, winning them over. The rigors of the theater—its repetitiveness, its comparatively low pay and difficult working conditions—were in his view morally bracing, a way of paying his dues. So taken was he by this self-sacrificing notion that for seven years he abandoned the movies for the stage—in the process rendering himself virtually unemployable.

He had gone too far. But recognizing this, Fonda swung to the opposite extreme, taking too many films that were unworthy of him, appearing too often on television, making sure, as he later confessed, that he would not be forgotten again, and finding in the camaraderie of work, it would seem, the emotional sustenance that eluded him in his private life.

Nobody was more ready for a supportive spouse, for the quiet pleasures of a comfortable home, for a reunion with his children, than Fonda was when he established his last household—and his first entirely happy one—in Bel-Air. After meeting Shirlee, he made about a third of his movie appearances, did some of his strongest television work and even drifted back to the theater. But there was an ease in his stride now, a good humor that was as palpable in his playing as it was in his new personal life. Fonda himself took delight in his ability to hug his son and tell him that he loved him. All of this informed his final role. Fonda's part in *On Golden Pond* was full of crotchets, foxy-old-guy humor and something that was unprecedented in his career, and nearly so in representations of old age in the popular media: a lost-child quality that he conveyed quite unsentimentally. It was a performance that drew on a lifetime's experience; Henry Fonda's character made the same progress that he himself had made from guardedness to openness, from acting as art to acting as a direct and uncomplicated statement of our most basic emotions. □



RIGHT: Flagstone steps, surrounded by rough-rock terracing, lead from the residence down to the pool area. The balustrade and statuary above the pool exude an air of classicism.

Ava Gardner

Nominee for Mogambo in London

TEXT BY RICHARD SCHICKEL



COURTESY MYRA PEARCE

"I have always been a country girl," said Ava Gardner (left), who was born in North Carolina and had a stellar career that included receiving a Best Actress nomination for *Mogambo* (1953).

OPPOSITE: Gardner moved to England in the late 1960s, settling in an apartment in a Georgian building situated on Ennismore Gardens in the verdant Knightsbridge area of London.

BELOW: The classically designed living room, which had walls covered with Chinese painted silk panels, opened out by way of French doors onto a balcony overlooking the garden.



COURTESY SOTHEBY'S

"THE WORLD'S MOST Beautiful Animal." It may be that the ad line for *The Barefoot Contessa* (1954) is more vividly remembered by many fifties refugees than the film itself, though Joseph L. Mankiewicz's curious blending of liberal big think and Eurotrash sexuality was for some of us one of the great guilty pleasures of a movie era that offered few pleasures of any kind. So was the contemplation of Ava Gardner, the "animal" referred to by the copywriters. The picture, the one in which star image and specific role most closely coincided, was probably her apotheosis.

For good reason. "Hell, Joe," she said to Mankiewicz, "I'm not an actress, but I think I understand this girl. She's a lot like me." And so she was. Her character was called Maria Vargas, and she was a Spanish Gypsy dancer who became an international film star, ran through a few rich and powerful men and came to a bad end. Gardner was no Gypsy, but her background was, if anything, less promising. She was the youngest of a North Carolina sharecropper's five daughters. In time she, too, was connected with famous men (she married, in turn, Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw and Frank Sinatra). Perhaps her rise to fame was not quite as meteoric as the fictional Maria's, and her ending was more sad than tragic, but still, the analogies between Gardner's personal history and her character's



actually seemed to grow as time passed.

The most important congruence between actress and role was in their attitude toward sex. If they liked what they saw, they grasped for it. If they didn't, no one could talk them into faking their feelings. In all her best characterizations, Gardner seemed to suggest an instinctively rueful understanding of love. The likelihood was that it would turn out badly, but she was prepared to accept this ultimate bitterness in order to taste the sweetness of the thing for a moment or two.

There is something un-American in that proposition, something very European about it, and if one is hard-



COURTESY SAVILLS, LONDON

"Ava loved to collect," recalls interior designer Michael Szell, who was her next-door neighbor and friend. "She was quick, imaginative, and loved beautiful things." ABOVE: The dining room was full of antiques. "Sometimes we moved the table out and danced."



COURTESY SOTHEBY'S

"London is the only place to live," observed Gardner. "Sanity is more important than stardom any day, and London is a sane city." ABOVE: A pair of moiré-covered Louis XV fauteuils flank the fireplace in the living room. The mirror over the mantel is George I style.

She abandoned Hollywood and finally came to rest in an elegant apartment in London.

pressed to understand where Gardner schooled this instinct, it is not at all difficult to understand why sometime in the late fifties she abandoned Hollywood for the international life and career that finally came to rest in an elegant apartment in the Knightsbridge area of London. It suited her mature spirit as a more settled and overtly striving existence in Hollywood could never have done.

Her journey to this understanding was a long one. The sum of her sophistication when she signed a starlet's fifty-dollar-a-week contract with MGM in 1941 was a high school education and a trip to New York to visit one of her sisters, whose photographer husband took the stills that prompted the studio to sign her. Not that MGM had any idea of how to shape her. For the message she could not help sending was not at all the message it was determined to deliver in the early forties. It had formerly specialized in tony literary adaptations, luxuriously mounted. Now, with Irving Thalberg dead and his mentor/rival, Louis B. Mayer, firmly in charge, it was mak-



"Ava had a great feel for quality," says Szell, "in all manners of speaking. She loved a simple, uncomplicated life." ABOVE: Antiques in the guest suite include an early-19th-century French giltwood barometer, an Italian girandole and a Chinese enamel hanging lantern.

ing glossy family fare. Its great female stars were the likes of Greer Garson, Judy Garland, June Allyson and Esther Williams—very low wattage, erotically speaking. Even Garbo, its only femme fatale, was gone as of 1942. Ladies who confronted the enigmas of sex with healthy, straightforward curiosity rather frightened the studio.

Gardner spent several years lurking in the corners of minor films. Her first break came in 1946 when Universal borrowed her to play the vamp who gets Burt Lancaster into deadly trouble in *The Killers*. People noticed that performance and her small but good role in *The Hucksters* (1947). It is said that the fan mail these parts generated caused the studio to revalue her. Even so, much of her best work in the late forties and early fifties was in loan-outs (*My Forbidden Past*, 1951; *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, 1952).

In this period her inherent smarts started to show, and MGM began teaching her how to be a star. She was very touching as the tragic Julie in *Show Boat* (1951); was very good in *Mogambo* (1953), receiving her sole Oscar nomination for this remake of *Red Dust*; and was best of all, perhaps, as another half-caste in the elegant *Bhowani Junction* (1956). *Show Boat*, however, was the turning point in her relationship with the studio. They revoiced her songs, in her view spoiling a performance in which, as she said, she had really tried. She vowed to leave.

It's impossible to argue that her professional lot greatly improved thereafter; the ratio of good to bad roles remained about the same. But in maturity she wore her natural worldliness comfortably in *The Sun Also Rises* (1957), *On the Beach* (1959), *Seven Days in May* (1964) and *The Night of the Iguana* (1964). She thought less well of her career than others did. "I've been a movie star for twenty-five years, and I have nothing to show for it," she said in the mid-sixties. There were more movie appearances to come, but no more memorable performances.

On the other hand, there were none of the tabloid dramas that so often mark an aging celebrity's days. When he visited her in her London apartment, the late John Kobal, the great stills archivist, found that it reminded him of a diplomat's home, or possibly that of a banker or a member of Parliament—old mirrors, fine carpets, quiet decorative paintings. It bespoke her own taste, not an interior decorator's. And aside from a Man Ray miniature of her beautifully costumed for one of her sillier roles, it bespoke nothing about her former occupation either. It made sense—stardom had been an unrewarding identity for her. Bitterness by now had given way to an amused indulgence of her former self. And apparent contentment with her present lot. Ava Gardner was at last what she had always wanted to be, a woman of independent means in every sense of the term. She died quietly in 1990, and the obituaries were polite, distant, unsensational, as she would have wanted them to be. □



ABOVE: Vincente Minnelli, director of such MGM musicals as *Meet Me in St. Louis* and *An American in Paris*, lived for some 20 years in a French-style villa in Beverly Hills. An Academy Award winner for *Gigi* (1958), Minnelli also directed *Lust for Life* and *Father of the Bride*.

Vincente Minnelli

MGM's Visionary Director of Gigi and Lust for Life

INTERIOR DESIGN BY VAL ARNOLD
TEXT BY GERALD CLARKE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY E. NICHOLS

BELOW LEFT: Minnelli at work in his painting studio. About 300 of his watercolors are at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Basically, I work to please myself," he wrote in his 1974 autobiography, referring to his legendary attention to detail. "But I'm the hardest person to please that I know." BELOW RIGHT: Elsewhere is a self-portrait by George Gershwin, who composed the music for *An American in Paris;* the watercolor was a gift to the director from lyricist Ira Gershwin.



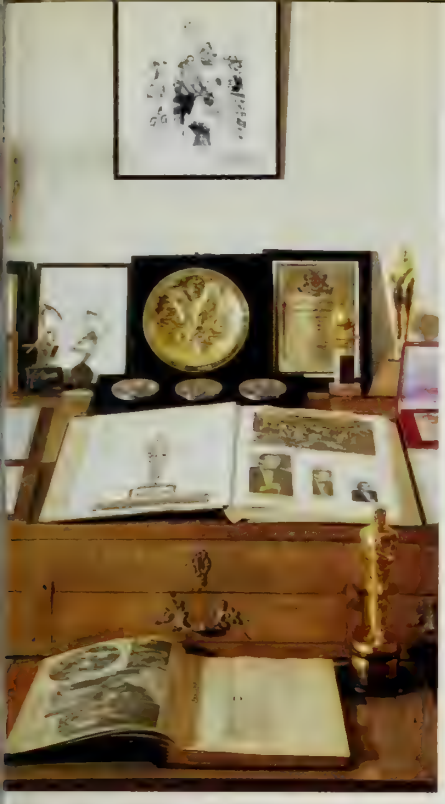
BART BARTHOLOMEW/BLACK STAR



JESSIE GERSTEIN/FROM ONLY THE BEST BY STUART E. JACOBS/ONLY COURTESY MRS. MINNELLI

RIGHT: An embro[illegible] panel that adorned Leslie Caron's bed in [illegible]gs in the living room. The late Val Arn[illegible]ned the interiors. Scalamandré dama[illegible]ish rug. Stark





ABOVE: The Oscar Room is crowded with awards from the Directors Guild of America, the city of New York and presidents of France and Italy. The director's Oscar is in foreground.



ABOVE: Photographs of Minnelli's daughter, Liza, and friends top the piano in the living room. "Many famous fingers tickled the ivories of our Steinway," says his widow, Lee.



BELOW: A signed portrait of Picasso is set beside a photo of Liza Minnelli in the study, where the director read scripts and wrote. The cast sculpture on the table is *Black Venus*.

worth it. He realized that a movie is a collection of thousands of details. If a picture doesn't look right it doesn't feel right to an audience, whose collective eye is astonishingly quick to distinguish the true from the false.

Almost all of Minnelli's films feel right. He is most often thought of as the master of the musical, and he did in fact direct many of the landmark musicals of the forties and fifties, a remarkable list that ranges from *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944) and *An American in Paris* (1951) to *The Band Wagon* and *Gigi* (which earned him the Academy Award for Best Director for 1958). But what is sometimes forgotten is that musicals made up only about a third of his output, and he was equally adept at directing comedies, such as *Father of the Bride* (1950), *Designing Woman* (1957) and *The Reluctant Debutante* (1958), and dramas, such as *Lust for Life* (1956) and *Tea and Sympathy* (1956).

Indeed, Minnelli brought distinction to any story MGM assigned him. The only element his movies had in common was his own all-seeing and infallible eye. Rarely have director and studio been so perfectly matched as were Minnelli and MGM. During the twenty-six years he worked there, his films, more than those of any other director, came to represent the MGM style of its golden years: a visual opulence combined with an unshakable self-confidence.

Like Judy Garland, the first of his four wives, Minnelli was all but born in a trunk. His father was a conductor and the co-impresario of the Minnelli Brothers' Tent Theater, which traveled throughout the Midwest. His mother was a singer and an actress. In 1906, when he was not quite four years old, his parents put him in a play in which he was supposed to die in his mother's arms. His mother's sobs were more than he could bear,

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Deborah Kerr

Six-Time Nominee in Pacific Palisades

TEXT BY DONALD SPOTO



PHOTOGRAPHY ARCHIVE PHOTOS

Nominated six times for the Best Actress award, Deborah Kerr lived with her first husband, Anthony Bartley, in a Pacific Palisades house they bought not long after settling in the United States following World War II. ABOVE: Kerr in the garden, circa 1950. "The view over the ocean and the sound of the waves on the beach below remain forever in my memory," she says.





ABOVE: Shelves in the living room held "the ton of books I brought from England," she notes, as well as the heads that were souvenirs of Africa, where she filmed *King Solomon's Mines.*

SHE IS "AN ACTRESS of immaculate delicacy and a woman who is kind, understanding, sensitive, wise, funny and very bright," said director Elia Kazan. "No one could help falling in love with her." For two decades after World War II, audiences did just that—until Deborah Kerr's warm elegance, emotional accessibility and dignified poise were suddenly and sadly considered unfashionable. To her enduring credit, she quite simply represents another era.

Born in Scotland in 1921, Deborah Jane Kerr Trimmer studied drama and acting at her aunt's school in Bristol, England, and won a scholarship to the Sadler's Wells Ballet, in whose corps she made her London debut at seventeen. She soon became more interested in the theater, however, and after several supporting roles in various classical stage productions she was noticed by film studios; her first screen appearance was as a Salvation

LEFT: A pine mirror carved by Grinling Gibbons hung above the sofa in the living room. "Anthony and I felt settled at last, with somewhere comfortable to relax in, among things we knew and cared for," says Kerr.

Army lass in Shaw's *Major Barbara* (1941). Kerr's impressive portrait of a devout but haunted English nun in *Black Narcissus* (1946) won the New York Film Critics Award and brought her wider acclaim. Before long she was in Hollywood, where she at once caused a stir of admiration and emulation—especially for her portrait of Spencer Tracy's emotionally battered wife in *Edward, My Son* (1949). That role earned her the first of six Academy Award nominations for best performance by an actress.

During the next four years, she was in constant demand. Kerr's pellucid skin, liquid voice, auburn hair and aristocratic carriage graced *King Solomon's Mines, Quo Vadis?, The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Julius Caesar*. But her refinement never typecast her. On the contrary, her portrayal of an eager adulteress in *From Here to Eternity* (1953) further confirmed her range and depth, for the incoming tide could neither detach her from the arms of Burt Lancaster nor interrupt their languorous lovemaking on the beach—a scene that has become a virtual icon and that, entirely because of the actors, is credible in spite of itself.

Throughout the next decade, she continued to create an album of astonishingly varied women: the patient but insistent governess in *The King and I* (1956), in which she taught Yul Brynner to waltz; another savvy nun in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* (1957), this time shipwrecked on a desert island yet capable of retaining both her humor and virginity despite the presence of a boozy nonbeliever (played by Robert Mitchum); a neurotic spinster in *Separate Tables* (1958), mother-dominated until she meets a man as marginal as she is and begins to recognize her own squandered emotions; then two more governesses—the first perhaps selfless (but just as likely demented) in *The Innocents* (1961), the second enigmatic, vulnerable but finally heroic in *The Chalk Garden* (1964); and a saintly artist dispensing herb tea and spiritual counsel to a defrocked and dipsomaniacal cleric (Richard Burton) in *The Night of the Iguana* (1964). To each of these roles she brought a supple gravity, her equanimity and inner discernment implying depths beyond the obvious glamour she wore so unself-consciously.

But Deborah Kerr's talents were not limited to films; she was equally impressive on the stage. In 1953 she departed Hollywood for Broadway, where she created the role of the neglected, lonely and compassionate Laura Reynolds in Robert Anderson's drama *Tea and Sympathy* (her performance is preserved in the 1956 film).

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NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

"Although [the house] looked very Californian from the outside, inside it was English," she once wrote. ABOVE: The actress in her living room after the release of *The King and I* (1956).



LEFT: "I had bookshelves put in the corners of the living room," Kerr remembers. "And the brass-and-copper lamps, which were originally ships' lanterns that swung with the rolling of the ship, I brought with me from London."

BELOW: The previous owner had redone the house, Kerr notes. "The bedroom was decorated in a sort of dirty pink, and I hate satin headboards! Where that sofa came from I have no idea! Before long I redecorated everything in blue and white." The drawing is of Bartley in his RAF uniform.





William Goetz

Prolific Producer's Holmby Hills Collection

INTERIOR DESIGN BY WILLIAM HAINES
TEXT BY A. SCOTT BERG PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELIOT ELISOFON

William Goetz, who produced or supervised nearly 100 movies, including Best Picture nominee *Sayonara* (1957), and his wife, Edith Mayer, lived in a 1940s house in Holmby Hills, California. Not only was the residence, with its interiors by William Haines, the scene of renowned industry parties, but it was also a showcase for their famous collection of Impressionist art. ABOVE: The Goetzes' Rolls-Royce is parked underneath the entrance's wrought-iron porte cochere.

Bill Goetz was made head of Twentieth Century-Fox. Three 1943 Best Picture nominees were produced on his watch.

ONCE UPON A TIME an impoverished boy from Russia named Lazar Baer moved with his family to the New World, where he worked in his father's scrap-metal business. When his ambition outgrew the city of St. John, New Brunswick, the twenty-year-old sojourned alone to a town in the Golden Land called Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he ventured into the brand-new business of motion picture exhibition. He married and had two daughters.

Then one day L. B. (who by then had changed his name to Louis B. Mayer) took his young family out West to a land of make-believe called Hollywood. And there all his dreams came true: He became rich and famous and powerful, a veritable king.

His little girls—still reeling from their move up from Haverhill to Boston—suddenly turned into princesses. Overnight, their lives were full of luxury and celebrities.

But there was a price: Edith and Irene Mayer promptly learned that attention must be paid constantly to the volatile king.

In no time the former junk dealer was ruling his family palace with the same arrogance he exerted in his famous Culver City studio-castle. Curiously, the strain of obstinacy that infected the king soon appeared in his daughters, and father and daughters waged battles of wills for the rest of their lives. The struggles were twice cursed because the princesses themselves were engaged in their own eternal war, each one determined to be both the king's favorite and also the most independent daughter.

And so it was that the Mayer daughters were forbidden as young women to pursue their most cherished dreams—Edith wanted a theatrical career; Irene wanted a college education—because it might reflect badly upon their father or, worse, remove them from his sphere of influence. Mayer all but forbade his daughters to date, and yet at the same time he became embarrassed at the prospect that he had fathered two old maids. "Isn't it enough that I'm Louis B. Mayer?" he shouted irrationally one night at his twenty-four-year-old daughter, Edith. "Can't you get yourself a husband?"

A few months later, in March of 1930, she did. She had fallen in love with one of the most amusing young men in town, an aspiring producer named William Goetz. Edie and Bill wanted a small wedding, but as the father of the bride explained, "The wedding isn't for you. It's for me." And he produced one of the most lavish social events in Hollywood history, complete with a wedding gown by Adrian, seven hundred guests for dinner, and stars of every stripe. Six weeks later, Irene married producer David O. Selznick, and Mayer did not speak to either of them at the ceremony because it was too small and came too soon after Edie's.

In the afterglow of his daughters'

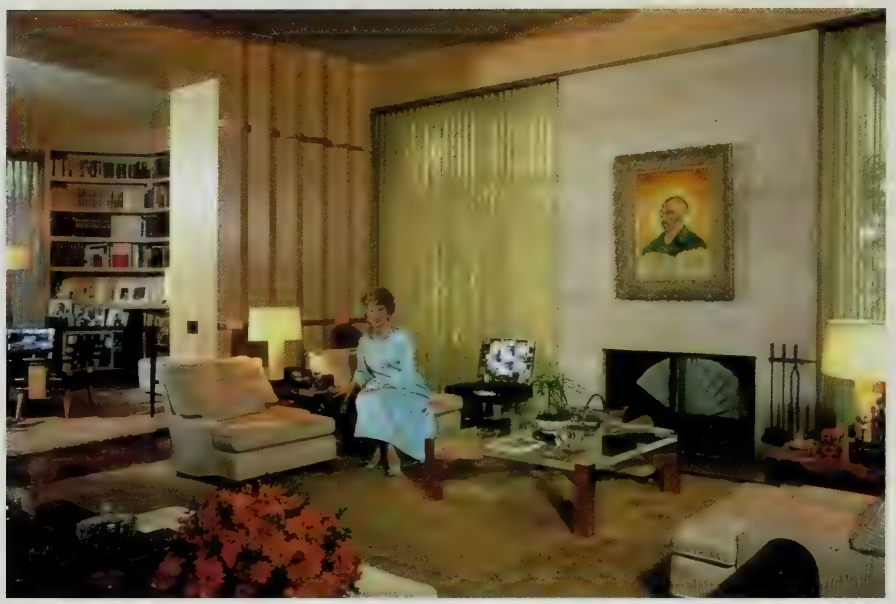


COURTESY GOETZ FAMILY

ABOVE: William Goetz with his wife, Edith, in the 1940s. Their marriage was "fairy-tale," she wrote. "We laughed so much. On our first date, I laughed more than I'd laughed in my entire life." The couple's wedding at the Biltmore Hotel in 1930 was the social event of the season.

BELOW: Along a living room wall are, from left to right, *La Maison du Pendu* by Cézanne, *Portrait of a Young Woman* by Bonnard, *Dans la Vallée de l'Oise* by Cézanne, *Woman with Umbrella* by Manet, *Nature Morte—Fleurs et Fruits* by Renoir and *Maternité* by Picasso. In the foreground is a Degas bronze.





ABOVE: Edith Goetz, who is seated in the sitting room before Vincent van Gogh's *Etude à la Bougie*, was a legendary hostess. She explained, "Cole Porter loved me because he was a hedonist and he loved the way I entertained."

marriages, Mayer was kindly disposed toward his sons-in-law; but the honeymoons were soon over. Even though he could not help admiring the dynamic young Selznick's success, he came to resent him for refusing to work for him.

And so the new object of Mayer's desire became the far less driven Bill Goetz. When "the other son-in-law" also resisted his lures, Mayer tried another approach to advance the young man's career. He agreed to invest $375,000 in Darryl Zanuck's new Twentieth Century Pictures, which would soon merge with Fox, if they would carry Goetz along as a partner.

Goetz proved to be an enlightened executive—in the words of Garson Kanin, "firm, not stubborn; passionate, not violent; gentle, not weak." When Darryl Zanuck went off to war, Bill Goetz was made head of Twentieth Century-Fox. At the Academy Awards ceremony for 1942, Bill Goetz had the distinction of awarding the

BELOW: A Sheraton table set with Georgian silver dominates the dining room, where *Two Dancers in Repose* by Edgar Degas is displayed on the far wall. Flanked by floor-to-ceiling windows at right is Pierre Bonnard's *Le Déjeuner*.



Best Picture Oscar to his father-in-law, for MGM's production of *Mrs. Miniver*. In front of the Hollywood elite, Mayer, with paternal pride, addressed Goetz and said for all to hear, "I'm proud to have you as my son. I wish I had an Oscar to give you. But... may you follow in my footsteps and be greater than I ever was, which I'm sure you will be." The next year, three of the Best Picture nominees came from Twentieth Century-Fox, produced on Goetz's watch.

Goetz turned down Mayer's renewed offer to work for him at MGM (at a salary of ten thousand dollars a week), but he did accept from him the million dollars he would need to start his own new International Pictures Inc., which would merge with the floundering Universal Pictures. Under Goetz's administration, Universal-International began to distribute such quality films as *A Double Life* (1947) and the Best Picture

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ABOVE: The terrace, with its striped awning that extended some 60 feet across the central portion of the rear façade, was redesigned by Laura Mako with a terrazzo floor and bamboo furniture to create an indoor/outdoor ambiance.

BELOW: The Goetzes would stage fund-raisers on the more than half an acre of lawn that led to the pool. An important and popular couple in the heyday of Hollywood, they gave lavish parties reminiscent of Pickfair in the 1920s.





In 1949 Academy Award–winning costume designer Edith Head and her husband, art director Wiard Ihnen, purchased Casa Ladera, a hacienda-style house in Beverly Hills, as a retreat from the world of the Hollywood studios. "Most people lead one life, but I'm two separate people with two distinct lifestyles," Head noted of the disparate environments.



Edith Head

The Award-Winning Costume Designer's Hacienda-Style Retreat in Beverly Hills

TEXT BY DONALD SPOTO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELIOT ELISOFON

Ihnen, who was also an architect, remodeled the house and designed most of the furniture. TOP: The house, featuring whitewashed walls, a mission-tile roof and wide overhangs, was constructed circa 1915 as part of a sheep ranch. ABOVE: Edith Head, dressed, typically, in beige and white, stands in the "cantina," which is filled with the Mexican elements that she adored, such as terra-cotta floor and decorative fireplace tiles, framed ex-votos and Spanish colonial–style side chairs.

ONCE UPON A TIME—before movie characters wore strategically torn jeans, *faux*-chic sweatshirts and cellophane dresses—there flourished something called Hollywood style. In the twenties, Clara Bow exemplified it in a gray sheath with white ruffles. Jean Harlow typified Hollywood style in the next decade with velvet slip-dresses cut on the bias; so did Marlene Dietrich, in veils, gold lamé or tailored wool suits; and Mae West, in skin-tight, spangled gowns. Dorothy Lamour demonstrated Hollywood style in her saucy sarong, and later there was Ingrid Bergman in peasant shifts, white evening gowns or daytime frocks; Bette Davis in black cocktail dresses with flared skirts; Grace

Kelly in shimmering blue chiffon; and Audrey Hepburn in just about anything. These (and thousands more men and women) were outfitted for their various roles by a five-foot-one-inch bundle of relentless energy named Edith Head.

Being introduced to Head, one might have taken her for an accountant or a schoolteacher. With her black horn-rimmed glasses and severely cut dark hair, she seemed nothing like the most famous and respected costume designer in movie history. Edith Head clothed characters in more than eight hundred films over nearly six decades, and her Oscar-winning designs graced pictures as diverse as *The Heiress* (1949), *All About Eve* (1950), *A Place in the Sun* (1951), *Roman Holiday* (1953), *Sabrina* (1954) and *The Sting* (1973). She was nominated for thirty-five Academy Awards and walked away with the statuette eight times.

Raised in a Nevada mining camp where her stepfather worked as an engineer, Edith Head later studied at Berkeley and Stanford. After World War I she taught French and Spanish at a girls' academy before answering a newspaper ad for a sketch artist at Paramount Pictures. She rose rapidly from seamstress and copyist to designer, first under designers Howard Greer and Travis Banton and then as chief of the costume department for almost thirty years before she moved to Universal in 1966. "My concern is to change actors into characters," she once told an interviewer, "not to do fashion shows. I make people into what they are not—ten years older or younger, fatter or thinner, more handsome or more ridiculous, glamorous or sexy or horrible. The camera never lies, after all, so my work is really an exercise in camouflage."

Her method was painstaking: She studied the script carefully, sought to gain the actors' confidence and to elicit their reactions, discussed the roles with producer, director and cast, and tried to accept the idiosyncrasies of movie stars. Barbara Stanwyck, for example, refused to wear brown; Eliz-

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"Every woman should marry a superb architect and decorator," Head quipped, boasting of the design. ABOVE: Woven-rush and carved wood furniture forms a seating group near the rear patio. A bar and an outdoor cooking area complete with Mexican pottery are beyond.

"Bill and I don't go to Hollywood parties," Head claimed, but Casa Ladera was the scene of some of Hollywood's most elegant gatherings. BELOW: The patio's profusion of plants and shade trees added to the oasislike atmosphere the couple desired. Blending exterior spaces with the interiors, painted-brick planters echo the whitewashed walls, and floor tiles recall those inside.



Sammy Cahn

Bicoastal Lives of the Master Lyricist

TEXT BY MICHAEL FRANK
NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHY BY FELICIANO
LOS ANGELES PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ZANZINGER



RUSSELL INGRAM



"There's no career like songwriting," says 78-year-old Sammy Cahn (above), whose lyrics have won him 26 nominations, including four Oscars. "You go into a restaurant, an airport, and you hear your music. It's everywhere."

chain with both pride and pleasure. At seventy-eight, he retains an undiminished verve for his craft, which has won him twenty-six Academy Award nominations and has supplied Frank Sinatra, Bob Hope, Doris Day and Lena Horne, among others, with lyrics to such indelible and beloved songs as "Time After Time," "Let It Snow!" "I've Heard That Song Before," "Love and Marriage," "I'll Walk

New York

ABOVE: "Our New York apartment is flooded with light. We don't turn a lamp on until we return from dinner," says Tita Cahn. Resting on the living room ledge is a 19th-century gold-lacquered Burmese figure. BELOW: Photographs include Ray Charles and Johnny Mathis, among others.

SONGWRITER SAMMY CAHN carries in his pocket a rather unusual souvenir of his prolific career in Hollywood—a key chain. Naturally, it is no ordinary key chain. Clipped together with his Los Angeles house keys and car keys, keys to his Manhattan apartment and keys to the Songwriters' Hall of Fame are a miniature Emmy and four miniature Oscars, all standing at their usual gilded attention and all keeping Sammy Cahn company in his travels from coast to coast and from writing studio to drawing room.



Sammy Cahn displays his key



script's in Italy. 'Do you mind telling us what the movie's about?' So he tells us, 'Three girls go to Rome. They throw coins in that fountain. They hope they'll fall in love.'

"Now, this is a lecture in lyric writing. I've got a title, no? I've got a subject, right? I go to the typewriter. What's the first line? 'Three Coins in the Fountain.' The first line is the architecture of the lyric. Then comes, 'Each one seeking happiness... Thrown by three hopeful lovers... Which one will the fountain bless?' That took me three, four minutes. I wrote the rest of the lyric in maybe an hour. A few years later I go to Rome, I see this fountain—I didn't believe my eyes. You squeeze in through two little buildings. That's romantic? Ha!"

Looking back over his prodigious

ABOVE: "The second bedroom doubles as Sammy's workroom," says Tita Cahn, who decorated the apartment with help from her friend designer Bob Patino. Fabrics from Clarence House. BELOW: A corner table in Sammy and Tita Cahn's master bedroom holds family photographs.

Alone" and "It's Magic," to pluck just a few titles from the veritable encyclopedia of standards that have rolled out of his typewriter.

But Sammy Cahn possesses a more valuable souvenir than his key chain, and that is his extraordinarily rich memory. "Go ahead," he challenges. "Name any song, and I'll tell you an entertaining story. It won't be fabricated—I promise." All right. What about "Three Coins in the Fountain" (1954, from the movie of the same title), which won him his first Oscar? "That's a good one," he begins. "Jule Styne [his collaborator at the time] and I were supposed to do a picture called *Pink Tights* with Marilyn Monroe, but it never got made—she ran off to Japan with Joe DiMaggio. So we're hanging around with nothing to do. One day the producer of *Pink Tights* walks into our office and says, 'Can you guys write a song called "Three Coins in the Fountain"?' I ask, 'Can we see the picture?' We can't. The picture's all over the lot. They're dubbing, they're looping, they're scoring. 'Can we see the script?' The



career, Sammy Cahn says, "A word is only as great as the note it sits under. I've been blessed with my collaborators." As a boy, he studied the violin, which as a teenager he then played at the Borscht Belt resorts in the Catskills; later, in New York City, he joined a small orchestra that played weddings and bar mitzvahs. Soon he hooked up with Saul Chaplin, and the pair began producing songs and

LEFT: Tita Cahn says their Beverly Hills house is "an easy house to visit because we're easy about entertaining." She describes the living room as "very clean, very simple. And wherever you are, there is a view of the garden."

BELOW: *Big Celia* by David Hockney hangs in an area of the spacious living room; at right are *Pianoforte* by Bernardino Luino and a work by William Brice. Fabrics by Clarence House.

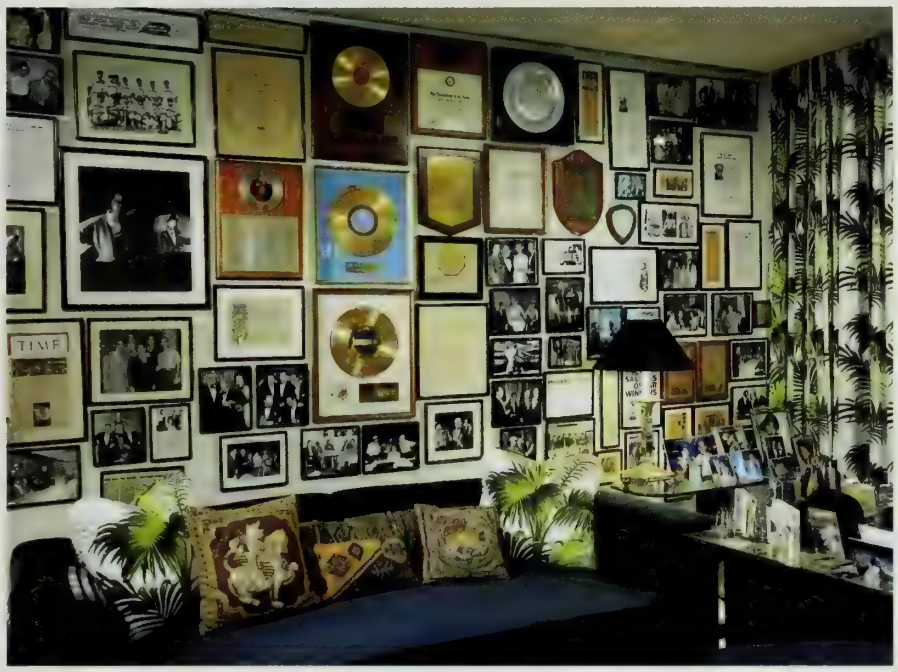
Beverly Hills



ABOVE: Twenty Oscar nominations, including one for "My Kind of Town" from *Robin and the Seven Hoods* (1964), fill part of his office.

vaudeville material for Milton Berle and Bob Hope. In 1938 they made the Andrews Sisters famous with Cahn's English translation and Chaplin's new arrangement of the Yiddish folk song "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön."

Hollywood beckoned. During the next three decades Cahn wrote for the movies, collaborating with Chaplin, Jule Styne, Nicholas Brodszky and Jimmy Van Heusen, among others. In addition to "Three Coins," he received Oscars for "All the Way" (from *The Joker Is Wild*, 1957), "High Hopes" (from *A Hole in the Head*, 1959) and "Call Me Irresponsible" (from *Papa's Delicate Condition*, 1963); Jimmy Van Heusen was his collaborator on all three. Sammy Cahn has also written lyrics for television, Broadway



RIGHT: "I think the most interesting room in Los Angeles is my office," says Cahn. "I work in there, I live in there. One wall is full of souvenirs. My whole life is up there. Really."

BELOW: Four Oscars were given for "Three Coins in the Fountain," "High Hopes," "All the Way" and "Call Me Irresponsible." The Emmy, top shelf, was for "Love and Marriage."



and several Frank Sinatra albums, as well as material for Nat King Cole, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Paul Anka. In 1974 he performed in a revue of his songs, *Words and Music*, which won him the Outer Circle Critics Award for the best new talent on Broadway.

"I never stop writing," Sammy Cahn says, though nowadays most of his work is "special lyrics for special occasions," adding, "I resent the word *parody*—it's so common." In honor of birthdays, anniversaries and other celebrations, Cahn will personalize a lyric to be sung with a piece of music originally composed years earlier. "I've written for Lee Iacocca, Bobby De Niro. I've done hundreds. It's my habit to end each set of lyrics with three exclamation points, and it's got-

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Claire Trevor

A Spacious New York Apartment for Key Largo's Best Supporting Actress

TEXT BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILLY CUNNINGHAM

"John Ford said, 'You're so good they won't even know it.' I liked that."





ABOVE LEFT: "To me, acting and painting are closely related," says Claire Trevor, at work in the studio of her New York apartment. "You need imagination for both." By the window is her unfinished portrait of Robert Mapplethorpe. "His face looked very intense and defiant." ABOVE RIGHT: In the entrance hall stands an antique English demilune table that holds Chinese Export porcelain.

"BOGIE WAS OVER FOR DINNER a couple of nights before the Awards that year—1949—and he said, playing it cool in his usual 'screw you' Bogart character, 'Listen kid, if you win, I want you to get up there and say you're not going to thank anybody, you did it all by yourself,'" recalls Claire Trevor in that crushed-velvet voice of hers, hard to mistake for any other.

It is forty-three years later and she is sitting pretty in the coral-lacquered library of her Fifth Avenue apartment—a room she shares with that shiny icon Oscar. "Well, when I won, it was hard to say *anything*, it was hard not to cry. Walter Huston had just said in his acceptance speech, 'I hope when I get to be an old man, my son will take care of me.' That was a perfect cue for me, so when I got up there I said, 'I have *three* boys and I hope they'll take care of *me* in my old age.'"

Nobody needs to take care of Claire, she can take care of herself; with a figure still trim and champagne-blond hair, she is her own best attesting presence. As far as old age goes—"I'm eighty-three and I don't care who knows it"—she has managed to hold



In a corner of the sitting room are Trevor's Oscar for *Key Largo* (1948), one of her three Academy Award nominations and the Emmy she won for a 1956 television production of *Dodsworth*. Memorabilia include photographs of the actress with her late husband, Milton Bren. On the wall are a drawing by Matisse, at left, Trevor's portrait of Irish novelist Joyce Cary and an African cave painting.

it at bay, if not to outwit it completely. Her Academy Award, for Best Supporting Actress 1948, was won for *Key Largo*, in which she played a broken-down, alcoholic nightclub singer flagrantly misnamed Gaye Dawn. Who can forget the scene where—when her sadistic gangster boyfriend, played by Edward G. Robinson, makes her sing for the drink she craves—she pathetically croaks out "Moanin' Low," only to be refused the booze? Today Trevor smiles, recalling costar Bogart's wisecrack that she should have sung "Mean to Me" instead. In her previous movies she had always lip-synched to a professional singer's voice, but in *Key Largo* the director, John Huston, had her sing the song herself, and without benefit of rehearsal. "Remember, I was *supposed* to be horrible," she laughs.

Huston, she says, was one of her favorite directors. "I've had three brilliant directors—William Wyler and John Ford were the other two—and they all had one thing in common: They were kind of inarticulate, they could never even finish a sentence. But I always knew just what they meant. How I knew, I

don't know. There was an ESP between us, sort of."

In *Dead End* (1937), William Wyler directed Trevor in one of her most acclaimed roles; it was her shortest as well—her one scene lasted only a couple of minutes on screen. But she made every second count. Her portrayal of Francey, a sweet young girl who turns into a pitiful hardened prostitute, earned her her first Academy Award nomination. "Wyler was marvelously meticulous; he shuffled through the entire wardrobe department and picked out my dress himself," she remembers. "I had long blond hair then, and one day he told me to go to bed that night and come down to the studio in the morning and, whatever I did, not to touch my hair, not to put a comb to it or anything—which at that time was very revolutionary, you know. He would tell me to hold my face a certain way and not move it, to move my *eyes*—he knew just the effect it would have in the camera. Always giving me explicit instructions, but still never finishing a sentence.

"John Ford I believed in completely—whatever he said, I would have done. If he had said to me, 'Claire,



ABOVE: Another area of the sitting room has Trevor's portraits of Picasso, one of his mistresses, Virginia Woolf and Woodrow Wilson. "I don't know how good the paintings are, nor do I care," she says. "I'm filling my hours with pleasure, and you can't take that away."

RIGHT: With the help of her friend designer Ann Downe[illegible], Trevor filled the living room with Oriental [illegible]ques, including a japanned chinoiserie bure[illegible]secretary. A small Miró is above the sofa. [illegible] en-laquer [illegible] low table from Gracie. Fabric[illegible] from Clarence House.





One stipulation was shutters throughout the apartment. "I didn't want rags hanging on windows. I hate draperies," says the actress, who is seated in the library/dining room under a painting by Keith Finch, who was once her art teacher. Flanking the sofa are a pair of silver candlestick lamps. French chairs covered in contemporary tapestry circle the 19th-century English pedestal dining table.

walk down to the edge of that cliff and at the signal jump off,' I would have said okay, that's how much I trusted him. He was spellbinding." Ford gave Trevor top billing in his classic 1939 western, *Stagecoach*. She played the role of Dallas, a dance-hall girl of the Old West with a heart as big as all outdoors who is run out of town by the "nice folks"—literally hustled onto the stagecoach. Also in the cast, playing the Ringo Kid, was a young actor by the name of John Wayne, whom the picture would make a star. "*Stagecoach* was a real motion picture—all motion!" Trevor exclaims. "Toward the end of shooting, after he had seen a rough cut, I asked Ford how he liked it, and he said, 'I think it's going to be great.' Then I asked him, 'And how do *I* come off?' and he said, 'You're so good you don't even know it.' I liked that."

She was born Claire Wemlinger—of German, [illegible] ancestry—and raised in New York City and later in suburban Larchmont. Her father had a custom-tailoring business on Fifth Avenue. "He did all the big important men who jumped out of a window during the crash," she says. "That's where he lost all of his customers." As for higher learning, Columbia University knew her fleetingly, as did the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. One day as she was driving in from Larchmont to make the rounds of Broadway agents, she wondered what name she should use professionally. "There was a sign along the way—Sinclair Oil. I decided to call myself Claire Sinclair. Then I started using Claire St. Clair. Later I was in some agent's office and he took a telephone book and put his finger down randomly on a page and it was Trevor."

She made her stage debut in the summer of 1929 with a repertory company in Ann Arbor, Michigan, making a fluttering appearance in *Lady Windermere's*

The actress, who was nominated for an Academy Award for *Silkwood* and won an Oscar for *Moonstruck*, asked Wilson for something "Victorian." He responded with chenille fabrics, a travertine table and wood accessories from Arte de Mexico in the area off the kitchen.

ABOVE: A needlepoint pillow by Trevor rests on the four-poster in her master bedroom. The flower paintings are by Tom Morrow. Fabrics by Clarence House; carpet by Stark. BELOW: On the Louis XV desk are photographs of Humphrey Bogart, her costar in *Key Largo*, Milton Bren, friends Helen O'Hagan and Claudette Colbert with Trevor, and one of the actress at the age of three and a half.

Fan as the girl who said, "Yes, Mama." After a season there she returned to New York, where a Warner Bros. scout spotted her and put her in a series of Vitaphone shorts then being made at Warners' Flatbush studios. The summer of 1931 she spent with the Hampton Players, a little-theater group in Southampton, Long Island. "I got five dollars a week plus room and board," she recalls, "and then we split the profits at the end of the season, if there were any. We all did everything, even made the scenery, and it was one of the best summers I ever had in my life—it was fabulous. New York producers would drive out to see the plays. Alexander McKaig saw me in something there, I don't remember what—whatever it was, I was the ingenue because I had all the ingenue leads—and in January 1932 he put me on Broadway as the female lead in *Whistling in the Dark*.

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INTERIOR DESIGN BY RON WILSON TEXT BY LAWRENCE GROBEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY E. NICHOLS

CHER'S BEST ACTRESS OSCAR, which she won for her performance in *Moonstruck* (1987), is on a mantel in the living room of her latest house, in Malibu. It was a thrill to win the Academy Award, but it was also "unreal, unbelievable," she says. "It's hard to say I deserved it because there's no way to compare performances. To win something for being 'the best' is a difficult concept for me."

Bette Midler recently observed that "Cher can go on forever—her career is larger than God so far," but the forty-five-year-old entertainer has never touted her talents, either as a singer or as an actress, and she claims not to be "most proud" of anything. "I feel my movies are good but not great. I'm not a serious actor and I'm not a serious singer, though I'm a much better actor than I am a singer. My voice is okay—only mildly annoying."

She's been singing since she was a teenager, made her Broadway debut in 1982 in Robert Altman's *Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean,* and in the same year appeared in the film of the play. She



HERB RITTS/COURTESY CHER

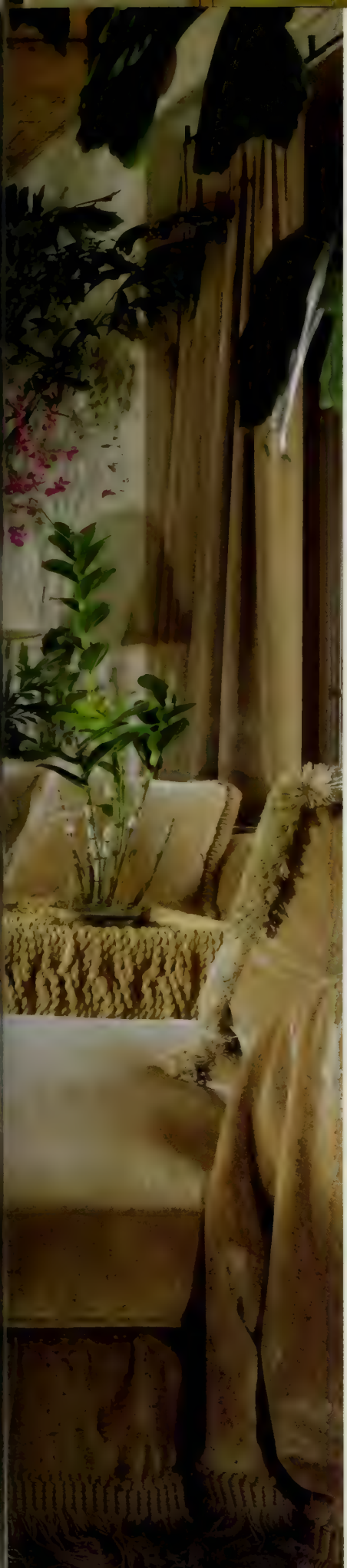
"The way we work is really strange," says Cher (above) of her long-standing relationship with designer Ron Wilson. "I'll tell him that I want something that doesn't exist—a style that isn't a style—and then he'll make it exist for me."

TOP: Large wood vigas were added at the back of her new house in Malibu during renovation to give it a southwestern appearance.



The actress, who was nominated for an Academy Award for *Silkwood* and won an Oscar for *Moonstruck*, asked Wilson for something "Victorian." He responded with chenille fabrics, a travertine table and wood accessories from Arte de Mexico in the area off the kitchen.







ABOVE: Ron Wilson decided to drape the chairs in the dining room with raw silk fabric. "You'd never know how it was attached," he says. "It's very unconventional." The unwired chandelier is lit by candles. An ancient Egyptian figure stands between two chargers; fossils are by the window.



LEFT: Velvet-covered chaise longues and a sofa are featured in the living room. A pair of rock-crystal tables rest on leopard-stenciled rugs. Cher's Oscar is displayed on the mantel.

ABOVE: An antique wood table from Arte de Mexico serves as the desk in Cher's office. On it are an Egyptian fragment and an antique vase. By the window is a stone cactus lamp.

silenced skeptical critics in *Silkwood* (1983) and was nominated for Best Supporting Actress. She has starred in *Mask* (1985), *The Witches of Eastwick* (1987), *Suspect* (1987) and *Mermaids* (1990), has bought the rights to *Gypsy and Me*, about the life of Gypsy Rose Lee, and is interested in doing a remake of *The Enchanted Cottage*.

But as far as Cher is concerned, building and redesigning houses is as much a creative act as singing or acting. "I would have loved being a decorator," she says. "I love looking at fabrics and colors, the way objects take up space."

There have been fifteen houses in the last twenty years, and only one—her Egyptian fortress in Benedict Canyon, where she lived for ten years—has she ever called a home. "That was the only house I ever had any real emotional ties to," Cher says. "But I felt it was too comfortable, and it made me less likely to go out and change part of my work and the way I relate to the world. I was too content there. One reason I sold it is that I don't enjoy living in town anymore. I'm trying to make a transition to living somewhere else. I'm just not sure where that is. So Malibu is the line of least resistance."

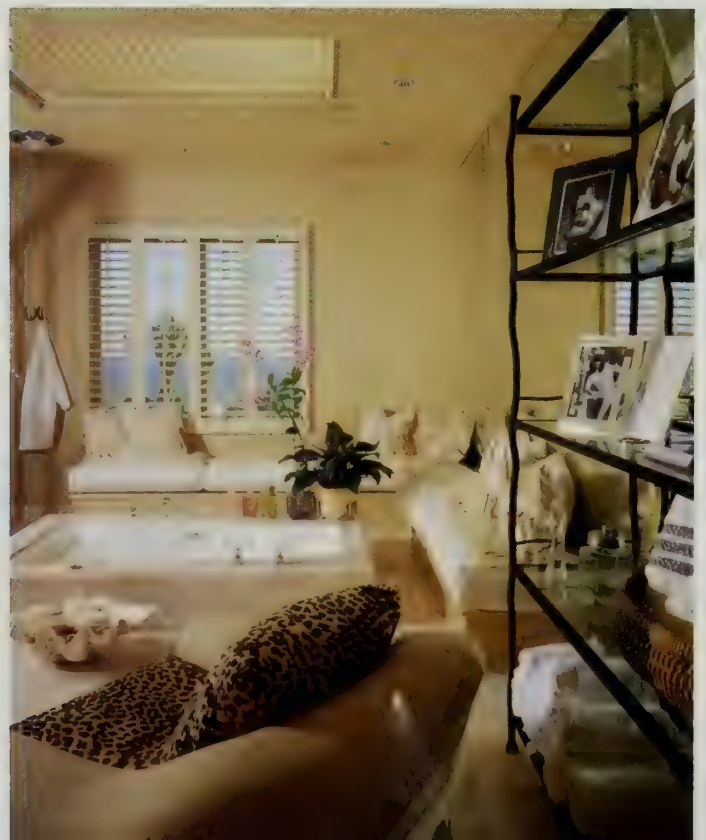
"Her career is restless," says her designer and confidant, Ron Wilson, "just as her life is somewhat restless. Her house is close to the most important thing there is to her. It's her sanctum. She's very safe in her houses." Though they may have had their spats over the years, Cher and Wilson have found they are more often than not on the same wavelength.

"Ron and I can be anyplace from completely identical to completely opposite," Cher says of her partnership with Wilson. "Even if he thinks my ideas are crazy, he goes along with them and he makes them work. He thought I was crazy when we first started talking about this new house."

Cher asked if Wilson had ever seen the film *Giant*. When he said he had, she told him, "I guess you'd call it Victorian. That's how I feel." Wilson had no idea how she felt or what she

"I'm not a serious actor and I'm not a serious singer, though I'm a better actor than a singer."





ABOVE: Stone chairs and ottoman, designed by the late Michael Taylor, complement the capitals used as tables in the master bedroom. Wilson chose the bed fabric, by J. Robert Scott, because of its resemblance to tree bark.

LEFT: An iron étagère in the master bath contains family photographs and Cher's Academy Award nomination for her role in *Silkwood*.



meant, so he started describing his idea of Victorian to her: layers of patterns, deep-colored fabrics, multiple wallcoverings. "That's right," Cher said. "I want all of that. But I don't want anything like that. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"She demands that everything be different from what I've done in the past for her," Wilson says. "I think of myself as a safe designer, and she's always insisting that I not be safe with her. She is quite intense in the way she feels
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In 1984 Douglas was in preproduction on *A Chorus Line* (1985), with two

Michael Douglas

The Manhattan Apartment of Wall Street's Best Actor

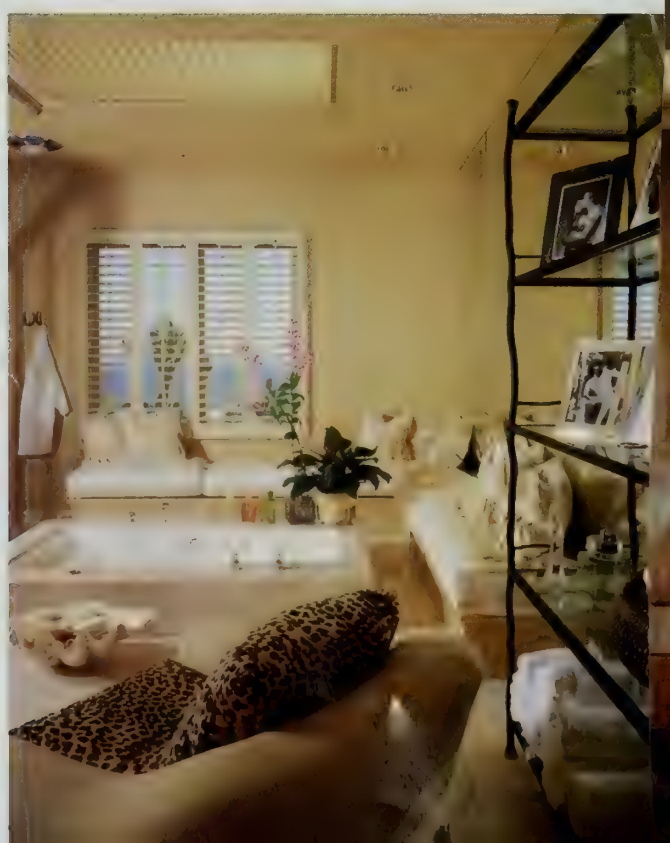
INTERIOR DESIGN BY CRAIG WRIGHT
TEXT BY JUDITH THURMAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DURSTON SAYLOR



KEN NAHOUM

Oscar-winning actor and producer Michael Douglas and his wife, Diandra (left), have settled into their New York apartment after making extensive renovations. BELOW: "We were buying things for the long run," says designer Craig Wright. "We wanted to assemble a collection of art and antiques that would move through life with them." The entrance hall sets the motif of Empire and early-19th-century Russian furnishings, which include a mahogany-and-giltwood sofa and an Empire clock and candlesticks with Egyptian motifs.

"I'm not a serious actor and I'm not a seriou
singer, though I'm a better actor than a sing







Frescoed walls, based on a Pompeian villa, were used throughout for texture. One area of the double drawing room has a pair of Empire officers' chairs, a Regency giltwood serpent mirror and a 2nd-century Roman torso resting on a mahogany commode with bronze mounts.

"MICHAEL HAS TWO prime criteria for accepting a part," says his wife, Diandra Douglas. "A good script—which is the basis for any good movie. And the opportunity for stretching his range." Those criteria have been met with such films as *Coma* (1978), *The China Syndrome* (1979), *Romancing the Stone* (1984), *Fatal Attraction* (1987) and *The War of the Roses* (1989). When he takes on a film as producer, she says, he looks for "projects with a conscience, some relevance to pressing social issues." Douglas was coproducer of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975), which won the Oscar for Best Picture.

In 1984 Douglas was in preproduction on *A Chorus Line* (1985), with two



"This was it, and I knew it right away," says Diandra Douglas of the apartment. "The light and view were dazzling." An antique Aubusson rug and Hudson River School paintings anchor the drawing room. A Roentgen *bureau à cylindre* is paired with a chair from Quatrain. Draperies by Scalamandré; leather throw on chaise longue from J. Robert Scott; fabric on side chairs and ottoman, Old World Weavers.

more New York–based projects in the works—*Fatal Attraction* and *Wall Street* (1987), for which he would win an Oscar for Best Actor. He agreed with Diandra that some time on the East Coast would be productive for the whole family.

The Los Angeles antiques dealer and designer Craig Wright had flown East with the couple, and together they sat on folding chairs in several potential residences watching the light change and listening to the room sounds. Wright had helped Diandra furnish the couple's estate in Santa Barbara (see *Architectural Digest*, April 1988), and Diandra says she never considered working with anyone else. "There were actually two schools of thought on New York," Wright recalls. "Diandra, who was homesick for Europe, was ready for it. But from Michael's point of view, this move was an experiment, and he was somewhat alarmed to perceive that the apartment in which they were going to spend a trial year was going to take eight months to renovate."

Endowed, as are some of his heroes, with what is either a sureness of instinct or a romantic recklessness, Michael Douglas had proposed to Diandra after an eight-week courtship. She, in her own way, is equally reckless—or equally instinctive. Both the apartment and the estate were virtually the first properties that a realtor had taken her to see, and in both cases Diandra had scarcely bothered to shop further. "In coming to New York, I had a very specific and non-negotiable shopping list," she recalls. "I didn't want to see any modern buildings. I wanted tons of natural light and a feeling of closeness to nature. We had a young son who was used to the freedom of a house—I was used to it—and we didn't want to feel confined. What else? High ceilings, fireplaces, rooms that would be both welcoming and formal. In essence," she says with a smile, "this was as close to Paris as I could get without crossing the Atlantic."

If the park outside the window can't be mistaken for the Tuileries, the Douglas residence does have a rich, Neoclassical patina. Wright and his client aimed to balance the intrinsic grandeur of the space with a sense of warmth appropriate to the life of a young family. They gutted the bedrooms, kitchen, entrance hall and li-



On the mantel of the dining room, which also functions as a music room, are late-15th-century Hindu temple figures from Nepal. By the *faux-marbre* painted panels is an early-19th-century Russian fall-front secretary. A suite of Russian chairs circles the dining table, which is set with imperial Russian porcelain plates commemorating the coronation of Czar Nicholas II. Chair fabric from Old World Weavers.

brary to accommodate—invisibly—those true servants of a princely modern house, its electronic systems. French furniture was, on the whole, too forbidding, both in price and in seriousness, so they focused instead on early-nineteenth-century Russian, which was "cleaner of line, more architectural and less stuffy."

They loved the Edwardian woodwork, which gave the rooms their "old New York character" but which were, says the designer, "too dark and academic." So the paneling in the dining room received a sponged and glazed *faux-marbre* finish. The original mahogany doors from 1906 were bleached and given ebonized detail in keeping with the Russian mood. And a Baltic palette—the nacreous colors one associates with winter light and the consumption of caviar—was used for the living room.

"As we went along," remarks Diandra, "the effect of all that dove, ivory, oyster and pearl struck us as a bit too decorous and chilly. I didn't want the drawing room of an old duchess. So we got daring and had some fun. We used our collection of classical torsos and Roman pottery—mostly gifts from my mother—as the excuse for Pompeian walls, and we copied the frescoes from a photograph of the Villa dei Misteri. Now," she concludes, "I think that color is the single most luxurious element of the rooms.

"This is our 'kit,'" Diandra adds with a nod toward her palatial double drawing room. It has been furnished with some choice Russian mahogany chairs and bureaus, a grand piano, Aubusson rugs, Hudson River School paintings, classical sculpture, a magnificent *bureau à cylindre* by Roentgen and a chaise longue with gilt claw feet, upholstered in *faux*-leopard. "We've been fine-tuning it for eight years," says Diandra Douglas. "It's a process of seasoning the décor rather than of finishing it, because I'm sure it will continue to evolve. But everything was bought with the idea that when we move, the 'kit' will move with us. I'm uncomfortable with the idea of following trends—and in particular the trend of doing things over from scratch every few years. It's not by replacing your possessions that you find an identity. You need a sense of the past."

Diandra Douglas's sense of the past comes from a restless and artistic Eu-



ropean childhood. Her family summered in Venice and lived in an archduke's Moorish castle on Majorca. Her mother—an archaeologist and sportswoman—was Colette's neighbor in Paris. "It was a milieu in which no one had decorators," she offers. And from this milieu Diandra distilled a confidence in her own style that seemed precocious to the people she met as a young bride in Hollywood. "I was accused of being too grown up," she laughs. "At any rate, being too grown up definitely left you feeling out of place in the Los Angeles of fifteen years ago. For all its glamour, it can have the claustrophobia of

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LEFT: Anne and Kirk Douglas and Diandra's mother gave the couple many artifacts. "I hope we will pass these on to our son," says Diandra. "Of course, he'll probably decide to bum around the world and get rid of Mom's old stuff. And that will be fine, too." The library has framed pre-Columbian shards and early-19th-century French globes. Upholstery and drapery fabric by Scalamandré; rug from Stark. ABOVE: A 17th-century Spanish painting is reflected in the master bedroom's mirror. On the glass is an 18th-century Danish mirror.



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

In a Los Angeles suburb removed from the social circles of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, Oscar winner William Holden and his wife, Ardis—also known as actress Brenda Marshall—bought a house in the late 1940s. LEFT: The Holdens lived for about ten years in the flagstone-clad Georgian-style residence, which was designed by architect Paul Williams. To make room for their young sons, Scott and West, Holden added a one-story den, left.

The Holdens often had informal gatherings at the house—their good friend Ronald Reagan was a frequent guest. BELOW: A 1952 photograph shows the Holdens enjoying a moment of peace in the country-style living room. The doors behind them lead to the den.

William Holden

Best Actor in Stalag 17 in His San Fernando Valley House

ARCHITECTURE BY PAUL WILLIAMS TEXT BY RICHARD SCHICKEL



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES



MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

After an Oscar nomination for his breakthrough role in Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* (1950), Holden won a Best Actor award for his performance in *Stalag 17* (1953). ABOVE: In the den, Ardis and William Holden find a place for the newly won prize.

ALL HIS LIFE William Holden was in love with danger. And perhaps with death. As a kid, he drove his motorcycle too fast, wire-walked on telephone lines, did handstands on bridge railings. As a grown man, he reportedly did a handstand on his agent's windowsill many stories above the street and was once accused of manslaughter when his Ferrari, going well above a hundred miles an hour, sideswiped another car on an Italian highway. He also became one of the most famous alcoholics in a business that has always been richly supplied with hard drinkers, eventually dying in 1981 because he was too drunk to summon help after falling in the apartment where for weeks he had been bottle-feeding one of his depressions.

But there was another William Holden—a bourgeois gentleman, happy in his modest (by movie-star standards, anyway) Georgian-style house in Toluca Lake, a San Fernando Valley suburb that is socially as far away from Bel-Air and Beverly Hills as you can get and still remain a resident of Los Angeles County. He and his wife, actress Brenda Marshall, bought the house when he was discharged from the army after World War II, as he was resuming a career that was then distinctly second tier. There they raised their two sons, Scott and West. There Holden enjoyed presiding over the barbecue when their friends dropped by. There he worried about the fifty-thousand-dollar mortgage. He was doing the best a man in his highly visible profession could do to live in a way his parents—comfortably conservative transplants from the Midwest to South Pasadena—would approve. He could never resolve the conflict between the two sides of his nature—except by resorting to the temporary analgesic of alcohol.

Born William Beedle, Holden had been recruited for the movies on the basis of a single performance—as an old man, curiously enough—in a Pasadena Playbox production. Acting was not something he was certain he wanted to do. But in his first picture he had a starring role as the title figure in the film adaptation of what was perhaps the most famous example of socially conscientious theatrical melodrama of the thirties, Clifford Odets's *Golden Boy* (1939). The Waspy Holden was not particularly persuasive as an Italian kid torn between careers as a boxer and a violinist; his costar, Barbara Stanwyck, had to intervene with studio chief Harry Cohn to save his job, after which she coached him through the part, earning his lifelong gratitude and friendship. His subsequent assignments, just before and after the war, were usually in what he contemptuously called "Smiling Jim" roles—heroic, sometimes intelligent, but never stirring to him or to the public.

It was Billy Wilder who changed all that, when, after half of Hollywood had turned down the role of Joe Gillis in *Sunset Boulevard* (1950), he gave the part to Holden. As an unsuccessful screenwriter who takes refuge from his creditors in silent star Norma Desmond's mansion and becomes her gigolo, he offered a volatile mixture of mannerliness and rage, integrity and cynicism. It was great work, mobilizing both sides of his nature, and asserting its authority against Gloria Swanson's ravenous Norma. He got the first of his three Oscar nomina-

tions for it and, more important, his first serious attention as an actor.

The shrewd and acerbic Wilder, who had an uncharacteristic soft spot for Holden, said, "Only actors who are ashamed to act are worth their salt," and he included Holden among that group. "He dies every time he has to act," Wilder said. But that strength was also his weakness. Holden seemed to believe in some part of his soul that acting was not an appropriate profession for a grown man—a view widely, if secretly, held by a surprising number of movie stars. It was one more bit of guilt to be added to the fund he had been building up since childhood.

For a time, the hint that Smiling Jim had a dark side continued to serve him well, notably in *Stalag 17* (1953), Wilder's adaptation of a Broadway comedy about life in a German prison camp during World War II. Holden's character, Sefton, is a sardonic and essentially amoral con man, running most of the graft in the camp and suspected of being an informer. Though he is not one, he refuses to defend himself against his accusers and, even after he uncovers the real turncoat, rejects reconciliation with the other POWs. Making his escape, he snaps, "If I ever run into any of you bums on a street corner, just let's pretend we never met before."



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION/PARAMOUNT PICTURES

ABOVE: The bar area featured some of Holden's film stills. The Holdens lived in the house until the late 1950s, when they moved to Switzerland. Holden continued to work in Hollywood and earned an Oscar nomination for his performance in *Network* (1976).



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION INC. © LLOOP/PARAMOUNT PICTURES

BELOW: Seated in a comb-back Windsor chair, William Holden watches a movie with Ardis. The 1954 photograph was taken during the period when he was filming *Sabrina* with Academy Award winner Audrey Hepburn and *The Country Girl* with Grace Kelly.

It is a tough, incisive performance —nice guy as wise guy, nice guy as tough guy—fully deserving of the Academy Award he won for it, and it helped make him the dominant male star of a decade that was certainly the blandest in Hollywood history. Holden, however, was not bland, even when he was duty-bound, in such pictures as *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* (1954), *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing* (1955) and *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (1957), where other actors had

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C L A S S I C D E S I G N

The Legendary Star's Secret Garden in New York
continued from page 126

For the bedroom and the "closet room," she chose a Fortuny fabric with African tribal symbols set against a mottled salmon-colored background. Despite its primitive roots, the fabric is wonderfully modern.

Garbo was passionate about color. She would frequently proclaim, "Color makes a room sing." Her rooms certainly did. She amassed a collection of hundreds of paintings and artifacts that resonated with color—and character. When she spied something in a shop or auction house that struck a chord, she would moan in her deep, wistful voice, "If only I had the room." She learned to find places. In the living room, she hung a veritable chorus of paintings, stacked on the walls up to the ceiling. The bookcases and tables brimmed with whimsical porcelains. The effect was dazzling, like a garden in full bloom.

The apartment was resplendent with flowers, both real and re-created, since her collection was filled with floral motifs. There were delicately carved roses on an eighteenth-century *marquise;* painted tulips decorated a Rococo chest of drawers; the halls were flecked with light from floriated pastel-colored porcelains mounted on small chandeliers. Her art collection included dozens and dozens of splendid and lively floral still lifes by an assortment of artists: Pierre Bonnard, Kees van Dongen, Louis Valtat, Georges d'Espagnat, Alexej von Jawlensky, Madelaine Lemaire and even Garbo's own artist brother, Sven Gustafson. She was always finding a spot for seductive little anonymous painted bouquets she came across in her travels.

Her selections were not limited to floral subjects, though one might conclude that Garbo was drawn to images of innocence. The Renoir above the fireplace depicted a touching scene of a young nursemaid reading to a boy, the artist's youngest son. Next to it was a small, quiet canvas that might be Garbo herself, seen from behind, staring into a calm sea, wearing a trademark floppy hat.

The actress was credited by her art-collecting contemporaries with acquiring the work of the German Expressionist Jawlensky before it was widely sought after. Her paintings, now known as the Garbo Jawlenskys, were composed between 1915 and 1918. The period is recognized as a time of renewed energy, hope and harmony for the artist. Garbo was fascinated by these paintings, particularly the thickly outlined faces. Jawlensky's portraits are dramatic and bold, color infusing them with a rich poignancy.

Garbo's largest painting, Robert Delaunay's *Woman With Parasol,* was also her favorite. Her eyes would linger over the canvas more than over any other. It featured the artist's wife, Sonia, strolling on a still-moist garden path, a sun shower of vibrant hues.

"I never set out to be an actress," Garbo once remarked. "I would have been good at a number of things."

There were many truly exceptional works in Garbo's collection—paintings of flowers, clowns, children, funny little dogs and festive people. To her, each had its own story, its own life. Her art provided a colorful audience with which to enjoy the sweeping views from her apartment. And we did—especially at sunset, when the dancing light that reflected off the river below made the apartment a magical place. Shrouded in secrecy, she tended an oasis of color and imagination in the middle of Manhattan. This was Garbo's secret garden. □

Art Director and Star in Santa Monica
continued from page 133

with an awninged spectators' gallery.

Every inch of the interior strikes a visitor as having been intended by Gibbons to serve as an act of homage to his flawless bride. What a woman possessing perfect beauty deserves—and is perhaps not above demanding—is to be continuously admired, openly by others and (a trifle less openly) by herself as well. To this end, Gibbons arranged for wall after wall to be exuberantly bemirrored, especially in Del Rio's dressing room; there, even the toggle plates for the electric switches are made of mirrors, held in place by star-headed screws. As for her dressing table, it is not unlike an altar raised to honor some primordial pagan goddess. Seated there, Del Rio must often have scrutinized herself for any tiny sign of the slipping away of youth that, as a conscientious professional, she owed it to herself to be the first to detect. (Many years later, ably and cheerfully, she played those character roles that are the fate of movie goddesses in old age.)

No actress's house should be without a grand staircase for her to command on party occasions, bewitching guests by the slow and sinuous grace with which she descends it. Gibbons designed for his bride a long flight of stairs, interrupted by a broad landing upon which she might choose to catch her breath, holding out her arms and smiling down upon the upturned faces of her worshipers. When royalty and other notable visitors condescended to be entertained in Hollywood, the MGM front office would often call upon Gibbons and his staff to create a pretty luncheon setting on what was normally a bleak soundstage. Proud as Gibbons was to bring off such decorating exploits, how much prouder he must have been when on a festive evening in his own house he could glance about and see his wife's immaculate image reflected again and again, from room to room, in an ever-diminishing perspective of candlelight and velvety darkness. Unknown to the world at large, that was a setting worthy of an Oscar! □

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JACK L. WARNER

The Beverly Hills Estate of the Archetypal Hollywood Mogul
continued from page 141

for the Hollywood elite or young actresses who visited the studio boss during his wife's frequent absences. Still, what splendid grounds landscape architect Florence Yoch created for the Warners, far grander than those of the residences of her other Hollywood clients, such as David O. Selznick and George Cukor.

The estate's gates opened onto a winding driveway, lined by sycamores, that proceeded up the hill and ended at the brick-paved motor court. On one side stood the mansion's porticoed entrance, its whiteness and Neoclassicism a handsome contrast to the heavily landscaped grounds. On the other side of the motor court, Yoch installed an elliptical fountain, followed by a series of landscaped terraces decorated with urns and statues, another fountain with statues of Cupid riding a sea horse and finally a seventeenth-century-Italian-style colonnade in front of an ivy-covered wall.

In other parts of the estate, Yoch designed terraces with wide views of the city, garden-lined stairways from the house to the tennis court and swimming pool, water cascades and a fern grotto. The Warner estate, quite fittingly, was landscape architecture at its theatrical best.

The property was more than a verdant Shangri-la; it was a veritable country club. The swimming pool area had two enormous terraces—one with several lounge chairs, the other with an outdoor kitchen, barbecue and soda fountain. Warner enjoyed his lighted tennis court year round, and doubles matches were a feature of the Sunday parties. Golf was another favorite pastime. As it turned out, the Warners' next-door neighbor, silent-screen comedian Harold Lloyd, also had a nine-hole pitch-and-putt course on his estate. Warner occasionally erected a temporary walkway over the wall between the two estates so that he and his guests could play all eighteen holes.

Although the Warners hosted fewer and fewer afternoon parties in the fifties, they still welcomed old friends and such younger stars and entertainers as Elizabeth Taylor, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland, Paul Newman, Doris Day and Merv Griffin.

In the fifties and early sixties Warner continued to rule the studio with an iron hand, and Warner Bros., which won the Best Picture Academy Award for *My Fair Lady* (1964), expanded profitably into television production. In 1967, at age seventy-five, Warner sold his interest in the studio, and over the next several years he gradually retired from the motion picture industry.

After Jack Warner's death in 1978 at age eighty-six, Ann stayed at the estate, amid significant changes in the neighborhood. Many of the area's twenties and thirties mansions were modernized or torn down. Others, like Harold Lloyd's Greenacres, remained standing but lost most of their grounds. Only the Warner estate escaped these fates.

When Ann Warner died in 1990, record mogul David Geffen purchased the property and the mansion's furnishings for an estimated $47.5 million. Jack and Ann Warner's home of five decades—the last intact estate from Hollywood's Golden Age in Beverly Hills—broke national records for the sale of a single-family residence. □

For most people, a Sunday at the Warner estate meant a visit to the grounds but not to the house—except for the Hollywood elite.

LEIGH AND OLIVIER

The Stars in England
continued from page 145

er she was with the same exactness.

Then, shortly after her second Oscar for her performance as Blanche du Bois in the film version of Tennessee Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951), Leigh began to display the signs of the mental illness that was to darken her life until the end. For most of 1954 and 1955 she remained at Notley under medical care, striving to overcome her fear of becoming permanently insane. Few of her friends were unaware of this battle or of the courage she employed to win it. She began to recognize the signs of an approaching attack and would send for her mother. When her illness was at bay she was the same grand and gracious hostess, the same thoughtful friend, the same sensitive and caring companion. But Olivier was terrified that he might lose his hold on all he had if he allowed Vivien's illness to take over his life.

In their private worlds, the couple lived in the shadow of past memory of each other. The picture of Olivier remained by her bedside, and they would spend evenings in front of the open stone fireplace in the small garden room at Notley, fondly recalling the laughter and tears of previous experiences. But Olivier now carried a deep ache of pity for her and for himself; things could never be as they once were. It was not long before he told her he had fallen in love with a young actress, Joan Plowright, and wanted a divorce.

Vivien Leigh returned to Notley alone from London that weekend and waited for a call from him that never came. When they next met, it was to discuss the divorce and the selling of Notley.

And so, as their life together at Notley ended, so did their marriage. They had been a legendary pair: There were Scott and Zelda, Edward and Wallis, and Larry and Vivien. And no one who was even tangentially connected to the Oliviers could dissociate them from Notley. The abbey still stands, a shrine to their love, occupied by others but always to be recalled with its romantic past. □



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JUDY GARLAND

The Wizard of Oz Star in Bel-Air
continued from page 149

The interior was decorated by Mabel Cooper, the mother of another famous child star, Jackie Cooper, and it was everything a teenage girl could want. Garland had her own suite on the second floor, with a private bath, a dressing room and a spacious bedroom. It was there that she often entertained her friends, boys as well as girls, listening to records and talking about the studio—they were, after all, all movie kids.

Ironically, Garland's new home was no more permanent than any other she had lived in. On June 15, 1941, her mother set up yellow beach umbrellas on the back lawn, and before six hundred guests she announced Garland's engagement to composer David Rose, the first of her five husbands. Bride and groom soon found a residence of their own.

The rest of the Garland story is one of great success and great failure. She went on to make some of the most glorious musicals in film history, from *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944), directed by her second husband, Vincente Minnelli, and *Easter Parade* (1948) to *A Star Is Born* (1954), for which she was nominated for Best Actress. (She also received a Best Supporting Actress nomination for her performance in 1961's *Judgment at Nuremberg*.) But she was plagued by emotional problems and an addiction to prescription pills, and her failure to report to work caused MGM to fire her in 1950. A year later she emerged into bright sunlight with a sensational concert at the Palladium in London. Such ups and downs continued until her death in London on June 22, 1969, the result of an accidental overdose of drugs. She had just turned forty-seven. □

To millions she will be remembered as Dorothy, searching for happiness over the rainbow.

LESLIE HOWARD

Star of *Intermezzo* and *Gone With the Wind* in Beverly Hills
continued from page 151

movie had strong autobiographical overtones for Howard: Himself a celebrated and long-married public performer, he had fallen in love with a striking young woman of French descent, Violette Cunnington, whom he had met while making the movie version of *Pygmalion* in London.

He persuaded Violette to come to America with him, to the distress but not to the surprise of his wife and two children. (As his daughter later wrote in her biography of him: "He never had enough energy to run after a woman; it was, rather, that he lacked the energy to run away.") Howard and she were almost continuously together until her sudden death at the age of twenty-nine.

During his years in America, on the road as a stage actor and while making movies in Hollywood, Howard remained a British subject; he and his family had regarded as their only permanent home an ancient half-timbered place that he had purchased in the Surrey countryside, not far from London, with the first fruits of his professional success. For as long as it took him to complete his studio assignments in Hollywood, he would rent a house appropriate to his family's needs. An energetic chatelaine, Mrs. Howard would anglicize their temporary abodes, whether decorated in Spanish, Italian Renaissance or Grand Rapids "Amurrican" style, with reassuring English country touches—chintz, china and a profusion of flowers. It was a revolutionary gesture when in 1939, the year of *Gone With the Wind*, Howard acquired not one American house but two, installing his family in a small house on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills that had belonged to actress Hedy Lamarr and, with a practiced discretion, installing Violette in a somewhat smaller rented house on Beverly Drive.

If to Americans Howard was the quintessential upper-class Britisher, to his compatriots he was something of an impostor, having been born in humble circumstances to a Hungarian immigrant named Stainer and his sturdy middle-class English wife. Besides, he was an actor, and all actors are suspected of being bogus because of the ease with which they convey an air of *not* being bogus. It was the hard work Howard volunteered to do after the outbreak of World War II—making inspirational war films, broadcasting to America and undertaking personal appearances wherever he was called upon to do so—that worked a profound change in him. A notably diffident, crowd-hating and perennially hypochondriacal man became under the pressure of war a robust and tireless leader, of Kiplingesque gallantry and resourcefulness.

When Howard returned to England in the late summer of 1939, it was with the expectation that he would drop his family off in Surrey and then join Violette for a leisurely drive through the south of France. First the threat of war and then the start of hostilities in September altered everyone's plans. By 1942, having been bombed out of a couple of flats in London, Howard and Violette took a small house in Stoke Poges, conveniently close to the movie studios in Denham. There Violette fell violently ill with cerebral meningitis, and in a few days she was dead. Howard never fully recovered from this devastating blow. A few months later, as a part of his hectic schedule of war activities, he consented to fly to Spain and Portugal—both neutral countries—to give some lectures on *Hamlet*, indirectly praising England by praising Shakespeare. On a regularly scheduled commercial flight from Portugal, his plane was shot down over the Bay of Biscay by a squadron of Nazi fighter planes. It was rumored at the time that the Nazi pilots had been told that Churchill was aboard, but the rumor was obviously nonsense. The prime minister, Hitler's implacable adversary, was not very likely to be flying with twenty or so other passengers in a slow commercial plane over enemy waters. No trace of the plane was ever found. □

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Writer and Director of *Sullivan's Travels* in the Hollywood Hills
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wyck and Henry Fonda; *Sullivan's Travels* (1941), an autobiographical masterwork about a comedy filmmaker (Joel McCrea) who comes to learn that laughter can be a benediction on suffering; *The Palm Beach Story* (1942), very much in the tradition of a Feydeau farce, about a nouveau-poor couple (Claudette Colbert and McCrea) who race to Florida to seek a change of fortunes; and *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* (1943), wherein Sturges punctured the pretenses of chauvinism and the cult of American maternity.

Sturges filmed on the studio lot but worked as much as possible at his house, concocting plots and jokes even amid the crowded and lavish Sunday evening suppers to which he invited friends and colleagues, and which Louise prepared each week for years. (The guest list variously included, among many others, Howard Hughes, Betty Hutton, the Fondas, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, William Wyler and Rex Harrison.) Barbecues, billiard games and midnight swim parties never interrupted Preston's constant flow of witticisms and practical jokes. "The man was a fountain of creative ideas," says Billy Wilder. "He just never seemed to stop."

But all good things eventually do, and a decade later Sturges's unique blend of romance with screwball comedy was no longer popular. In 1951 he took his fourth wife, Sandy Nagle, who gave him two more sons and collaborated with him on several projects that were never filmed. She still lives in Hollywood, and two years ago she published her engaging edition of his memoirs. "Often we worked around the clock on projects for Paramount, with only short breaks for meals or a nap," Sandy Sturges recalls. "His optimism and energy were contagious, and he worked tirelessly every single day, even when times were bad."

Then, just as movie styles changed, so did the layout of Los Angeles itself. The construction of new roads and boulevards brought a sudden and welcome windfall to the Sturgeses, for the county needed the land at Ivar Avenue for the new Route 101, the Hollywood Freeway. Rather than yield his beloved hacienda to the wreckers, Preston moved the entire house to property he bought on Franklin Avenue—a relocation and complex reconnection procedure that took two years. "No matter his shifting fortunes and regardless of all the chaos," explains Sandy, "his good humor never failed him. He became the characters he was creating. People came alive through him."

Sturges died in New York in 1959, perhaps on the brink of new success, for he had continued working and had several film and theater projects in advanced stages of development.

Sturges filmed on the studio lot but worked as much as possible at his house, concocting plots and jokes even amid the lavish Sunday suppers to which he invited friends and colleagues.

Over thirty years later his movies delight a new generation, and students learn an entire grammar of movie-making from studying his remarkable achievements.

"I am the most cheerful of men," Preston Sturges once said. "I enjoy my home, my children, every opportunity life offers. I've had flops, like everybody else, but like Carnation's contented cows I have been happy, and this happiness came from hope." He could have been speaking, too, for any of his unforgettably wacky, endlessly optimistic characters. □





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The Turtle Bay House of the Writers of *Adam's Rib* and *Pat and Mike*
continued from page 167

Ruth had appeared in were mixed with things we had found on Martha's Vineyard or in California. Ruth kept the rooms full of flowers. When they started to fade she would leave them in their vases longer than most flower lovers. Our friend Vivien Leigh once reprimanded her when she started to throw away some faded blooms. "Oh," cried Vivien, "don't you like dead flowers?" After that Ruth kept them until the petals began to drop.

One Christmas (or was it a birthday or an opening night?) I bought Ruth a Grandma Moses snow scene, and we hung it over the mantel in the living room. It quickly became a part of our lives. We had brought a Sickert from London, as well as several tinsel prints, and as all theater people do, we had acquired many framed posters and photographs from our favorite plays. But perhaps our favorite pieces of art were two drawings of our house, done in watercolor. Once, while we were walking, we came upon an artist drawing the low skyline of the Turtle Bay houses, and we asked him to draw not only the front but the back view of our house. We had the front view made into postcards. My hoard of these mementos is gradually diminishing.

On the same floor as the living room was a small study, and in it we put the most impressive piece of furniture we owned. It was the roll-top desk that Ruth's father, Captain Clinton Jones, had owned when he worked at the Mellin Food Company in Quincy, Massachusetts. A picture of the factory, used for research for the film *The Actress*, based on Ruth's autobiographical play *Years Ago*, was placed near the desk. On top of the desk rested the spyglass Captain Jones presented to his daughter when she left home to become an actress. He instructed her to pawn it if necessary. I don't think she ever did.

Over the fireplace in the study hung our Reginald Marsh painting. The floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, a lamp and Captain Jones's desk chair, and a very small rocking chair—a gift to Ruth from her friend Felix Frankfurter—completed the room.

The third and fourth floors of the house were bedrooms, and ours overlooked the gardens. Like the dining room and living room, it had a fireplace that gave the room a special charm. In the bookcases on either side of the fireplace Ruth kept the books she had read in her childhood and editions of books by her friends Thornton Wilder, W. Somerset Maugham, Booth Tarkington and Edith Wharton. Her own writing desk was by the window. Unlike the houses on either side of us, ours had a fifth story. The greater part of this high floor was a large, almost empty room that I used as my workroom. Perhaps this was actually the heart of the house for me. It was an ideal place to write, and wherever I am working today, I still miss it the way I miss New York and Turtle Bay and our house overlooking the gardens.

A year ago I sold the house. Before that it was occasionally occupied by friends or relatives, and when Ruth and I were away for extended periods we rented it. When Mike Nichols lived there he installed a fine intercom system that still exists. Mary Tyler Moore used my top-floor study as a dance studio. Peter and Kati Marton Jennings used it as a playroom for their child. Sergio Leone gave huge parties. Franco Zeffirelli planned his Metropolitan Opera projects in the small study. We were particularly pleased when the Brazilian ambassador to the United Nations, Sergio Thompson-Flores, and his American-born wife, Sheila, rented the house. They filled the rooms with life and left them in better condition than ever before. The Rubinsteins' son John stayed there when he was starring in *Children of a Lesser God*, and he traveled to and from the theater district on his bicycle, a trip Ruth and I made on foot countless, countless times, to our home(s) on Broadway, from our house in Turtle Bay.

New York, New York. What a neighborhood. □



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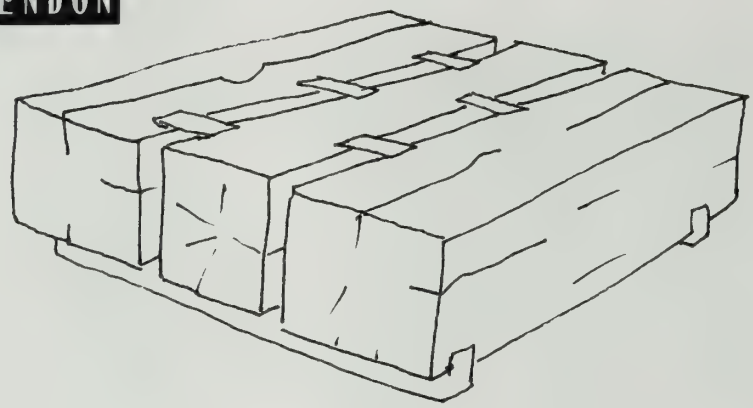
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films that would further bolster her prestige, and to this aim he sought classic stories with strong women's roles to offer the best opportunities.

She had been scheduled to star in the screen adaptation of Clifford Odets's play *The Country Girl* when she became pregnant. Selznick believed so strongly that Jones could win a second Academy Award that he tried to convince one of the film's producers, William Perlberg, to move quickly into production before her condition was evident. Perlberg and his partner, George Seaton, refused to go before the cameras on such short notice, and Jennifer Jones was replaced by Grace Kelly.

It had long been Selznick's dream to film F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*, for the Jazz Age's most famous author had been a favorite of his. But fearing he might not have enough perspective to serve as the producer of a film starring his wife, he sold Twentieth Century-Fox the package, which included the rights to *Tender Is the Night* and Jennifer Jones's services as star in the role of Nicole Diver. It was an act that he was always to regret, for he felt they ruined the film by not taking his advice.

Selznick's deep disappointment in the poor reception for *Tender Is the Night* (1961) had a devastating effect on him, and he took great offense. After the rebuff, he felt his own civilization had passed, that showmanship and creativity had gone from the industry he helped shape and loved so dearly. He never made another film and died at the age of sixty-three.

Selznick often said that only time could tell what films truly deserved an award for Best Picture. By such a measure he remains a giant, for who, having seem them, could ever forget *Rebecca*, *King Kong* (1933), *Reckless* (1935), *Anna Karenina* (1935), *A Star Is Born* or *The Garden of Allah* (1936)—a few of his films—to say nothing of the stars he helped immortalize. His name still conjures up towering images of what Hollywood can be when genius and dedication are at work. □



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GREER GARSON

Mrs. Miniver's Best Actress in Bel-Air
continued from page 177

Mrs. Parkington, the following year, also with Pidgeon, brought another nomination—her fifth in six years. In 1945 she starred in a movie called *Adventure*, which is recalled mostly as the return to Hollywood of Major Clark Gable: "Gable's back," MGM publicity bugled, "and Garson's got him!"

In fact, Greer Garson had "got" another handsome actor. Shortly after filming *Mrs. Miniver* the star married Richard Ney, who had just played her son. Together they moved into Garson's twelve-room Tudor-style manor in Bel-Air. The grounds included a fifty-foot pool and two acres of trees and gardens, which she tended with British ardor. Inside, the house featured high ceilings and bleached-oak paneling, gently vaulted passageways and windows everywhere. A large living room included a music alcove that held a pair of grand pianos.

By the end of the decade, with Garson's career waning, MGM made several attempts to recapture the spirit of her earliest films, including a 1950 sequel with Pidgeon called *The Miniver Story*. Its failure had less to do with its quality than with the simple fact that times had changed.

Garson divorced Ney and gradually retired to Dallas and a home in New Mexico with her new husband, Elijah E. "Buddy" Fogelson, a Texas oil executive. Her most celebrated return to the screen was her portrayal of First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt in *Sunrise at Campobello* (1960), for which she was nominated for her sixth Academy Award.

An unfortunate aspect of the "studio system" was that MGM had seldom let Greer Garson stray from her lofty screen image. One of the few times even the Hollywood community got to see a display of her comedic talents, for example, was on March 20, 1952. "If anyone would like...," she told the members of the Academy just before presenting the Best Actor award, "I have ten minutes left over from a speech I made a few years ago..." □

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Debonair Leading Man and Two-Time Nominee in Beverly Hills
continued from page 179

patient beginner, for at twenty he gave up authorship in favor of acting, and by 1929 he was a recognized performer on Broadway. In that year he was given a screen test by scouts of Samuel Goldwyn and was rejected by them for having too long a neck. On seeing the test, Goldwyn was quick to say (for once in perfect English), "His neck is not too long; his collars are too short." Goldwyn's quickness was to no avail; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had also seen the test and had signed Montgomery to a long-term contract.

With his looks and suave upper-class good manners, Montgomery was bound to be typecast as a leading man in romantic comedies. He starred with the three most important actresses on the MGM lot—in descending order of importance, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford—in movies that bore such titles as *Untamed* (1929), *Our Blushing Brides* (1930), *Strangers May Kiss* (1931) and *Fugitive Lovers* (1934).

Being highly intelligent, Montgomery was irritated to be pigeonholed as a pretty-faced, dulcet-voiced leading man; with difficulty, he managed to escape into two roles that proved worthy of him. He played a prison inmate in *The Big House* (1930) and the psychopathic killer Danny in *Night Must Fall* (1937). He was twice nominated for an Oscar: for *Night Must Fall* and for *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* (1941).

Montgomery's movie career was interrupted by World War II, in which he served with distinction. After the war, when John Ford fell ill during the shooting of *They Were Expendable* (1945), Montgomery took over as director. Two years later he was given full credit as the director of a Raymond Chandler mystery movie, *Lady in the Lake*. Between 1950 and 1957 Montgomery was the grand panjandrum—host, director and occasional star—of a highly successful television series titled *Robert Montgomery Presents*, and he received a 1955 Tony as the best director on Broadway for the play *The Desperate Hours*.

Throughout much of his life Montgomery was a political activist. In 1948 he headed the Hollywood Republican Committee to elect Thomas E. Dewey president, and in 1952 he worked on Eisenhower's first campaign, subsequently being appointed a special consultant to the president on television and public communications. Montgomery was married twice—first, in 1928, to Elizabeth Bryan Allen, by whom he had a son and daughter (the actress Elizabeth Montgomery), and then, in 1950, to Elizabeth Grant Harkness.

In his early Hollywood days Montgomery lived in a house in Beverly Hills that characteristically combined elements of Spanish hacienda and New England cottage. The living room boasted what is now commonly called a cathedral ceiling and a tiled fireplace with Staffordshire figurines decorating the mantelpiece. A few years later he moved to an English-style stone house in Holmby Hills, and he subsequently returned to the East Coast. When he and "Buffy" Harkness married, they traveled contentedly back and forth between an apartment on East Seventy-second Street in New York and a ravishing house on Hook Pond in East Hampton.

For a conservative Republican from an old family, Montgomery possessed a rather moody restlessness of spirit. At a certain point as he grew older, nothing would do but that he and Buffy sell the Hook Pond property and move on to new adventures—in summer, a place on the water in North Haven, Maine, and in winter a beautiful ancient farmhouse in the Canaan valley, in northwestern Connecticut. It was there, in 1981, a short drive from the big family house overlooking the Hudson at Fishkill, that Montgomery died. He had played many roles in his long lifetime, off-camera and on-; in age, the slender playboy of *Our Blushing Brides* had become a no-longer-slender country squire, but the grace of the performer remained what it had always been: a prompting to merriment, an occasion for applause. □

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Star of *Modern Times* and *Kitty* in Coldwater Canyon
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one Oscar nomination for a part she didn't much care for, the relentlessly wisecracking army nurse of *So Proudly We Hail* (1943). ("How could she have lived through Bataan," Goddard asked, "without *some* growing up?") For Cecil B. DeMille she made three costume pictures, *Northwest Mounted Police* (1940), *Reap the Wild Wind* (1942) and *Unconquered* (1947), but far more rewarding was *Kitty* (1946), set in eighteenth-century London and elegantly directed by Mitchell Leisen. Playing a thief from the slums who is passed off as a lady after posing for Gainsborough and rises to wealth and a title, she not only acted with great verve but managed convincing Cockney and Mayfair accents, having been coached for the former by Ida Lupino's mother, the music-hall veteran Connie Emerald.

A personal success, *Kitty* was one of just two films specially created for Goddard. The second was *Diary of a Chambermaid* (1946), in which she played another charming, fearless go-getter with the same exuberance. Her third husband, Burgess Meredith, with whom she was living at the house in Beverly Hills at the time, suggested the project to Jean Renoir. An admirer of Goddard's, Renoir saw the film as "a documentary on the life she might have led if she'd been a chambermaid in nineteenth-century France." A nice idea that unfortunately didn't work out. The direction wobbled between social comedy and melodrama, the critics were lukewarm, and the film failed at the box office.

Another commercial failure, *An Ideal Husband*, followed in 1948, after which Goddard's career began a downward slide. Accepting it with her usual good humor, she even boasted in the early fifties of having made four movies in four months, each shot with multiple cameras. "I like this TV technique of working that the movies are picking up," she said. "I don't go along with spending three months on a picture. That's just three months out of your life." Divorced from Burgess Meredith, she sold her house and moved to an apartment hotel in New York, where she cast a wide social net, escorted to a party one night by Andy Warhol, to a premiere the next by Mr. America. She also sold most of her famous collection of paintings, keeping back a few for herself, notably her portrait by Diego Rivera. Her equally famous collection of jewelry she held on to and wore with obvious enjoyment. When told that only Sonja Henie flaunted jewelry as conspicuously, she laughed and said, "But Sonja *buys* hers." In 1958 she married Remarque, and she made her last film, in Italy, appearing as Claudia Cardinale's mother in *Time of Indifference* (1966). Her performance was highly praised, but she disliked the idea of aging in public as a character actress, and decided to retire.

She received her one Oscar nomination for a part she didn't much care for, the wisecracking nurse of *So Proudly We Hail*.

After Remarque's death in 1970, Goddard moved to Switzerland. She continued her favorite pursuits of reading and travel, taking frequent trips to Paris, London and New York until illness made her reclusive in her last years. She died in 1990, spectacularly rich, leaving twenty million dollars to New York University to benefit programs in the arts, European studies and public services—a final, true-to-form gesture from the classiest good-time girl in the world. ☐



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Separate Tables' Best Actor in the Pink House
continued from page 185

wood, anxious to resume his career.

While Goldwyn persisted in farming him out to various studios, Niven bought his first house, on Amalfi Drive in Pacific Palisades. It stood behind a large front gate, big and solid and pink—brick with unsmoothed mortar. Virtually every room had large-paned windows, affording magnificent views of the Santa Monica Mountains on one side, the Pacific on the other. The forty-year-old Pink House, which had been built by Vicky Baum (the author of *Grand Hotel*), was run-down, but with its great lawn and swimming pool surrounded by seclusive trees, Niven thought it ideal for raising a family. For fifteen years, as he confronted both tragedy and triumph, it became the fulcrum of his seesaw life.

Renovation had barely begun the night Niven and his twenty-eight-year-old wife attended a party at Tyrone Power's. While she was playing a version of hide-and-seek, "Primmie" fell down the cellar stairs. The following night she died.

Niven let remodeling on the house continue; "It held no memories...so work went on." The cook's room and kitchen were the first to be finished, and the despondent young widower moved in, living for several months amid the construction. Just as the residence came together, Goldwyn loaned Niven out to Alexander Korda, who was filming *Bonnie Prince Charlie* (1948) in England. Niven's heavy mortgage kept him from refusing the assignment, and the film proved to be a devilish disruption in the actor's life, without salvation—until the end of shooting, when he met a Swedish model named Hjördis Tersmeden. Ten days later they married.

"The Pink House came alive under her hand and became everything I had dreamed about as a home," Niven recalled. When another Goldwyn loan-out threatened his new domestic tranquillity, he stood up to the movie mogul, who promptly released Niven from the contract and pronounced him "through."

For several years it looked as if that were true. Niven scrambled to make money, and the lack of decent movie work forced him to rent out the Pink House, try the legitimate theater, even get involved in television production. He grew desperate enough to prepare the Pink House's collection of Regency furniture, which he had carefully collected in England, for auction.

Then one afternoon, while he was still living at the Pink House, a flamboyant promoter by the name of Mike Todd told him that he was producing an all-star extravaganza of Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1956) and that he wanted Niven to play the dauntless traveler, Phileas Fogg. The film—featuring some forty-four cameo appearances—was a rollicking success and won the Best Picture Oscar, and Niven was back on the movie-star map, the very model of urbanity.

Two years later he was cast in *Separate Tables* (1958) as a phony major who is accused of sexual misconduct in an English seaside town. It was easily the best-written part Niven had been given, and he took it more seriously than any he had played. After his more than fifty films, the Academy nominated him for the first and only time as Best Actor.

As Niven confronted both tragedy and triumph, the Pink House became the fulcrum of his seesaw life.

Niven arrived for the Oscars in April 1959 fully prepared, having stuffed his pockets with rabbits' feet and lucky coins. When Irene Dunne announced his name as the winner, he raced down the aisle toward the stage...only to trip up the stairs. The crowd went wild. Once at the microphone, Niven tried to explain. "The reason I just fell down was... because I was so loaded with good-luck charms that I was top-heavy." He paused after the word *loaded*, however, and brought the house down once again.

With the mortgage on the Pink House paid, Four Star (his television production company) thriving and his Oscar standing proudly on one of the Pink House's mantels, Niven and his wife decided to move back to Europe. Niven said he sensed that Hollywood was changing for the worse; perhaps he just no longer needed—or wanted—the Pink House as an anchor.

The Nivens moved into a "cuckoo clock" outside Gstaad, Switzerland, and later acquired a second home at Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat. The actor settled into a variety of film roles that were somehow always alike, becoming the cinema's "complete gentleman," ever witty and dapper, whether he was a critic in *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (1960), an explosives expert in *The Guns of Navarone* (1961), an aristocratic jewel thief in *The Pink Panther* (1963) or James Bond in the farcical *Casino Royale* (1967). He had, as he pointed out in one of his phenomenally successful volumes of memoirs, parlayed "a minimal talent into a long career"—almost ninety films. Niven worked right up to 1982, the year before his death, when amyotrophic lateral sclerosis began to break him down.

David Niven was perhaps at his insouciant best at the Academy Awards ceremony at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in April 1974. As he was introducing Elizabeth Taylor, who was to present the Best Picture Oscar, a naked man streaked across the stage flashing a peace sign. The most significant moment of the evening seemed lost for good, until Niven, unflappable as ever, managed to retrieve it. "Ladies and gentlemen, that was bound to happen," he said dryly. "Just think, the only laugh that man will probably ever get is for stripping and showing off his shortcomings." □



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Suspicion's Best Actress on Rodeo Drive
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Fontaine burst out laughing at the preposterousness of this prophecy. Overhearing her, Aherne came up and inquired into the reason for her laughter. Whimsically he suggested that since fate had already arranged their future, the sooner they had a first date the better. And so it befell that within a week they were engaged and within seven weeks they were married. It is a story that has the ring of being the mere fictional gush of a fan magazine, but it has been drawn almost word for word from the honest, humorous and sometimes painful autobiography that Joan Fontaine published a number of years ago, entitled *No Bed of Roses*. Hollywood imitates movies; it is an inescapable hazard of living there.

Knowing little about men in general and scarcely anything about Aherne in particular, Fontaine was determined to begin a life of her own at a suitably adult distance from her mother and sister. "I longed for stability, permanency, a place to belong, someone to belong to," she wrote. "When Brian proposed, aged thirty-seven and looking not unlike my own father, I felt I had come home." As matters turned out, the house on Rodeo Drive wasn't the sanctuary that she had been looking forward to, nor was Aherne in real life a heroic, all-for-love Robert Browning. In her autobiography, she recounts how, on presenting her with an engagement ring, he complained, "These things are awfully expensive. This cost two hundred and fifty dollars, you know." On the night before the wedding, Aherne was suffering from acute sinusitis and Fontaine's face was swollen from the extraction of a wisdom tooth. At midnight, Aherne's best man telephoned her to say that Aherne had cold feet and wished to cancel the marriage ceremony. She protested that she didn't know how to stop all the preparations that her mother had made—they would have to marry and then, if Aherne so wished, go through with an immediate divorce.

The next day, her mother's fussing over a misplaced brooch caused the bride to be late arriving at the church. Aherne hadn't been in touch with Fontaine since the midnight call and wasn't sure that she would be turning up at the church. When at last she joined him at the altar, out of the side of his mouth he grumbled, "That's the last time you'll ever keep me waiting." After the ceremony, pelted with confetti and rice, they set off on their honeymoon in Aherne's blue Packard convertible. A short distance along the highway, Aherne stopped the car. He feared that the rice that had been thrown at them might do injury to the Packard's motor. In *No Bed of Roses*, Fontaine writes without rancor, "I got down on my hands and knees and with my new gloves flicked the white grains from the car floor while he checked under the hood."

During the honeymoon, her agent called with unexpected good news. David O. Selznick wanted her to hurry back and sign a seven-year contract with him; her first role under the contract would be the lead in *Rebecca* (1940). Humbly, the young bride consulted with her husband: Would he mind her accepting this extraordinary opportunity? Not at all, not at all! He was about to start shooting *Vigil in the Night* with Carole Lombard and so would have to be away all day. *Rebecca* would keep her from feeling lonely on Rodeo Drive. "Do it," he said indulgently, "for hat money."

"I was appalled that I'd won over my sister."

Rebecca made Fontaine a star. She was nominated for an Academy Award (the Oscar went that year to her friend Ginger Rogers), and the following year she received a second nomination, for her role in Hitchcock's *Suspicion*. The other nominees were Bette Davis, Greer Garson, Barbara Stanwyck and sister Olivia, and this time Fontaine won. "I haven't the faintest idea what I said in my acceptance speech. God knows I hadn't rehearsed anything," Fontaine writes. "It was a bittersweet moment. I was appalled that I'd won over my sister." (De Havilland was later to win two Oscars, for *To Each His Own* and *The Heiress*, while Fontaine received still a third nomination for her role in 1943's *The Constant Nymph*.)

Meanwhile, in what amount to traditional Hollywood reasons—diverging careers and diverging interests, to say nothing of the impact of World War II—the Ahernes drifted apart. Photographs of the Ahernes taken in the early days on Rodeo Drive make it touchingly clear that Joan was content at first to play second fiddle to her older and more sophisticated lord and master. "I would speed home from the studio and try to make myself as attractive as possible. After removing the panchromatic makeup I would bathe and change into a hostess gown. Brian would wear a smoking jacket. A cocktail in the bar would precede a hasty dinner," she recalls in her autobiography. "After the meal, correspondence had to be answered, business and household details seen to. Lines had to be memorized for the next day's shooting, the alarm set for dawn. Lights were out by ten. Our double bed was scarcely rumpled when the occupants arose in the morning." But as Aherne's film career declined and hers flourished, she was no longer willing to play the role of submissive ingenue. Little remained of their marriage save boredom on her part and a civil inattentiveness on his. In the course of obtaining a divorce, instead of alimony Fontaine asked only to keep the house, upon which, thanks to Aherne's parsimony, she had spent a large portion of her earnings. Alone and happy in 703 Rodeo Drive, she wrote to a childhood companion, "My own house, my own garden, but most of all my own friends, who come to see ME!" She was twenty-four, and eager to embrace the world. □



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Star of *An American in Paris* on Alta Drive
continued from page 189

sion kid who went to school in very bad years," he has said, "I didn't want to move or dance like a rich man. I wanted to do the dance of the proletariat, the movements of the people. I wanted to dress in a sailor suit or a pair of jeans. It was part of my social outlook." Social and artistic: Kelly believed in remaining in character when he danced, and his trademark character was the "ordinary joe." He believed, furthermore, that through dance he could convey what his character felt and thought, even unconsciously (as in the Alter Ego dance in *Cover Girl*, 1944). Dance was to Kelly what words, gestures and movements were to an actor.

In addition to star dancer, Kelly eventually became the choreographer and codirector of his movies. He participated in a general rethinking of the way musicals were structured in the forties and fifties in Hollywood. Dance was no longer an accessory to the plot, artificially cued and unrelated to the story. Kelly helped pioneer the integrated musical, in which the dancing advances the plot (*Singin' in the Rain* is one example), and on the level of specific dances, Kelly's resourcefulness seemed unlimited. Often he had to combat the resistance of his employers, as when he went to talk to Harry Cohn about the Alter Ego dance—"How do you tell a man with not very much creative imagination that you're going to dance with yourself for five or six minutes, and that the dance is meant to represent a man fighting with his conscience?"—but his persistence and his ingenuity usually won out. Kelly was able to pull off such technical feats as his dance with a cartoon in *Anchors Aweigh* (1945) and the daring multiple-location opening of *On the Town* (1949), where "by shooting it on the streets," he has said, "we were trying to gain a whole new look, a whole new feel, and a whole new proscenium for the motion picture musical."

Kelly danced with newspapers and squeaky floorboards, with ropes and ash cans, with mops and brooms, but he did his most original and most beloved work in the early fifties. In *An American in Paris* (1951), Kelly, with producer Freed and director Vincente Minnelli, created the concluding ballet, in which Kelly, as an expatriate painter living on the Left Bank, expresses his state of mind (he's just lost his girl to another man) by dancing through Parisian landscapes interpreted by Impressionist painters. The Kelly of this ballet was a man battling, investigating and expressing his conscience in what is perhaps the most introspective of his on-screen dances. The following year, in the more frolicsome *Singin' in the Rain*, which is usually regarded as the summit of the Hollywood musical, Kelly performed his most famous dance in the title number, which screenwriters Betty Comden and Adolph Green called an "irrepressible ode to optimism."

Irrepressible is an apt word for Gene Kelly. Even—perhaps particularly—as far back as Alta Drive, when Kelly's grand imagination was just firing up, the dancer was known for his fun and his festivity, and at the Beverly Hills house he hosted many joyous parties. The Kellys played a favorite game there, a form of charades Gene imported from New York City that his biographer has described as "insanely competitive and extraordinarily physical." It comes as no real surprise to discover that, amid his rather plain furniture and decorations, the excitement in the Kelly household derived from the physicality—and the gifts—of its star tenant. □

During his tenure on Alta Drive, Gene Kelly was buoyant, inventive and vastly energetic.

The Mercurial Director at St. Clerans
continued from page 205

died before he was able to do so.

Everyone who visited Huston in Ireland seemed to come away with a different impression. To screenwriter Ben Maddow, he was a "Renaissance prince"; to Sartre, "a great Romantic, melancholic and lonely"; to novelist and *New Yorker* cartoonist William Hamilton, he, like Picasso, was a grand old man who liked to size himself up against other grand old men. "They're competitive sons of bitches, or they wouldn't be grand old men!"

Cici Huston, whom Huston made his fifth wife in 1972—when he was sixty-six and she thirty-two—found St. Clerans to be a strange and foreign place. "Cici was as out of place at St. Clerans as anyone could possibly be," Huston said. "This was a little half-Jewish princess from Hollywood in one of the oldest settings in Christendom." The new Mrs. Huston was shocked by the single women who came to visit and by how her husband mismanaged the staff and property. "After I saw the way things were run," she said, "I wanted to re-do the books. I wanted to figure out where all the money was going." She also wanted to fire Huston's loyal staff, something he refused to do.

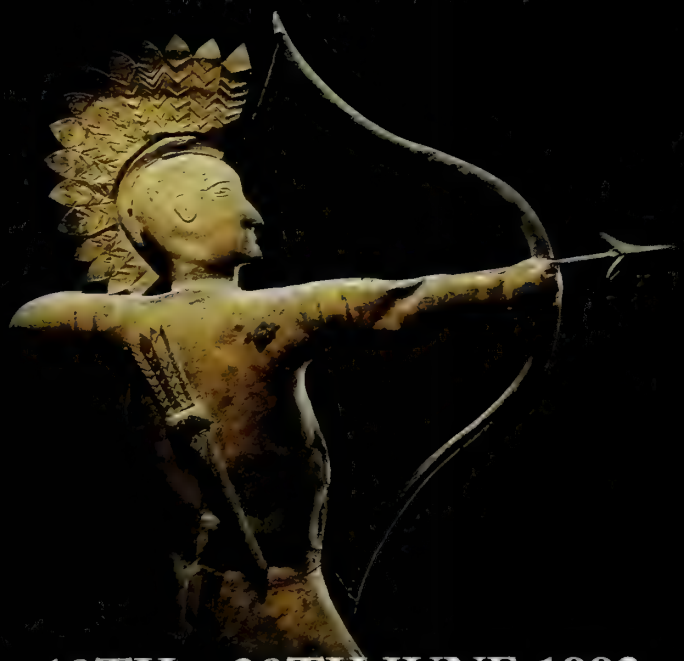
But within two years Huston put St. Clerans up for sale. His emphysema kept him from his beloved fox hunts, Cici had moved back to her house in California, and the cost of keeping the estate had quadrupled. Tony and Anjelica were saddened by the loss of their Irish home, but once Huston made the decision, he proceeded to rid himself of most of his possessions as well.

John Huston and Cici were divorced in 1975, and he went to live in primitive surroundings at Las Caletas, near Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, with his ex-wife's housemaid. He entered into his dark period of filmmaking, starting with *Wise Blood* (1979) and ending with *Under the Volcano* (1984), *Prizzi's Honor* (1985) and *The Dead* (1987). When he died on August 28, 1987, at the age of eighty-one, his last words were, "Just give 'em hell!" □

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Auntie Mame at Home in Beverly Hills
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bred, she was beautiful, she was smart—Hedda Hopper said of her later that she was the only star in Hollywood who wasn't afraid to let her brains show. She was made for comedy—verbal slapstick, anyway—but it took five years before she had a chance at the part that proved this, Sylvia Fowler in *The Women* (1939). "MGM had tested everybody but Lassie and Mrs. Roosevelt," Russell quipped in her memoir, *Life Is a Banquet*. The producer, Hunt Stromberg, thought she was too pretty. The director, George Cukor, wanted Ilka Chase, who had played the role on stage. But Russell went "flat out... very exaggerated" in the screen test, and in the movie she was so successful as the fast-talking, viperous Sylvia that she was able to share above-the-title credit with Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford.

Comedy made her a star, but the typecasting continued. The young sophisticate grew up to become a career woman, an advertising executive or a lawyer or a talent agent. Her wardrobe consisted of four suits and a housecoat. Inevitably, there was a scene in which she sat at a desk, talking on one of her several dozen telephones and leaning to the side to reveal the Empire State Building in the window behind her. "The story was always the same. I was some professional woman... who had 40,000 people working for me, but all I wanted to do was get away from it all and live in Flushing with Fred MacMurray." In Howard Hawks's *His Girl Friday* (1940), Fred MacMurray was Ralph Bellamy instead, a dull insurance man who appears to have lured Russell, as reporter Hildy Johnson, away from her job on Cary Grant's newspaper. Two hours later, after having spoken some of the smartest dialogue ever put on the screen (adapted from *The Front Page* by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur), Russell returns, of course, to her beat. In the world of verbal slapstick, dull insurance brokers and life in Albany crumble when stacked against the intellect and the energy of a big-city newspaper—and sharp, suave Cary Grant.

Russell's first Oscar nomination was for a comedic role as a short story writer in *My Sister Eileen* (1942). The next two came for dramatic performances, as a nurse who worked with crippled children in *Sister Kenny* (1946), a true story that the actress had fought hard to get made, and then, curiously, as Lavinia Mannon in Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* (1947), which Russell herself acknowledged was not her most distinguished performance. Later in her career, after a dearth of good comedic parts, she resurfaced as the ebullient Auntie Mame, playing Patrick Dennis's heroine first on Broadway for one and a half years, then on screen, earning a 1958 Oscar nomination, her fourth for Best Actress. Later still she was given the Academy's 1972 Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award for her extensive charity work.

"Roz is *in* Hollywood, but she's not *of* it," Kay Francis once said of her, and Russell herself described a star as a person who "is aware of weaknesses and has genuine humility." This is not a customary definition, but then Rosalind Russell was not a customary star. She considered herself a character actress all along. She had no patience for temperament. She believed in hard work. In a milieu full of excess, she lived relatively modestly. First there was a rented house in the hills. Then, as she became more successful, she moved up: "Just as I'd needed a white satin dress and a fox stole to make me believe I was really in the movies," she recounts with her usual good humor in *Life Is a Banquet*, "now I needed to move to Beverly Hills, where the chauffeurs matched the cars, the swimming pools were filled with vichyssoise, and even the bicycle thieves made their getaways in silver Bugattis."

Rosalind Russell believed in hard work. In a milieu full of excess, she lived relatively modestly.

When the actress married agent-producer Frederick Brisson in 1941, he told her he wouldn't move into her "cute bachelor house.... He wanted his own place," she recalled. The following year the newlyweds acquired a house that had been recently built on Beverly Drive by actress Mary Boland, and Russell lived there until her death in 1976. "My mother existed in two worlds," Russell's son, Lance Brisson, says. "Obviously, there was the glamorous world of Hollywood and Broadway and high fashion, and the house in Beverly Hills had to support that—there were large closets for her substantial wardrobe and a spacious living room for entertaining, and a couple who lived in. But her other side was very unbuttoned—a woman who shopped at Safeway, wore slacks and a shirt, was very much a wife and mother."

When *Motion Picture* magazine visited Rosalind Russell's "Modern Manor" in 1944, the writer noted "a certain crisp quality, that worldliness and cheerfulness always associated with her. In the modern spirit, yet it reflects here and there with an old rocker, a pair of milk glass lamps, her New England background." Remembering the house with a fond but clearly youthful perspective, Brisson divides it into rooms that were "warmer and more inviting to a child—the den, say, and the dining room, which was always lit by candles, a place where the family got together at the end of the day to talk," and rooms that were "off-limits, such as the living room, which was used mostly for formal parties." Did Rosalind Russell's living room have perhaps a trace of Harriet Craig in it? Brisson laughs. "Certainly not," he says. "Mrs. Craig was a character. My mother was real." □



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The Producer's Valley Farm
continued from page 193

fellow star Irene Rich that she was "making a big mistake....Hal will never amount to anything." In fact, his career spiraled upward, and Fazenda retired in the late 1930s. They quickly became an integral part of Hollywood's youthful film colony.

When Wallis had finally made enough money to build a house of his own, it was in the San Fernando Valley, twenty miles northwest of Los Angeles. He bought sixty acres of rolling land on Woodman Avenue for thirty thousand dollars in 1935. Grassland stretched for miles beyond his property, and the scent of mimosa and honeysuckle filled the air.

Warner Bros. studio was situated in Burbank, also in the Valley, and every weekend after work the Wallises drove out to their land and planned their residence. "We wanted an English-style down-home American farm, and we got it," he wrote. The house was built amid orchards of walnut and apricot trees, and a grape arbor was planted as the white-brick house took shape.

"Our pine-paneled living-room walls surrounded an open hearth," Wallis remembered. "We bought an antique fireplace and fittings from an English manor house, and our oak dining room was a copy of the famous Bell Tavern in England. We collected period furniture, polished brassware, and English china, and combined them with comfortable chintz-covered chairs and leather sofas."

Set back one hundred and fifty feet from the road with electric gates to discourage celebrity-seekers, the house offered great privacy. There was also a pool and a stable. The move to the Valley placed the Wallises outside the social whirl of Hollywood, a choice they had deliberately made. The studio installed projection equipment, and for about two hours after dinner he would run eight to ten reels of rushes, reviewing the film shot the day before by the companies under his control.

The movie screen in the Blue Room, where this equipment was contained, "emerged from the floor by means of some sort of hydraulic mechanism," the Wallises' son, Brent, recalls. "The three Remington paintings were removed from the walls to reveal windows for the 35-millimeter projection machine." The low-ceilinged room (much like a sixteenth-century English workingman's cottage) was used as a gathering place. Films were shown there on weekends, and it was preferred by guests and family over the more formal living room.

Showing shrewd business acumen, Wallis bought other lots in the Valley; one sixty-acre orange grove in the fast-growing section of Encino that he leased to Sunkist; another twenty-acre stretch on what would become the commercial crossing of Ventura and Sepulveda boulevards. He and Louise built a fortune together—developing and increasing their incomes "by putting the land to use, growing quality produce."

But his newfound wealth did not distract him from his one true obsession—making movies. Rather, it gave him the security and the wherewithal to eventually leave Warner Bros.

After dinner, Wallis would run eight to ten reels of rushes.

and form Hal Wallis Productions. Although not quite the prodigious interoffice-memo writer of his contemporary David O. Selznick, he did write one note that was to be long remembered. Sent to all departments at Warner Bros. on December 31, 1941, it read: "*Everybody Comes to Rick's* will hereafter be known as *Casablanca*." Three years later he was on his own after a severe rift between him and Jack Warner.

Problems had been brewing for a long while and reached a crisis on the night of the Oscars. "After it was announced that *Casablanca* had won the Academy Award for Best Picture of the Year," he explained, "I stood up to accept when Jack ran to the stage ahead of me and took the award with a broad, flashing smile and a look of great self-satisfaction. I couldn't believe it was happening. *Casablanca* had been my creation; Jack had absolutely nothing to do with it. As the audience gasped, I tried to get out of the row of seats and into the aisle but the entire Warner family sat blocking me. I had no alternative but to sit down again, humiliated and furious."

This embarrassing blow was to be followed by one far more disconcerting. A letter arrived at breakfast one morning informing the Wallises that the state of California was requisitioning a portion of the land on which their house was built for a junior high school and that it was to be turned over clear of any construction. That meant they would have to not only vacate the premises but tear down their house. It seemed more fantastic than the plot of any film Wallis had ever made. He went to court and was awarded compensation (shockingly low), but the order stood.

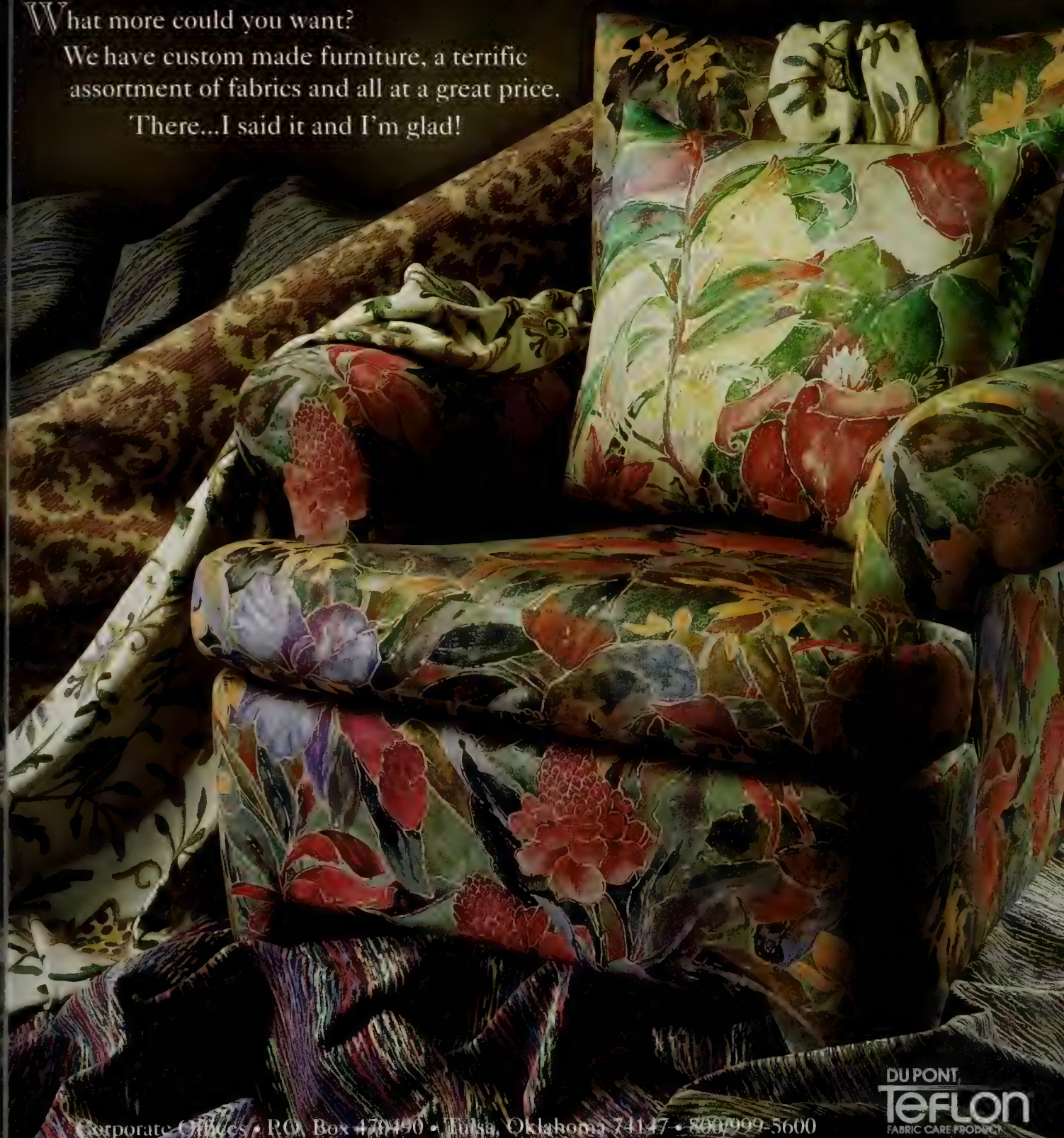
Wallis had been severed almost entirely from his past—at least that portion that involved Warner Bros. and the Woodman Avenue house. Never afraid to follow his own star, he soon had another house and his own production company. He was never again to pick up an Oscar for Best Picture, although *The Rose Tattoo* (1955), *Becket* (1964) and *Anne of the Thousand Days* (1969) were nominated, and many of his independent efforts did win the coveted Best Actor or Best Actress Award for their stars: Shirley Booth for *Come Back, Little Sheba* (1952), Anna Magnani for *The Rose Tattoo* and John Wayne for *True Grit* (1969).

As Katharine Hepburn said about her "thick-and-thin" pal—for whom she had made *The Rainmaker* (1956) and *Rooster Cogburn* (1975)—"He caught the pass and zigged and zagged down the field carrying himself and everything he touched to glory."

Sounds a bit like the old Gipper. □

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To the trade

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Best Actress in *To Each His Own*
continued from page 195

was followed by bravado work in *The Dark Mirror* (1946), *The Snake Pit* and *The Heiress*, films that displayed the true depth of her capabilities.

She and Goodrich rented a comfortable English-style house in Beverly Hills. De Havilland recalls that a sprawling lawn "stretched before the house, where we used to play croquet." The residence contained a bright and charming nursery for their son, Benjamin, born a few months after the completion of *The Heiress*. Bright chintz fabrics covered the furniture and windows.

Despite the fairy-tale quality of the surroundings, the Goodrich marriage did not have a happy ending. After their divorce, de Havilland fairly soon set off for France and England, coming back to the States to act in stage productions. The Daphne du Maurier Victorian melodrama *My Cousin Rachel* (1952) marked her return to films, and shortly after came *Not as a Stranger* (1955) for Stanley Kramer. Kramer, in his first venture as director, had studded the cast and crew with Academy Award recipients, including de Havilland, Frank Sinatra and Broderick Crawford. Despite the blitz of Oscar winners, neither de Havilland's character nor the film was enthusiastically received by the critics.

At this juncture she left Hollywood forever to take up residence in France, where she married Pierre Galante, the editor of *Paris Match*, and she has gracefully bridged the years in the sporadic films she has made since. Still, to moviegoers worldwide she remains frozen in time as Melanie Wilkes, the soft-spoken woman who put love and loyalty above all else. There is an irony in this, for Olivia de Havilland has proved at every turn in her life to have just as much gumption and steel in her character as the wily Scarlett O'Hara. She may have looked the prototype of the sweetly appealing film heroine, but at heart she has always been a maverick with a flinty streak and the courage and determination to fight for her independent viewpoint. □

GENE TIERNEY

Beverly Hills Backdrop for the Enigmatic Star of *Laura*
continued from page 201

sult was like a series of sets that she imagined as a background for herself. When everything was completed, the Cassinis threw a tent party for three hundred people on the lawn, with two orchestras—jazz and Latin—creating a set in which the socialite that Tierney had recently played in *The Razor's Edge* (1946) would have felt perfectly at home.

Her performance in the film of Somerset Maugham's novel was, in the author's eyes, its saving grace. He had originally written the screenplay himself, and George Cukor was going to direct it, but the studio later assigned another writer and director to the project. It was also Gene Tierney's last important role. Apart from the mildly agreeable *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* (1947), a series of workaday movies followed; and by 1951, on location in Argentina for *Way of a Gaucho*, she was seriously disturbed, imagining the director and her costar to be in a conspiracy against her. Three years later, under sedation on the set of *The Left Hand of God*, she had trouble memorizing her lines.

The Cassinis bought a more modest house in Beverly Hills in 1948, and their daughter Christina was born shortly afterward. The couple had separated and reunited several times, and Tierney's affair with John Kennedy had ended in bitter disappointment in 1947 when he said that, as a Catholic, he could never marry a divorced woman. Divorced from Cassini in 1952, she searched for emotional security with Aly Khan, and when that failed, she reached the breaking point. In 1954, after starting to rehearse for a television version of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, she collapsed. She became a patient at the Harkness Pavilion in New York, the Institute for Living in Connecticut, then at the Menninger Clinic in Kansas. In 1960 she married W. Howard Lee, executive of an oil company in Houston and the former husband of Hedy Lamarr. For the rest of her life she lived in Houston, kept relatively stable by antidepressant drugs, working as a fund-raiser for mental illness and cancer research and appearing occasionally in films and television.

In 1962, when no one else would risk employing her, Preminger offered Tierney the role of a Washington hostess in the film *Advise and Consent*. It was a small part that she somehow made indelible, with an anxious radiance and a voice that struck some deeper, ragged, gravelly notes. The rest, like her later films for Fox, was ordinary fare. She retired in 1969, but made one last television appearance in 1980.

Lee died the following year. Gene Tierney continued her social life and good works, and wrote an autobiography, *Self-Portrait*, which was remarkably candid about her mental disorders. As a result of shock treatments, she revealed, she suffered a degree of memory loss. "Pieces of my life just disappeared." And having to face the fact that her daughter's condition was incurable, she wrote, taught her that "where there is no hope, there is no despair." It was an epitaph for herself in a way, as a kind of blankness settled over her face, she gained weight and her voice became permanently gruff. She died in 1991 at the age of seventy. For many years she had insisted that her acting career meant nothing to her anymore, yet she talked about it with surprising recall. One piece of her life, the most illusionary, never disappeared, and as long as *Heaven Can Wait*, *Laura*, *Leave Her to Heaven* and *The Razor's Edge* remain, it never will. □

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HAYWARD AND SULLAVAN

Super-Agent and Nominee for *Three Comrades*
continued from page 209

ing that. I remember Victory Day and how we all got very excited in the Victory garden."

One day Sullavan decided that she wanted to move her Connecticut life to Connecticut. Vowing to retire from the screen and become a mother with a vengeance, she bought a farm in Brookfield—"without considering Father, whose life was still mostly in California," says Brooke, adding, "It was a very selfish thing to do, and she paid a very high emotional price for it." The house in Brentwood was sold (to Fred MacMurray), and in 1945 the Hayward family moved East—to all the years, with all the changes, that lay ahead.

Hayward sold his talent agency to MCA in what was then the most important deal of its kind in the history of the entertainment industry, and went on to a big bow-wow Broadway producing career (*Mister Roberts, South Pacific, The Sound of Music*...). He would marry twice more (Slim Hawks; Pamela Churchill), and die in 1971. Sullavan would marry once more (an Englishman in the malted-milk business); on New Year's Day, 1960, she would take a fatal overdose of barbiturates behind the bolted door of a hotel room in New Haven, where she was trying out a play called *Sweet Love Remembered* (her last film, made a decade before, had been *No Sad Songs for Me*). Nine months later, Bridget, too, would die a shockingly untimely death. Bill, now a lawyer in Los Angeles, would, after some difficult starts in life, coproduce *Easy Rider* with his childhood friend Peter Fonda. And Brooke would grow up to write a magical memoir, *Haywire*, that would bring the five Haywards back in all their shimmering fullness of impression.

The barn—the barn that was built "to keep the kids in"—had cast a long shadow. "Today it's totally removed from the house—somebody separated them," Bill Hayward says. "Now you drive by and you'd never know those houses ever had anything to do with each other." □

VINCENTE MINNELLI

MGM's Visionary Director of *Gigi* and *Lust for Life*
continued from page 219

however, and he sat up to console her. "No, Mama, I'm not dead. I'm not dead. I was *acting!*" After that he remained behind the scenes, shuttling between grandparents in Chicago and Delaware, Ohio, where he graduated from high school in 1921.

After graduation he wanted to study art in Paris, but he settled for Chicago, taking classes at the Chicago Art Institute while he supported himself dressing windows at Marshall Field's. His flair was immediately apparent, and he was soon designing sets and costumes for the city's leading chain of movie theaters, which produced lavish stage shows to supplement its screen fare. When the Chicago chain merged with one in New York in 1931, he transferred his skills to Manhattan. Two years later he became art director for the brand-new Radio City Music Hall. By the middle of the decade he was directing Broadway shows and revues, winning such applause with his stylistic daring that one critic dubbed him the "theater's major magician of the moment."

Then as now, the road to Hollywood often ran down the middle of Broadway, and in 1936 Paramount invited him to Hollywood. The Paramount moguls did not know what to do with such a sophisticated talent, however, and after several months of lucrative inactivity the disgusted Minnelli bought out his contract and returned to New York.

A few years later MGM producer Arthur Freed convinced Minnelli to give the movies another try, and he became a member of the now-legendary Freed unit, which produced almost all of the great MGM musicals of the following two decades.

Minnelli and Garland fell in love on the set of *Meet Me in St. Louis*. He then went on to direct two more of her most memorable movies, *The Clock* (1945) and *The Pirate* (1948), as well as the cameo appearances she made in *Ziegfeld Follies* (1945) and *Till the Clouds Roll By* (1946). Their marriage ended in divorce in 1951, but not before they had produced a daughter, Liza, who went on to show-business fame of her own.

During the thirties, visitors had wondered at Minnelli's modernistic Manhattan apartment, which was the stark statement of a young man on the go, all blue and white, with a bright red bath. The Beverly Hills house he lived in for the last decades of his life—he died there in 1986—was, by contrast, a soothing retreat from the rigors and long hours of the studio. Built in 1952 by architect John Wolf to resemble a villa in the south of France, it was decorated by the late Val Arnold, who was one of the few interior designers Minnelli admired, says his widow, Lee.

Soft beiges predominate in the living room and in Minnelli's painting studio, but his study is given over to a gentle raspberry red. Here and there are accents of yellow, his favorite color, and scattered throughout the house are, most appropriately, his many awards and mementos of his thirty-five movies. For all of his elegance, his Cerruti suits and his love of good food and wine, Minnelli thought of himself, first and foremost, as a craftsman in a demanding trade. He said that he wanted his tombstone to read: "Here lies Vincente Minnelli. He died of hard work." □

Minnelli's films, more than those of any other director, came to represent the MGM style of its golden years: a visual opulence combined with an unshakable self-confidence.


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LES ANIMAUX BOUTIQUE

DEBORAH KERR

Six-Time Nominee in Pacific Palisades
continued from page 221

Offering herself to an anxious young man, Kerr delivered one of the immortal curtain lines in theater history: "Years from now, when you talk about this—and you will—be kind." In other stage roles, Kerr conveyed fully rounded characters, whether speaking the densely poetic diction of Edward Albee in *Seascape* or the tense monologues of the aging, addicted mother in Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*.

While working in Hollywood, she lived in Pacific Palisades, in western Los Angeles overlooking the ocean. There, she raised her two daughters (by her first husband, Anthony Bartley), entertained friends and colleagues, studied roles meticulously, read widely, played piano and tended the gardens surrounding her Mediterranean-style house—a place considered quite grand by later standards, although it was built in the 1930s as a guesthouse for an even larger mansion. "It had never been used," Kerr recalls, "and when the large estate was sold, a fence divided my house from others on the property. I planted rambler roses along that fence, and red and white camellias, all of which

"I was sad when I had to sell the house and return to Europe."

flourished in the acid soil of the eucalyptus trees. They had obviously been planted years ago, and their roots held the cliff edge very safely. It was a lovely spot, and I was sad when I had to sell the house and return to Europe." Now she lives in retirement in Switzerland with her second husband, writer Peter Viertel.

Deborah Kerr is in life what she was on screen—a polished gentlewoman. Her uncommon blend of composed sophistication, womanly sentiment and unstudied charm can never be imitated. In cruder times, that lovely amalgam of gifts is dearly missed. □

WILLIAM GOETZ

Prolific Producer's Holmby Hills Collection
continued from page 225

of 1948, Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*.

In the early fifties William Goetz left Universal to become an independent producer, and he came into his own. Meantime, David Selznick found himself struggling to put independent productions together, and their father-in-law had been deposed at MGM. Goetz's 1957 production of *Sayonara* was nominated for Best Picture and won four Academy Awards.

Socially, the Goetzes' star had ascended even higher, as invitations to their residence in Holmby Hills had become the most coveted in Hollywood. The gray, two-story house, with its boxy wrought-iron porte cochere, dramatically opened into nothing less than one of the finest private collections of French Impressionist art in America. To one side of the entrance hall was a study—with a portrait by van Gogh presiding over the fireplace—that closed into a small library.

On the other side of the entrance hall lay a magnificent dining room, with a Sheraton table that seated eighteen comfortably, Georgian silver and four silver candelabra adding luster to Bonnard's *Le Déjeuner* and Degas's *Two Dancers in Repose*.

The centerpiece of the house was the airy living room, simply decorated by William Haines so as not to detract from the art. One long wall showcased two Cézannes, a Renoir still life and portraits by Bonnard, Manet and Picasso; a Degas sculpture of a dancer stood on a low table. Another wall held a Monet, a Sisley and a Toulouse-Lautrec, which were bolted to a panel that automatically lifted to convert the private art gallery into a fully equipped screening room.

As the Goetzes' social life expanded, Laura Mako was commissioned to remodel their terrace in order to create additional entertaining space. From the newly decorated living room, one could look onto the lushly planted, canopied terrace, which in turn gave way to more than an acre of lawns and pool.

For more than three decades Hollywood nobility trooped regularly to the Goetzes' parties, each of which Edie scrupulously logged. The most conspicuously absent names on these rosters were Edie's sister and father. Indeed, her relationship with Mayer took a turn for the worse in the fifties, as the aging mogul, desperate to return to MGM from studio exile, was rebuffed again by her husband. Edie and her father stopped speaking to each other altogether, even as his health gave out. Over the years Hollywood heard countless reasons for this ultimate rift—ranging from disputes over politics to racehorses—but they all boiled down to Mayer's simply finding the Goetzes thankless

Invitations to their house were the most coveted in Hollywood.

children, sharper than a serpent's tooth. Mayer died in 1957, and his will specifically denied Edie—and all other members of the Goetz family—any claim to his estate.

Bill Goetz died in 1969, and Edie lived in her palatial house until her death in 1988, alone except for a phalanx of servants. The parties stopped, but when a visitor came to call one afternoon in 1981, she waxed nostalgic for hours with tales about the mythical kingdom in which she grew up and reigned. This dowager queen took unusual pride in her staff, particularly her butler, who, she boasted more than once, had served the Queen Mother in Buckingham Palace.

When it came time to leave, Mrs. Goetz showed her guest to the entrance hall, but the vaunted butler was, inexplicably, not to be found. He fumbled for a moment or two with the tricky front-door latch, until he finally admitted, "Mrs. Goetz, I'm having trouble with this door. Can you tell me how to open it?"

"No," she said, without a trace of irony. "Doors have always been opened for me." □

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EDITH HEAD

The Award-Winning Costume Designer's Hacienda-Style Retreat in Beverly Hills
continued from page 227

abeth Taylor always fought for violet; and Kim Novak loathed gray. Men, Edith Head claimed, never gave her much trouble at all, except for John Wayne. "Every woman in a Wayne film had to conform to what he was wearing," she remembered. She usually worked on five or six movies at once, supervising tailors and artists, approving or modifying designs she could not create on her own, and meeting with producers, directors, artists and cameramen.

Life at home with her husband, Academy Award–winning art director Wiard ("Bill") Ihnen, was much calmer. The couple, both of whom lived past eighty, resided quietly at Casa Ladera, their Mexican-hacienda-style California house. It was situated on more than five acres in Beverly Hills, with tennis courts and a separate architectural workshop for Ihnen, who was also an architect. Constructed in around 1915 as the main building on a sheep ranch, the one-story whitewashed adobe nestled snugly in Coldwater Canyon and was approached via pillared gates and a long gravel driveway.

"When I first saw the house," Ihnen once said, "I behaved like a dummy, praising it so much I knew I was in a weak bargaining position. I went back to Edith and said, 'When you go to see the house, you'd better find fault with it. Complain about everything. Then maybe we'll get it at a price we can afford.'" She did just that, walking through the spacious rooms, admiring the arches and fireplaces and mumbling, "Gee whiz, this isn't what I had in mind at all. These arches will have to come out, and I can't live with the fireplaces."

An old ploy, but it worked for them in 1949, and Casa Ladera became their dream house for the next three decades. Ihnen remodeled Casa Ladera himself, designing and building the furniture, adding wings and closets and refinishing rooms to accommodate the objects of Hispanic culture and folklore that he and Edith adored. The cool, red-tiled rooms recalled a cheerful cantina, and everywhere was a profusion of tin masks, baskets, woolen braids, sombreros and fanciful Mexican figures. Bold paintings by Ihnen and by Mexican artists such as Ramos Martinez graced the living room and large Mexican-style kitchen, whose stove was carved out of natural rock.

The house was "like a resort," as Edith Head remarked, "and so we never have to escape on vacation, except to Mexico, to find things to bring back." All the beamed interior rooms opened directly onto the vast terra-cotta-tiled patio, which was shaded by tropical trees and arrayed with tubs of plants and flowers. A second kitchen, dining area and bar were also located around the patio. "Here, I come home to a life that has nothing to do with movies," she explained. "Bill and I don't go to big, splashy Hollywood parties, and when we have a few friends for dinner I can wear the kind of eye-popping housecoats I love, and colorful Mexican blouses and skirts."

Only Edith Head's bedroom broke the dominant Spanish colonial atmosphere. She had a passion for French provincial and would not yield a prized boudoir set for the sake of mere congruence. "Everyone has a personal definition of home," Edith Head once said. "Mine is simple. It's the place where I can be myself."

Ironically, she suffered a lifelong inferiority complex about her own style and appearance. "I always wanted to look like Shirley Temple," Edith said not long before her death. "But the mirror told me I was a zero with thick glasses and straight hair. It was years before I had any confidence and learned to smile."

Enigmatic and even (to some casual observers) severe, Edith Head was every actor's ideal designer—endlessly imaginative, reflective, patient and completely dedicated to the integrity of a film's character. And her essential warmth and simplicity were immediately evident to the fortunate few admitted to her circle of life at home. □

SAMMY CAHN

Bicoastal Lives of the Master Lyricist
continued from page 231

ten so that I hate to type the last one, because as soon as I do, the phone rings with another request!"

During the first third of his life, Sammy Cahn resided in New York; during the second third, in Los Angeles; now, with Tita Cahn, his wife of twenty-one years, the songwriter moves back and forth between a bright two-bedroom apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side and a contemporary house in Beverly Hills.

"Both places are extremely personal," Tita Cahn says. "They're full of memorabilia from Sammy's career and objects that mean something to us—a Warhol print of Gershwin; a sculpture titled *Gemini* for Sammy; collections of rams for me—I'm an Aries." When the Cahns married, Sammy had been living in the Beverly Hills house for about five years, but he says, "It's now very much Tita Cahn's house. She's transformed it." "Structurally, I've done very little," she explains. "The house has excellent bones. It's very modern, with lots of glass, terrazzo and travertine. Mostly I've just freshened it up over the years, given it a face-lift or two.

"A word is only as great as the note it sits under."

It's a sunny, friendly house. A very personal house."

Does Sammy Cahn prefer one city over the other? "I used to love New York. It's still fantastic—from the air. Now I know why the buildings are so high—to get away from the dirt." Still, Cahn has written dozens of lyrics about New York; has he any about Los Angeles in his capacious memory? "Just one," he says. And then with a throaty, mocking warble, he sings: "They got no sewers and they got no drains/They don't need sewers 'cause it never rains;/How in the world can you wash away the pains?/Don't fall in love in L.A." □

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A Spacious New York Apartment for *Key Largo*'s Best Supporting Actress
continued from page 237

And out of that came Hollywood."

Irving Thalberg, MGM's boy wonder, offered Trevor a contract. "He told me it takes seven years to make a star—that seemed like a lifetime, so I turned him down flat," she says. The Fox Film Corporation was quick to sign her to a five-year contract, and in May 1933 Trevor left for the coast—not alone. "My father was so strict he insisted that my mother accompany me to Hollywood and live with me there. Well, she was ready for anything—she was full of Irish humor and love and excitement. She adored being on the set. When we had to work till two or three in the morning, she was thrilled—it was a party."

Just two days after Trevor hit town she was given the leading role in a western called *Life in the Raw*. By the end of that first year she had starred in half a dozen Fox quickies, and she went on to make more than twenty-five other low-budget movies in five years—thus her Hollywood title "the queen of the B's."

Mostly, Claire Trevor played major roles in minor productions and minor roles in major productions. She portrayed her fair share of fiery frontier gals, nosy reporters and wisecracking secretaries, nurses and navy wives and walk-through-the-picture heroines (she was, to take one shining example, Mrs. Ruth to William Bendix's Babe). But after *Dead End* she would play her unfair share of trollops and gun molls, hard-boiled blondes with "larceny in their eyes" and shady ladies with a past. It has been said that the movies made a lot of good women go bad but that few did it as often as Claire Trevor, or as well.

Among her most remembered roles is that of the evil Velma, "cute as lace pants," in the 1944 film noir *Murder, My Sweet*. Her portrayal of a warm-hearted kept woman in William Wellman's *The High and the Mighty* in 1954 brought her her third Academy Award nomination. Two years later she starred opposite Fredric March in a television production of *Dodsworth*, winning a Best Actress Emmy for her portrayal of Fran, the brittle middle-aged midwestern grandmother fighting to stay young with a futile frenzy. She played Natalie Wood's vigilant mother in *Marjorie Morningstar* in 1958, Richard Beymer's in *The Stripper* in 1963 and Sally Field's in *Kiss Me Goodbye*—her farewell performance in the movies—in 1982.

"Hollywood means a long time ago to me," Trevor points out, "because before I moved to New York [in 1981] I lived in Newport Beach for twenty-five years." She and her third husband, producer Milton Bren, whom she married in 1948, spent months on end sailing on their North Sea trawler *The Lady Claire*, which was docked in front of their house. "Milton had a hobby that turned into a fortune," she says. "He built office buildings on Sunset Boulevard near Doheny—David Geffen bought them from me." Bren died in 1978.

Claire Trevor moved into her present apartment in 1989. With four bedrooms and three baths, it had the blended bounty of the country house in Connecticut she'd just sold and the smaller apartment she'd been living in upstairs in the same building. Thanks to its *parquet de Versailles* floors and high ceilings, its generous entrance hall and extravagantly large living room—"I think they're the best-proportioned rooms in New York," she pronounces—the apartment feels more like a house. When Trevor hesitated to take on such an ample establishment, her stepson, billionaire real estate developer Donald Bren, counseled her, "You'll get used to it, it's better to have more space than not enough." She adds with a laugh, "I guess he ought to know—he owns the Irvine Ranch."

Invited to muse on the mainsprings of her character and career, Claire Trevor offers, "I learned my craft. I worked hard—like a demon, actually, because I worked so much. I was paid nicely. But let's face it," she smiles, "the parts I would have given my soul for—real women, real parts—Bette Davis got." □

Moonstruck's Best Actress in Malibu
continued from page 243

up. But while the house was intended to be extremely casual, Cher shudders at the idea of someone actually putting shoes on her furniture. "I don't want people to do that," she says. "I'm really finicky about that stuff. I like things exactly in their proper place, very neat, very clean."

She also insists that everything be in place before she moves into any house. "She will not make a move unless it's absolutely finished down to the last item," Ron Wilson says. "She has an enormous collection of crucifixes that are of tremendous importance to her. They have to be strategically placed around the house. So does the baby grand piano that she's had for years and that must go in the living room." There's also a Moroccan chest of drawers that Cher has had for fifteen years, which goes in her bedroom. "It's got a marble top," she says, "and it's not even that beautiful, but it's something I really like. I've got a little egret stool from Paris, turn-of-the-century Egyptian, and a big wooden statue of a cat that I've kept. And my snakes—I really love snakes." The snakes are not real but take many forms—from lamps on her night tables to medieval-looking candelabra to the two snake-framed mirrors in the entrance hall.

But why, one must ask, does Cher keep moving from house to house? Ron Wilson says it's because she loves the process. "She probably loves decoration more than I do," he says. "And she drives herself to the point of making herself as good as she can make herself. That's what she does to other people. That is definitely what she has done to me."

So as good as this new house might be, for Cher it's only temporary. She still has this vision of a 20,000-square-foot walled fortress, shimmering like a mirage in the Sahara. It's what she wants to do next, though she doesn't yet know where. "Who knows what's going to happen next?" Ron Wilson says. "Especially when she gets a feeling for something else. There will indeed be another house." □

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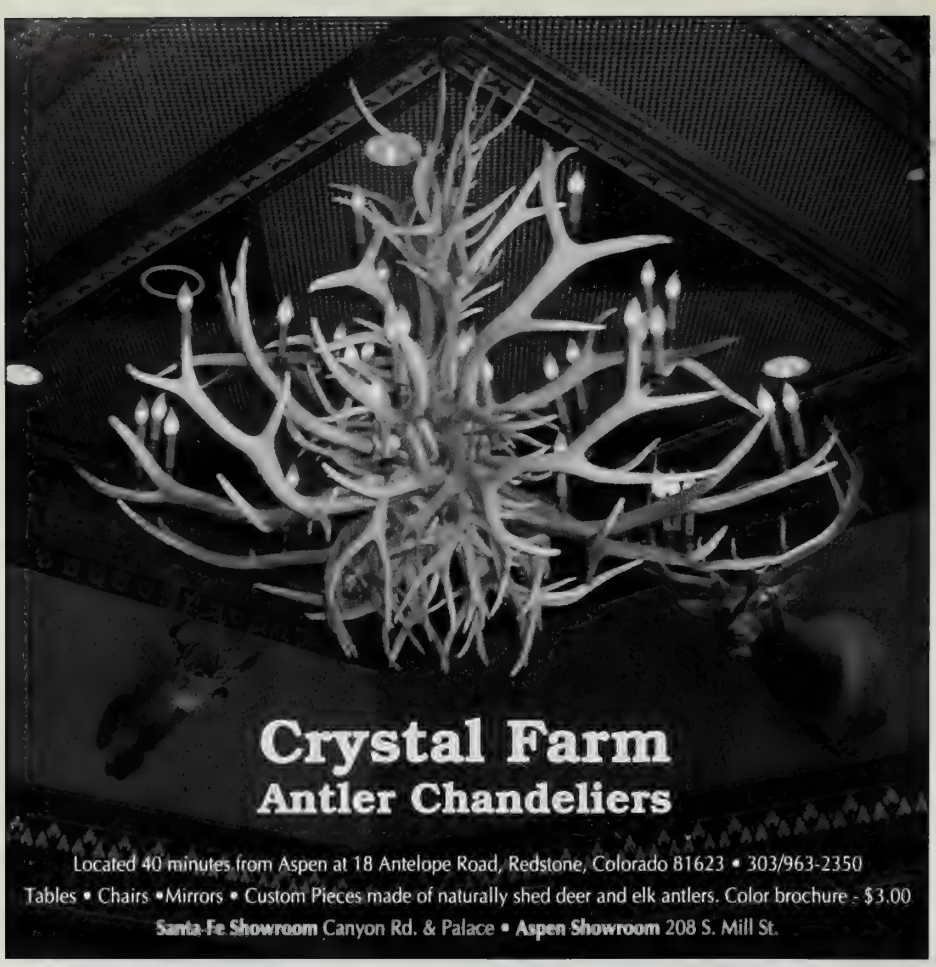
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Wall Street's Best Actor in Manhattan
continued from page 249

a small town—its one horse being the film business. Michael and I both wanted more social texture, more reality, especially for our son."

Perhaps taking her accomplished mother as a model, Diandra embarked in New York on a career in film that didn't exploit Michael's fame or clout. She found a partner and started a company that has produced documentaries for the Smithsonian, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Time Warner. Her current project is a film biography of ceramist Beatrice Wood, the muse of Marcel Duchamp. "The documentary is my real love," she says. "My mission has been to make the experience of art accessible, through film, to people who would never have the chance to visit museums or to meet artists firsthand."

Michael Douglas has his own full house of diverse projects. This spring he costars as an "elegant spy" with Melanie Griffith in *Shining Through*, a World War II love story. He plays what his wife calls a "low-down, aggressive and mixed-up cop" in *Basic Instinct*, a thriller set in San Francisco, a city familiar to him from the television series *The Streets of San Francisco*.

And what, precisely, is his role in this successful design venture? One gathers that he plays the marginal but key part of the Incredibly Busy Husband—including the check-signing scenes—with the same charisma he brings to the screen.

"He does terrific Craig and Diandra impersonations," Wright confides, "while periodically threatening to have us both committed." His wife calls him "our barometer," adding, "He gives us practical advice. He has a great eye for art, and it was his idea to collect the Hudson River School."

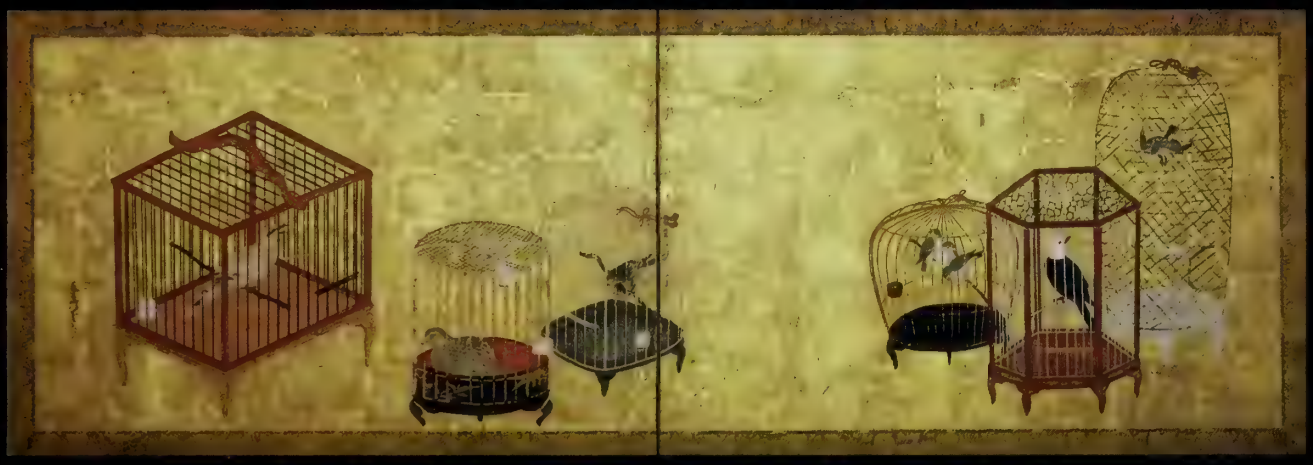
More important, perhaps, Michael Douglas was detached enough from the day-to-day frustrations of a complex project to provide what his wife calls "the leavening" for it. It is, after all, only when you're not the producer that you can afford to tell your talent, "There's enough time, there's enough money, let's just be happy." □

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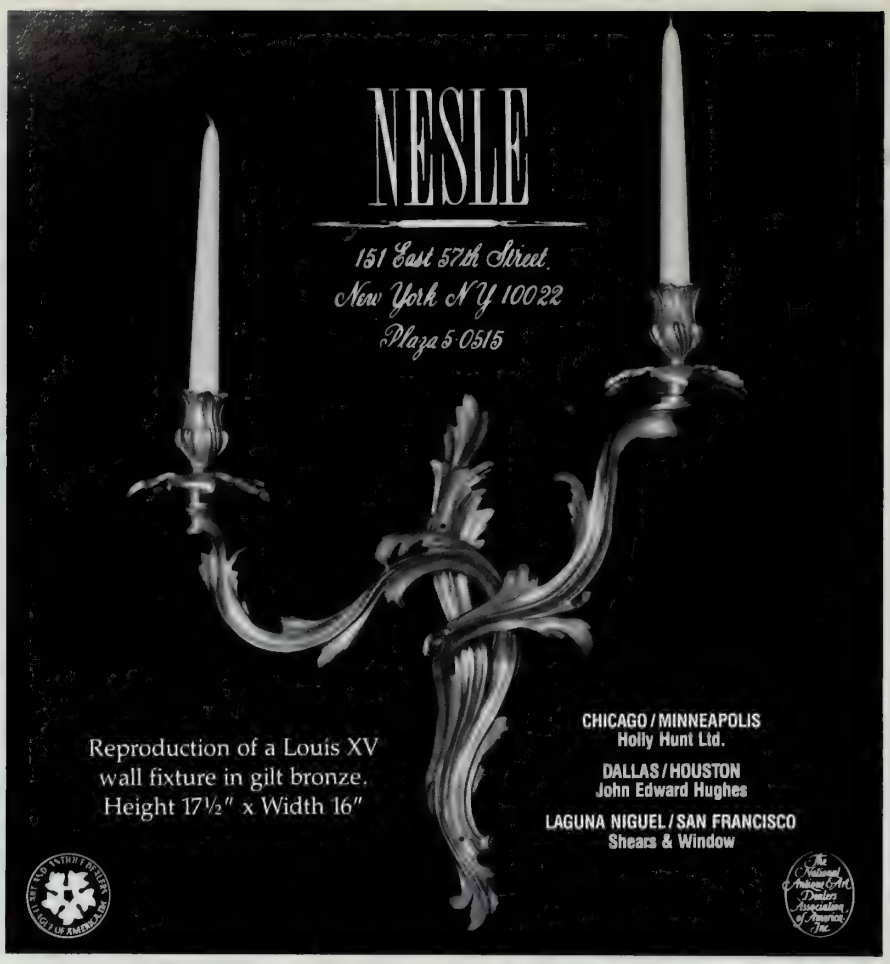
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Best Actor in *Stalag 17* in His Valley House
continued from page 252

all the fun. We knew now that there was spring steel inside him, and it gave his work tension and energy even when he kept it coiled. He made a great playboy (for Wilder again) in *Sabrina* (1954), and he was good at suggesting the hidden furies that nag ambitious men (*Executive Suite* and *The Country Girl*, both 1954). He was emotionally right as the sexy lead in *Picnic* (1955), despite being physically wrong for a part that should have been played by a postadolescent.

But the strain of living with a divided nature began to tell in the early sixties. He drifted out of marriage and started drifting around the world (at one point he was traveling between Hong Kong, Switzerland and Africa). He drank and worked inordinately—but not on his movies. What claimed most of his attention was wildlife preservation. On the set he was always the punctilious professional, but he was casual, apparently indifferent, in his choice of roles. When director Daniel Mann complimented him on his work and asked if he didn't get a kick out of doing it well, Holden replied, "Not really, Danny. All the rough edges have worn smooth. I don't get much out of it anymore."

Still, there were some privileged moments in those later years, mostly when he played rueful old pros for whom wayward life offered wry amusement but no pleasant surprises. One thinks of *The Wild Bunch* (1969), *Network* (1976) and his last picture, *S.O.B.* (1981). Near the end of his biography of Holden, Bob Thomas gives this epitaph by Wilder: "Here was a most successful man who virtually abandons his profession to take care of endangered species. He does not care about himself, indeed he kills himself. What he didn't realize was that he himself was an endangered species: the beautiful American." That, of course, is the heart of the matter. American men, especially of Holden's generation, did not believe they had permission to be beautiful. They could shoulder the other burdens of life, but never that one. □

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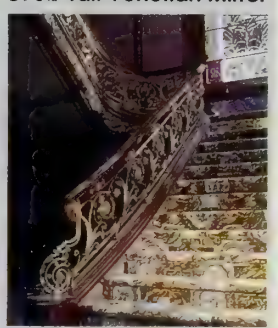
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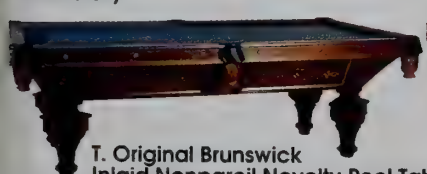
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Casting Call

The best-kept secret in Hollywood? Studio staff shops that will reproduce fountains, friezes, columns, seraphim, corbels, moldings and many other architectural elements from the sets of motion pictures.

"From the 1920s to the 40s, a lot of plasterers who worked on cathedrals and similar buildings in Europe came to work for the studios on major Hollywood productions," points out a spokesman at **Twentieth Century Fox**. "Fortunately, we have a lot of those molds left because few know the plastering craft now and have the patience to do the detail work. We sell elaborate cornice molds that aren't made anymore." Fox, like other studios, offers its plaster-casting services not only to art directors from other studios but also to architects, builders and interior designers. If, for example, you want a copy of the Art Nouveau fountain in *Hello, Dolly!* workers can walk over to Dolly Street on the studio lot and take a mold off the original fountain. Using drawings that remain from *The Sound of Music*, Fox's staff shop can also re-create the moldings in the von Trapp family's Rococo ballroom (above). By appointment only. Twentieth Century Fox, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 90035; 310-203-2413.





Warner Bros. operates one of the largest staff shops in the film industry (left), with some 6,000 models for everything from classical statuary and primitive idols to capitals in all five architectural orders. "I love having production designers come in here because it's like watching a k d in a candy shop," says Warners' staff shop manager, Gerald Magusen, who has the original bird from *The Maltese Falcon* perched on a shelf in his office. Seekers of Camelot might like a copy of an ornate cartouche of a knight's helmet resting atop a shield encircled by trailing vines. Or a frieze of leaves, birds and vines used in an Oriental temple in *The Sand Pebbles*. By next year, Warners' staff shop will add a slew of moldings made for the Caped Crusader's mansion in *Batman Returns* and Mayan blocks used as columns in *The Bodyguard*, an upcoming Kevin Costner film. By appointment only. Warner Bros., 4000 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91522; 818-954-2269.

For those who admired the Aztec-style mansion in *Rocketeer* or the fountain in *Splash* (below), the **Walt Disney Company**'s staff shop can re-create any of the architectural ornamentation from those films. Because of the shop's experience in working on Disney's theme parks (such as producing the detailing for the Doge's Palace façade at Disney World), employees can handily make large items—fountains, archways and other outdoor embellishments and statuary, explains Antony Richards, coordinator of studio operations. By appointment only. Walt Disney Company, 500 S. Buena Vista, Burbank, CA 91521; 818-560-5976.



Universal City Studios still has the original set from the 1943 version of *The Phantom of the Opera*, balcony, columns, capitals and all. Like the other studios, Universal makes plaster items as well as wood moldings, says Stephen Spencer, who runs the studio's staff shop. By appointment only. Universal City Studios, 100 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, CA 91608; 818-777-2337.

Paramount Pictures, which has over 1,000 moldings, brackets and capitals dating back to the 1930s, already has a considerable business working with building contractors. Staff shop head George Samson says his crew just finished an oval fiberglass dome ceiling commissioned for a southern California home. By appointment only. Paramount Pictures, 5555 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 90038; 213-956-5176.

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To Stephen Shadley, New York art dealer **Janet Marqusee** is a true find because of the artists she has discovered over the years. Marqusee, who specializes in American paintings from the 1920s to the 40s, represents nearly 20 artists whose work fits into the genre of social realism—portraits of families picnicking, miners at work, women hanging laundry, boxers in the ring, factory smokestacks.

"I look for things that express the period," she says. She once chanced upon a painting that looked like a Sheeler and tracked down the artist, an octogenarian named Wade White who had stashed his paintings in his attic. Now she represents White, to the delight of Shadley and other clients who admire the artist's precisionist cityscapes (right). Says Marqusee, "There are only about 20 known precisionist painters, such as Georgia O'Keeffe. They were forgotten when Abstract Expressionism became popular." By appointment only. Janet Marqusee Fine Arts, Box 851, Lenox Hill Station, New York 10021; 212-744-4070.



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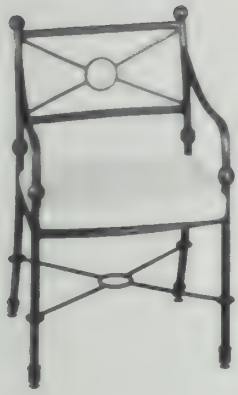
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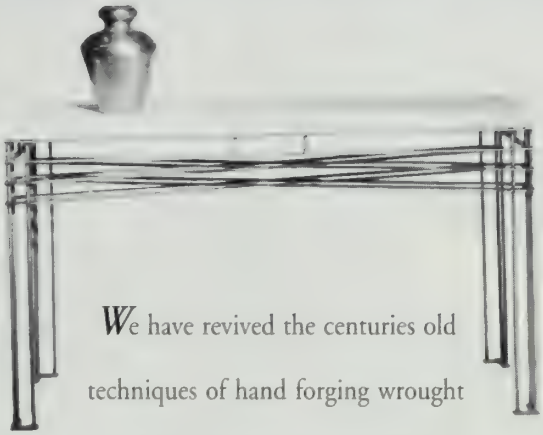
For the third year in a row, *Architectural Digest* and the **Smithsonian Institution's Campus on the Mall** (a division of the Resident Associate Program) will present six sessions on the practical aspects of interior design. Chaired by Editor-in-Chief Paige Rense, the forum will be held every Tuesday evening from April 14 to May 19 at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C.

Tom Britt and Mimi London will discuss each phase of a design project in "Before and After"; Bunny Williams, Sam Botero and David Anthony Easton reveal their sources in "Shopping Abroad"; "A Case History: Designing Your Own Home" is the subject for Carleton Varney; *AD* Art and Antiques Editor Don Erickson and Contributing Editor Jeffrey Simpson focus on "Antiques and Showrooms: The Northeast Corridor"; "Before and After" is the topic again for Juan Pablo Molyneux and Jay Spectre; "Celebrity Night," with a closing party, brings together Karin Blake, Linda Marder and Bob Patino. The program is $90 for *Architectural Digest* subscribers and Resident Associate members; $130 for nonmembers. For more information, call 202-357-3030.

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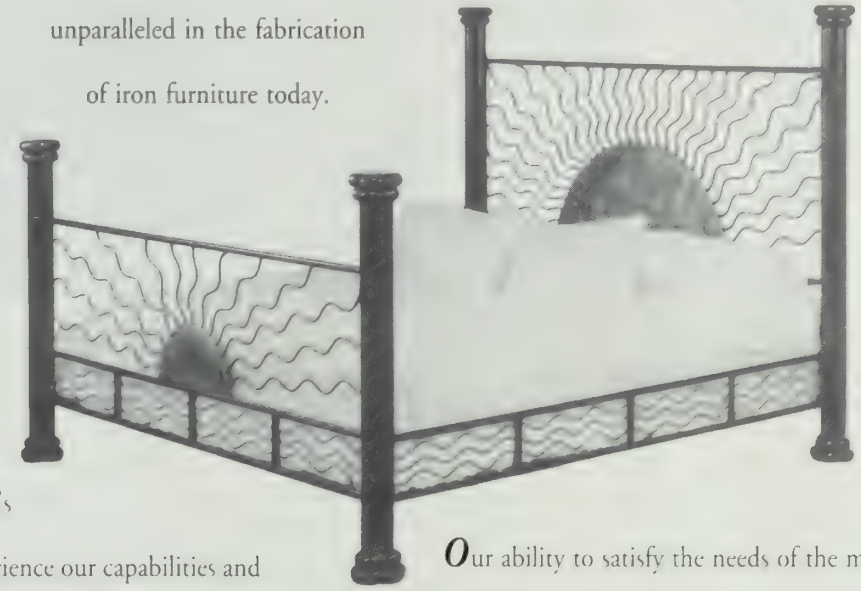






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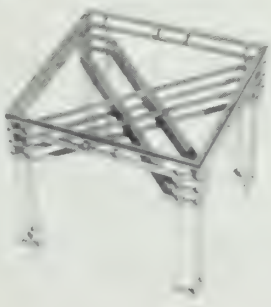


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In the Showrooms

To help create the perfect cocoon for the 1990s, **Cowtan & Tout** is making forays into the country cottage look. In its new spring collection are three print fabrics that are whimsical and sprightly in a way that the old English chintzes and taffetas never were. *Les Animaux Exotiques* sprinkles a faintly polka-dotted cotton background with small animals—some exotic geographically, such as the camel, the leopard and the elephant; some exotic in appearance, such as the porcupine; and some so exotic that they're imaginary, such as the griffin and the unicorn. Each animal exists in its own irregularly shaped bubble and is printed in taupe; the surrounding space is cream, and the backgrounds come in various colors ranging from cinnabar and azure to thistle (a shade of green). *Aylesbury* twines vines and buds around star bursts of color within which there are small prints of various country flowers—wild roses, cornflowers, thistles—in the same range of colors as *Les Animaux Exotiques*, with the addition of rose and moss. Finally, a complement to either of those, *Kayla* prints a small, close sign across a rough cotton fabric. The pattern is in white, and the background comes in maize, sage, terracotta, delft and nutmeg.



Clarence House celebrates the pleasures of life with a lively printed cotton-and-linen fabric called *Leçon du Tennis* (above right), taken from a design created by Raoul Dufy in the 1930s. The original, in Schiaparelli shocking pink and cream, has been re-created along with sand, grape, blue and green, as well as a striking black-and-cream combination. Surrealistic leaves surround the tennis players, and the net and graveled court are printed in positive/negative patterns of cream and color. Another, very new printed fabric at Clarence House is *Canterbury* (above left), taken from a 19th-century French printed fabric. It shows the full grandeur of Gothic cathedral windows, rose medallions, delicate stone mullions, armorial stained glass and all, divided by columns of niches, each dignified by a different stone saint. This romantic design comes in one color combination with dark red, black and shades of gray on cream, recalling the colors of a 19th-century engraving.

The new **Bergamo Rubelli** showroom in New York's D&D Building (*AD-at-Large*, Oct. 1991) has some handsome woven brocades that are very different from the toilelike printed fabrics in its permanent collection. *Derson Quzala* is a brocade with a geometric pattern, Art Déco in feeling, with fluid forms within the geometric shapes. The difference is in the bold color combinations. One mixes scarlet, old gold, lime green, cerise and salmon; another mixes black, red, gold and brown. A second brocade, called *Zagorsk*, has arching bands of brown, gold and red against backgrounds of deep purple, mauve and gold.

Private Screening

Paravent co-owner Mark Aldbrook has received many special requests for his company's screens (below). For a ski chalet in Gstaad, he produced a threefold trompe-l'oeil screen decorated with authentic old skis and paraphernalia to hide the residents' skis. Clients in Florida requested a screen with large-scale conch designs that were applied with a stencil, then handpainted and airbrushed.

"Mark has screens—such as sheets of lacquer with Picasso-like paintings on them—that are not stereotypical," designer Nicholas Haslam says. Paravent also sells antique screens, paints murals and has a restoration service. Paravent, Design and Decoration Building, 107A Pimlico Rd., London SW1 8PH; 71-602-2044. Also available at Bittersweet, 3630 South Dixie Hwy., West Palm Beach, FL 33405; 407-655-2313.





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EILEEN COLTON



To Carpet, To Carpet

Ron Bradshaw, David Laws, Jay Spectre and other designers all have availed themselves of Eddy and Arto Keshishian's repertoire of antique Oriental and Aubusson carpets. Now **Keshishian** has set up shop on Pimlico Road, open to the public for the first time. The brothers' supply is dominated by large floorcoverings. "We get calls from major estates for carpets 25 by 15 feet and bigger," Eddy Keshishian says. The brothers say they are very selective about the Zieglers, Bijars (above left) and Agras they acquire. "Col[illegible] of design and borders are things we look at," Eddy Keshishian says. "We're very particular about color, especially about faded tapestries." One uncommon piece is an Arts and Crafts carpet designed by G. Morton, ca. 1908 (above right). Keshishian, 73 Pimlico Rd., London SW1W 8NE; 71-730-8810.

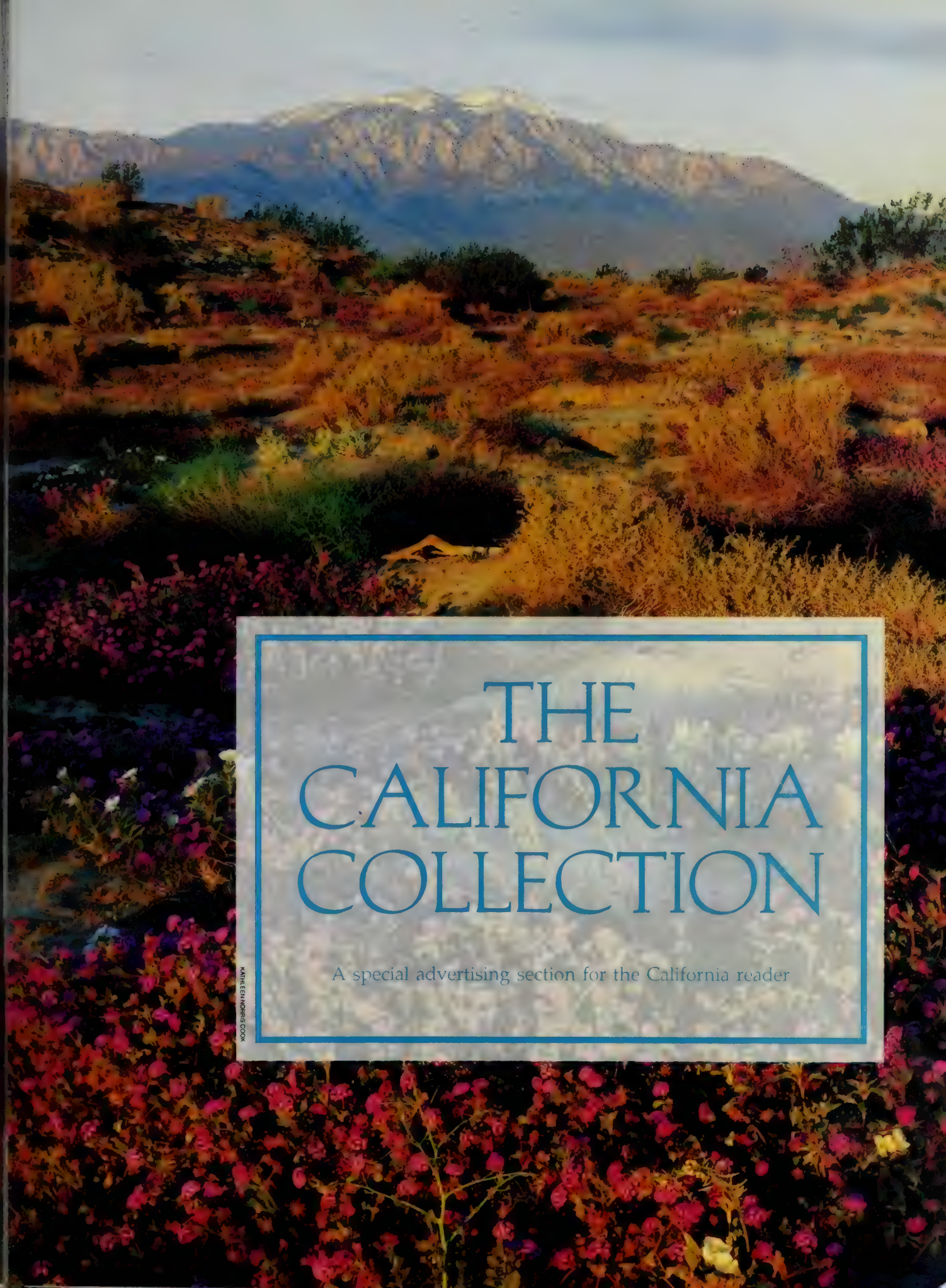
Wonderful, Wonderful Copenhagen

It's a pilgrimage Anthony Hail delights in making every year, and each time he goes to Copenhagen he turns up more decorative furnishings sources.

Located on the same street as Hans Christian Andersen's house museum is **Passer Antiques**, which specializes in 17th- and 18th-century Continental furniture (below right) and ceramics. Hail found an 18th-century Gustavian sideboard with eglomise panels in grisaille depicting Pompeian scenes. He also saw a Gustavian oval table in mahogany with a marble top and a round Russian table, ca. 1790, made of lemonwood with inlay. Passer Antiques, Nyhavn 18, 1051 Copenhagen; 33-11-24-66.

C. E. Fritzsche, a family-run crystal shop that has been in Copenhagen since 1788, has engraved handmade glass from Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Germany and Austria. Some of the engraved-glass styles Fritzsche shows are as old as the shop. "When we get glass in, we want to make sure you can have it for many years," says C. E. Fritzsche, who is the seventh-generation member of the family of glass dealers. Fritzsche keeps track of each customer's order, including the monogram, so that customers can order more glasses by phone or mail. Monograms are left to the imagination of the customer. Fritzsche adds, "Anything that can be drawn can be engraved, even if it's a business logo." C. E. Fritzsche, Kompagnistraede 12, 1208 Copenhagen; 33-15-17-88. □


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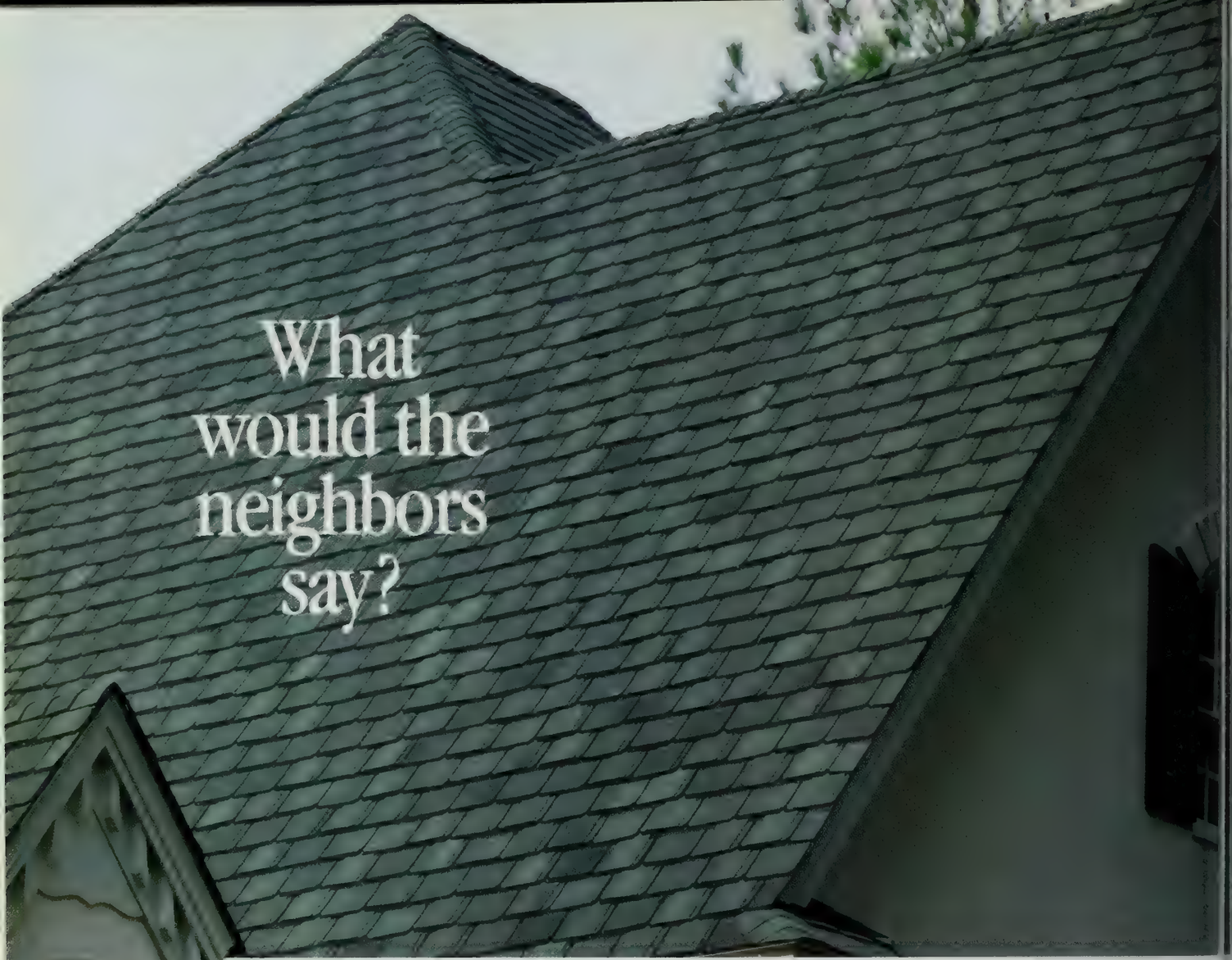
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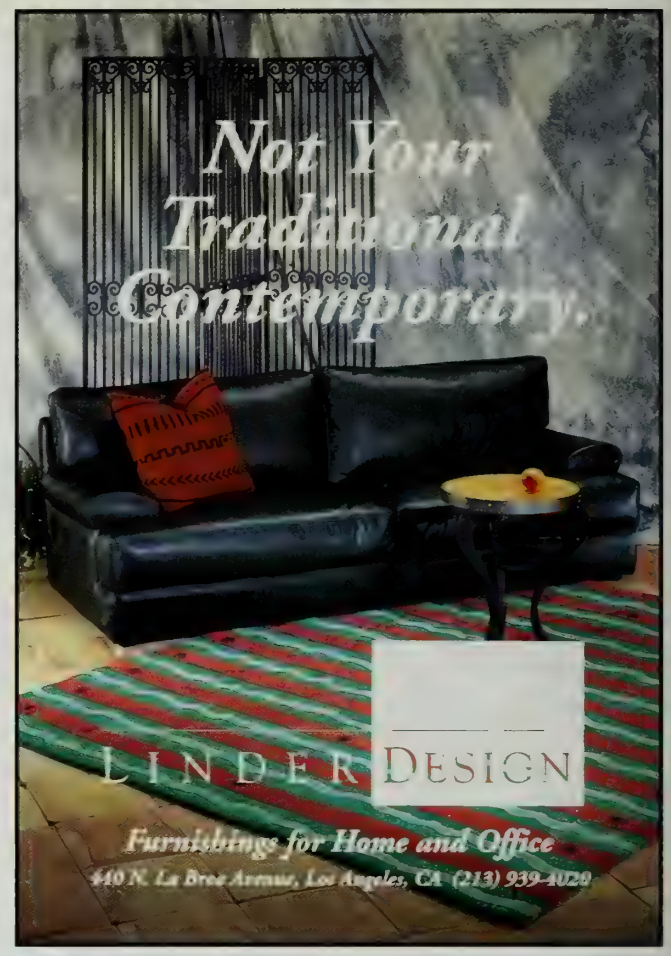


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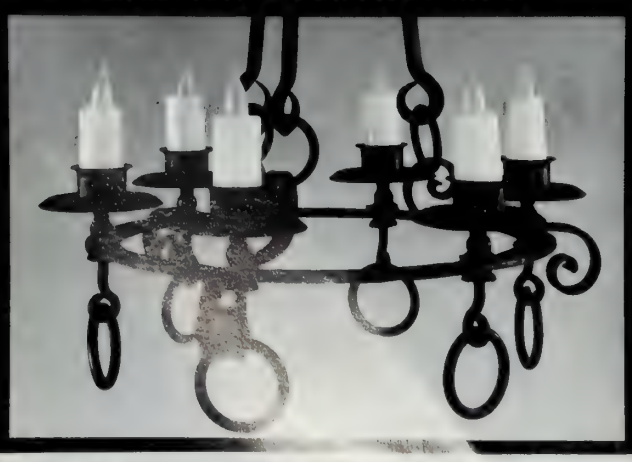
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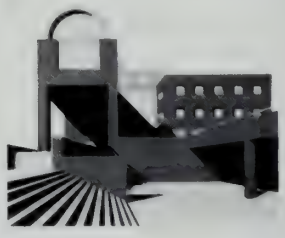
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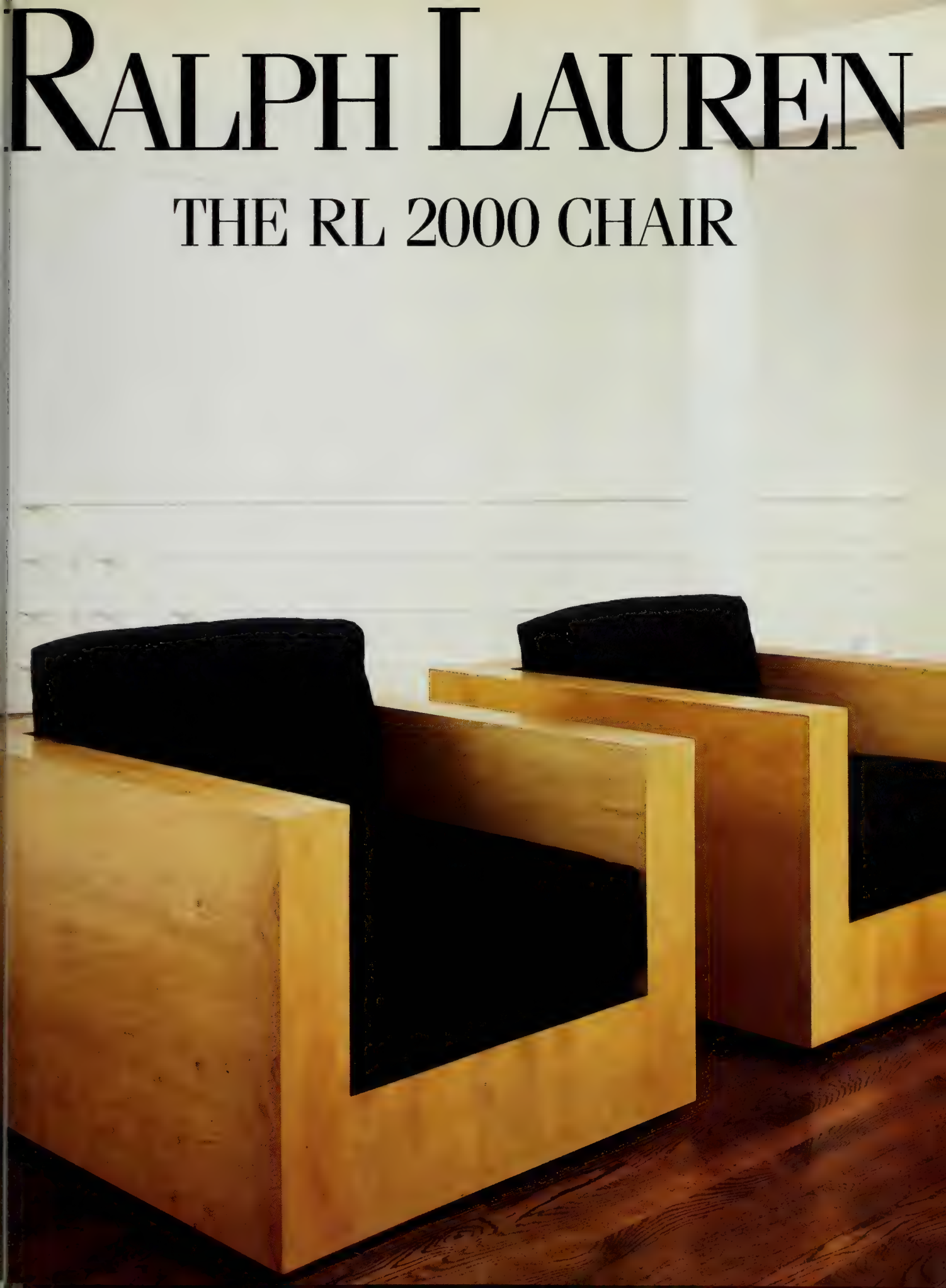
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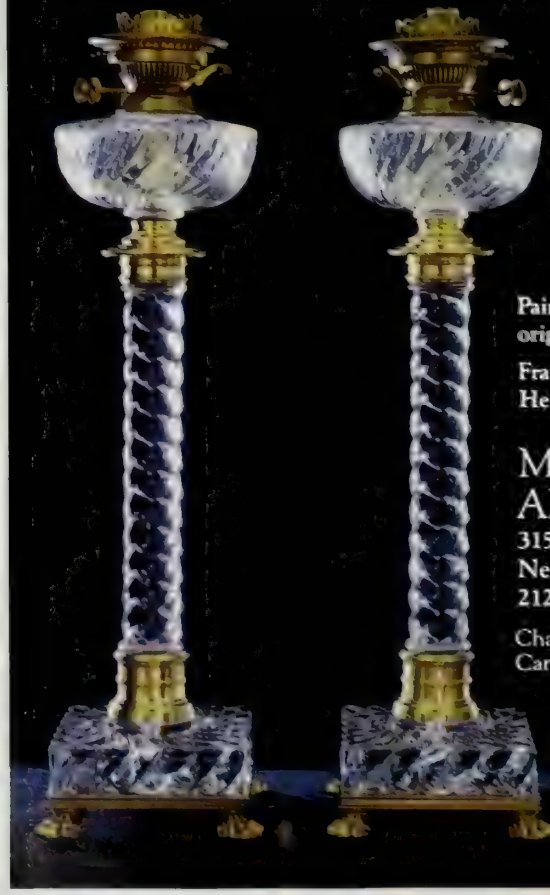


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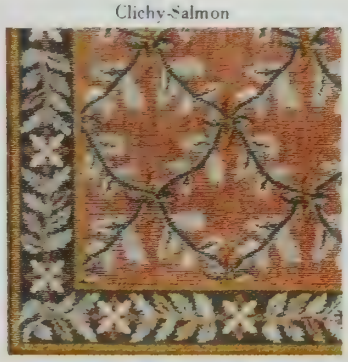


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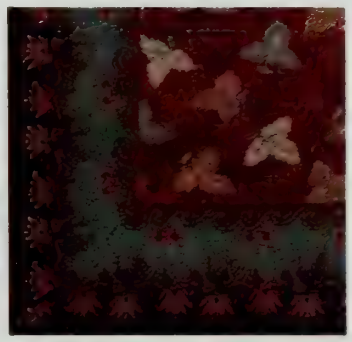
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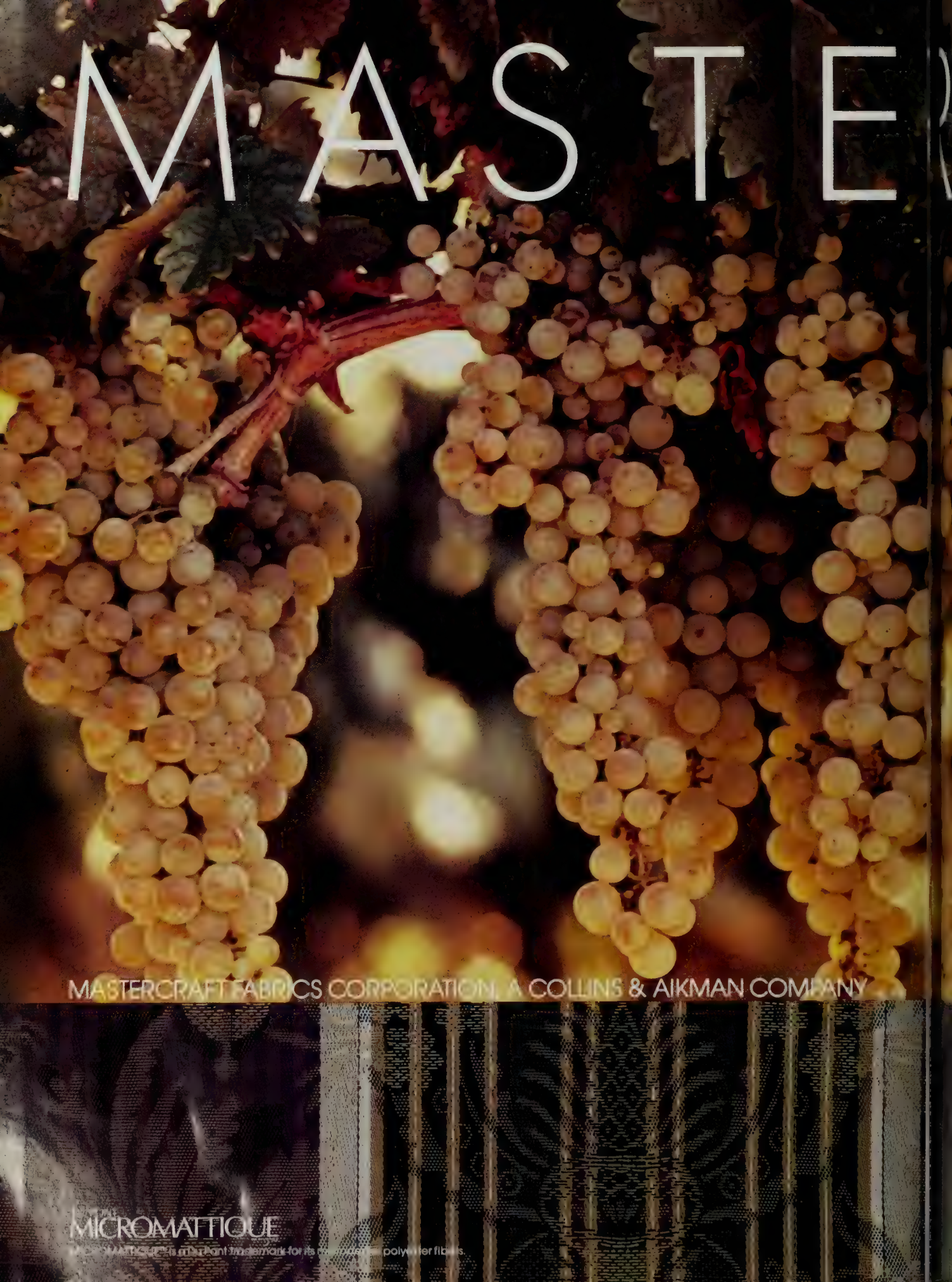
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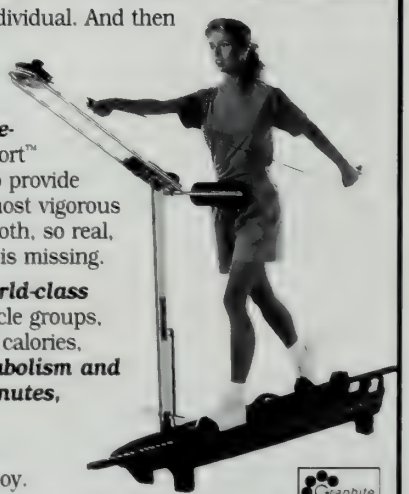
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LETTERS FROM READERS

The editors invite your comments, suggestions and criticisms.
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5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90036.

I have just read the special issue on Spain (January 1992). I consider it a distinction for our lovely country and an honor for all who work in interior design in Spain. Your pages clearly show that Spanish people like to do things well and have refinement in their own style and way of living.

Paco Muñoz
Madrid, Spain

I have recently read the January 1992 *Architectural Digest*, which is devoted to Spain. I congratulate you for such a wonderful idea and, of course, for the excellent final result.

Manuel Ordaz
Madrid, Spain

Your January 1992 issue was beautiful and informative. The article on Joan Miró ("Miró on Majorca") was great! It's nice that you teach the reader not only about interior designers but also about what may inspire them.

Catherine A. Albert
New York, New York

While reading the January 1992 *Architectural Digest*, I was immensely impressed with the article and photos of the Minorcan house designed by Spanish architect Javier Barba ("Minorcan Chameleon"). The house is superbly integrated into the surrounding landscape! It reminded me of some of the Anasazi ruins in the southwestern United States, which seem to grow out of the ground, or are set back into natural rock land forms, a part of—rather than apart from—their setting. The absence of the architect's ego is also refreshing. National park design and construction projects are most successful when visitors are unaware that we have manipulated the landscape to accommodate use. We talk of "sustainable design" as the next revolution in accommodating visitor use in national parks. I think Mr. Barba's "integrated architecture" is a better term for the same approach.

Geoff Swan
Senior Landscape Architect
National Park Service
Seattle, Washington

Your January 1992 special issue on Spain was truly enlightening. As a college student, I have studied much about Spain since it is partly where our culture originated. It is a pleasure to read a magazine that is dedicated to perfection. You have given me many decorating ideas for my future home.

Lynda Miller
Beverly Hills, California

Thank you for bringing me such high-quality dream material each month. Your publication opens up a whole new world with each issue. Since we live on a rural ranch, it would be easy to sacrifice elegance and sophistication. I refuse to give up my appreciation for the finest things in life.

C. J. McNeill
Tucson, Arizona

As a graphic designer and assiduous reader of *Architectural Digest*, I would like to congratulate you for publishing such a handsome and interesting magazine. It is a delight to read.

Cláudia H. Polonio
São Paulo, Brazil

My affair with *Architectural Digest* goes back a long way. I remember looking at the lovely houses—so many belonging to the Hollywood stars—in my parents' copies of the magazine when I was very young. I have been a regular reader since I was married in 1953, saving many of the issues. I have always been interested in art and architecture and look forward to many more years of your striking pages.

Olga Nelson Svendson
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

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DAYTON'S MARSHALL FIELD'S HUDSON'S

PEOPLE ARE THE ISSUE


ROB LANG

The Wild West occupies a wonderful region overlapped by myth and reality. Next month, Architectural Digest lights out for the heart of that territory, with a special issue on the American West. Features include Liz Claiborne's log house in Montana; Robert Redford's Sundance resort in Utah; the Lost Creek guest ranch in Wyoming; and Robert A. M. Stern's breathtaking design for a mountain house above Aspen. We also visit residences in Jackson Hole, Wyoming; Telluride, Colorado; Santa Fe, New Mexico; and Guthrie, Texas (the famous Four Sixes Ranch, built by the legendary cowboy Samuel Burk Burnett). Tom McGuane kicks things off with his wry perspective on the current politics of Montana, a place that, for all its recent changes, "has kept its air of being another country." As the June issue shows, the Wild West is itself another country: a land where myth and reality are at home.

Paige Rense *Editor-in-Chief*


CHRIS JAUGHAN

Thomas Bartlett

A Napa Valley Carriage House

"Acquiring works of art—whether they are paintings, sculptures, engravings, tapestries or porcelains—has been a powerful influence in my life since I started my interior design firm in the Napa Valley in 1969," explains Thomas Bartlett. Thirteen years ago he found the perfect background for his collection—an 1890 carriage house at the base of the Mayacamas range. He made no major structural changes, simply using colors, textures and minor architectural modifications to fashion an atmosphere adaptable to what he calls his "moveable feast of art." Bartlett is also a trustee of the Napa Valley Museum and is working on fund-raisers for its new building. "Country living with a bit of vision," he declares, "can be as productive and stimulating as life in a big city, and it's a lot more fun." *See page 102.*


ROBERT TRUJILLO

Dominick Dunne

Architectural Digest Visits: Dominick Dunne

"I first saw van Gogh's *Vase of Roses* in Mrs. Harriman's house in Washington, D.C.," says Dominick Dunne. "The painting played an important role throughout my novel *An Inconvenient Woman*—Jules Mendelson gives it to his wife, Pauline, as a wedding present, and at the end of the book she stores it because it's too valuable to sell. Then I went to see the Walter Annenberg collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—and he had a *Vase of Roses*, too. So when I saw a reproduction at the museum shop, I thought it would be amusing to put it in my country house, which I call Clouds, after the mansion in the book." Dunne is at work on his forthcoming novel, *A Season in Purgatory*—"a tale of betrayal among friends, set in New York and New England." *See page 108.*


DERRY MOORE

Nicholas Haslam

British Impressionism

"It was a great challenge to completely change the place," says Nicholas Haslam, who recently transformed a dark flat in the bottom of a London town house into something "that feels like it should be in Greece or the south of France," employing a host of "very strange painting techniques." Some of the furniture came from his own shop, At Nicholas Haslam, located in London's Holbein Place. He sells a wide range of objects, from pieces he has designed—such as end tables resembling stacks of books or tables that fit above radiators—to such finds as glazed Irish linen and African tribal carvings. *See page 116.*


ROBERT ERDMANN

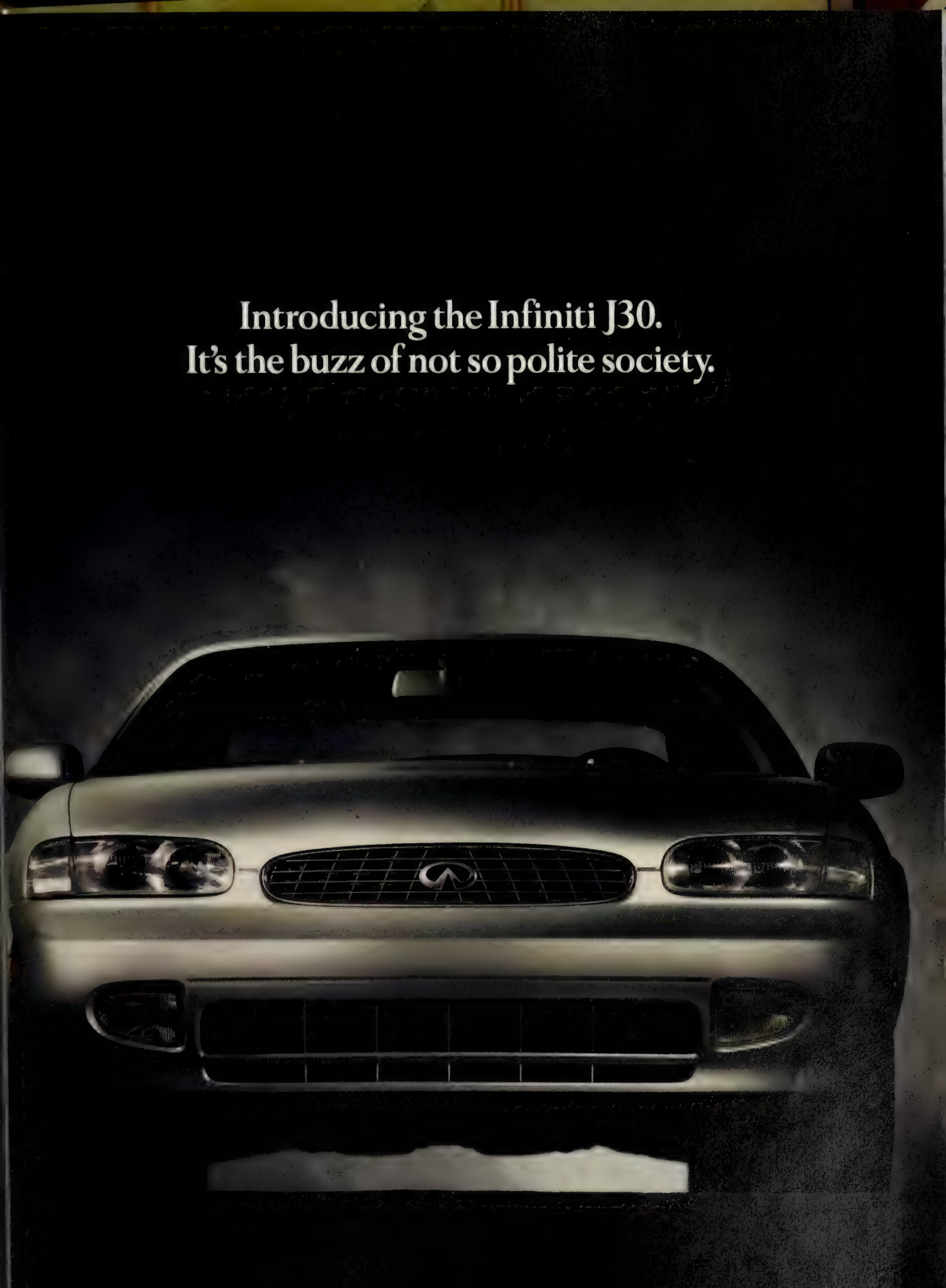
Mario Buatta

Charlotte Ford's Southampton

"I am incredibly busy with a variety of things, and that's the way I like it," says Mario Buatta, whose recent projects included redoing a contemporary French manor house in Southampton, New York, for Charlotte Ford. "My interior design work is always diverse.

continued on page 18

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For example, I'm now working on both a country barn and the ballroom for the Orchestra Hall in Chicago. I'm also continuing my designs for everything from furniture to linens to fragrances—or aromatics—for the house. My goal is to provide people and their houses with functional comfort and beauty. I don't believe that design should be static or can be done overnight and just left that way. Your surroundings need to evolve, to grow and change with you. I help people do that." *See page 120.*



RUSSELL INGRAM

Stanley Tigerman
Margaret McCurry

Architecture: Tigerman McCurry

In a house they designed in the Chicago area, the husband-and-wife team of Stanley Tigerman and Margaret McCurry demonstrated the best of their two different approaches. Tigerman, who is currently writing a book called *The Failed Attempts at Healing an Irreparable Wound*—an effort to redefine the direction of architecture after deconstructivism—embraced the project as a way to enact his theories. "This was the first time I was really able to build an architectural form as an idea was evolving in my mind," he says. McCurry, apart from tempering her husband's whimsy, brought her expertise to the inside of the house. "When it comes to interiors," she explains, "Stanley doesn't think as exotically as his exteriors would suggest." Tigerman adds, "She's more sophisticated; I'm more spontaneous." The owners appreciated getting two points of view. "I think they enjoyed the fact that Stanley and I occasionally do battle," says McCurry. "Suffice it to say our work together is pretty lively." *See page 148.*



Charles Gruwell

The Huntington Hotel

The chance to work on one of San Francisco's most venerable hotels fulfilled one of designer Charles Gruwell's longtime dreams. "It's history," he says. "I'd been eyeing the project for about ten years. The sense of graciousness that you feel when you walk in the front door always appealed to me." Gruwell was responsible for renovating the lobby and several of the guest rooms. "The former lobby was much smaller and attached to a section of a restaurant," he explains. To open up the space, he integrated the former restaurant area into the lobby. "I wanted to honor the history, so we replicated the architectural details and inserted them in the expanded part of the lobby," he says. "I also used the original color of the lobby's red damask as a base, but I modified it with a three-tone palette." Gruwell, who is now in charge of Studio Encanto, a part of Hirsch/Bedner and Associates, concludes, "After sixteen years, it's my favorite project—a rare opportunity." *See page 154.*



MARIUSZ FAUST

Emilio Carcano

Italian Spirit on the Right Bank

Paris-based Emilio Carcano, who has worked extensively for the theater, chooses his residential projects carefully, preferring to concentrate on spaces that present a challenge, such as the Paris apartment he designed for Rudolf Nureyev or Baron and Baroness Raffaello de Banfield's villa in Trieste (see *Architectural Digest*, July 1990). In addition to his stage designs, Carcano worked with Franco Zeffirelli on the 1967 film version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. His theatrical approach was well suited to renovating the Right Bank apartment of Antoine and Danièle Cattan, where he created trompe-l'oeil architectural details to enhance the spaces. For Danièle Cattan, who herself has an interest in design, the process was as instructive as it was pleasurable. "I learned a lot from Emilio," she says. "We went over all the decisions together." *See page 160.*

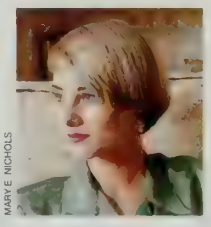


BILLY CUNNINGHAM

Thomas Britt

New England Collection

"They have a very nice combination of contemporary paintings and sculpture," says Thomas Britt of his New England clients, with whom he has worked before. The couple, who have been building on their substantial collection—including Picasso, Johns, Lichtenstein, Warhol, Stella, Dubuffet and Nevelson—for over twenty years, enlisted the New York–based designer to give the interior a sleeker and more polished look that would focus on the art. As for current projects, Britt is doing a number of interesting jobs around the country. One he's particularly excited about offers a dramatic contrast to the New England house—a residence to be decorated entirely in seventeenth-century fashion, with a Dutch Baroque influence. *See page 166.*



MARY E. NICHOLS

Chynna Phillips



ALOMA

Allan Warnick

California Dreaming

"I saw the place when Chynna was going to buy it, and I thought how easy it would be to go with that cold, modern look," says Allan Warnick of the new apartment in Santa Monica he designed for singer Chynna Phillips. "The home should be a source of inspiration, be uplifting. Wherever you look there should be something beautiful." Warnick introduced soft colors and early American furnishings and encouraged her to buy antique dolls and stuffed animals. Following the success of the debut album by Wilson Phillips—the group she sings in with

continued on page 20



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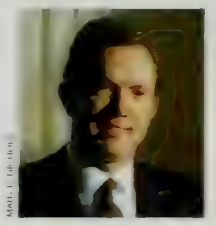
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childhood friends Carnie and Wendy Wilson—the three have been back in the studio writing and recording songs for their upcoming album, due to be released late this spring. This summer they start on a world tour. "I have so much responsibility in my career, so many adult things to do, that I need balance in my life," says the twenty-four-year-old Phillips, who confesses to missing her apartment when she's on tour. "I can be a child at home—being there is almost like medication." See page 174.



Billy W. Francis

A Neoclassical Refrain

"I first went to New York twenty-five years ago to attend school and learn my trade," says Billy W. Francis, who transformed a turn-of-the-century town house on Manhattan's Upper East Side into his residence and office. "Back then I lived in a small, dark basement apartment, and on winter days it was so cold I could see my breath. That was when I first dreamed of living in a wonderful—and well-heated—town house. Twenty years later, when I moved back to New York, my dream became reality. The town house had seen better days, but the living room caught my imagination. After I removed all of the previous modifications, I found that it had everything I was looking for: good light, nice proportions, interesting plaster details and a fireplace for cold winter days. When the extensive renovation came to an end, the apartment quickly became my home. And it seems that my furniture collection has finally found its home too." See page 184.



Karin Blake

East Coast Ethos in Malibu

"We used to live in a great Nantucket-style house on the beach in Malibu, but the antiques disappeared in it. Now friends say, 'Where did you get that?' about pieces they've been looking at for twenty years." The antiques in Karin Blake's new residence in Malibu—where she lives with her husband, William Levine—are nothing if not prominent. Set against white walls and bleached-oak floors are such treasures as Shaker boxes, weathervanes, rocking horses, birdhouses and carved folk figures. "I'm always rummaging through funny little shops," she says. "My family is used to hearing me say I'll be back at six, but they know I'll be late for dinner." On a visit to Nantucket, Blake found the goose decoy that is now displayed in the living room. "The morning after I brought it home, I noticed that the goose had no nose—I almost fainted," she recalls. "That was the only bad thing my Doberman, Molly, did as a puppy—eat the nose. But Richard Mulligan [the Los Angeles antiques dealer] made a new one. It's never looked quite so elegant." See page 190. □



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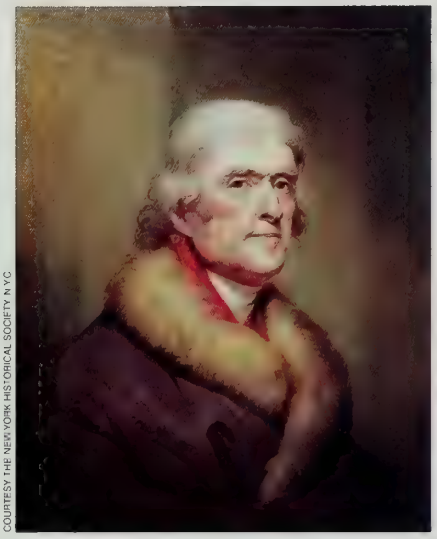
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GUEST SPEAKER: ROGER G. KENNEDY

Poplar Forest—Jefferson's Quest for a True American Architecture



COURTESY THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY N.Y.C.

In 1806 then-president Thomas Jefferson (above, in an 1805 oil by Rembrandt Peale) began work on Poplar Forest, his retreat in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Influenced by the structures of the ancient Indians, he sought a truly American architecture.

RIGHT: At Poplar Forest Jefferson escaped the visitors to Monticello; seeking the "solitude of a hermit," he spent his time writing and reading. BELOW: Inspired by the native American earthworks excavated in the 18th and 19th centuries, Jefferson built earthen mounds 100 feet in diameter on each side of the house.



COURTESY ROGER G. KENNEDY



COURTESY ROGER G. KENNEDY

THE VIRGINIA INDIANS known to Thomas Jefferson were the diminished and demoralized remnants of many mighty nations who had lived about the Chesapeake. There was nothing in his experience with them, or in his early forays into Indian archaeology, to induce him to think that they were capable of sculpture, painting or monumental architecture. He did have certain French romantic notions of them as noble savages, but he did not expect that they might have made fine buildings. It is a benign irony of history, then, that he learned that they had done so while he was in Paris. He shaped his last work of architecture, Poplar Forest, into a New World fusion of his beloved Palladian tradition and the shapes and materials of the native Americans.

In his *Notes on the State of Virginia*, written in 1782, Jefferson asserted, "I know of no such thing existing as an Indian monument.... Of labour on the large scale, I think there is no remain as respectable as would be a common ditch for the draining of lands: unless indeed it be the Barrows, of which many are to be found all over this country."

There were already accounts of Indian "monuments" larger than barrows (the small conical mounds Jef-

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Poplar Forest—Jefferson's Quest for a True American Architecture
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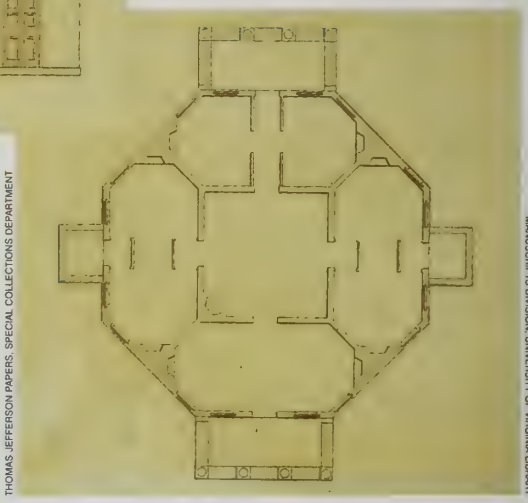
Indian "monuments" on a grand scale constituted a challenge to Jefferson and his contemporaries.



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ABOVE: An elevation drawing of the main façade. The octagonal house—one of the first in America—had Neoclassical porticoes at the front and the back and was flanked by pavilions containing stairwells. The property, open to the public, is being restored.



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RIGHT: As seen in the floor plan, Jefferson was fascinated with geometries, especially the circles, squares and octagons found in the monumental constructions of the Indians. At the center of his house, which sat on a raised basement, he placed a square dining room surrounded by rooms that were octagonal or semioctagonal.

ferson had excavated). In 1774 the Reverend David Jones had published accounts of a huge earthen circle and square at Circleville, on the Scioto, a tributary of the Ohio, and of another circle and square near Chillicothe, Ohio, probably that known today as Highbanks. Jones left no doubt of the size of the monumental constructions he had seen, though he was too early to compare them to the circular embankment that determined the shape of the early town of Circleville, or another of the same size that still remains at Newark, Ohio. Jones merely said of the Circleville circle that its banks were so high that from the outside you could not see a man on horseback inside.

In 1786, while he was in France representing the United States to the Bourbon court, Jefferson received two letters: one from Ezra Stiles, president of Yale College, referring him to another from General Samuel Holden Parsons that included a drawing of earthworks at Marietta, Ohio. Parsons had been one of the leaders of the settlement by veterans of the revolutionary war. They were contained, at first, in a stockade its leaders called their Campus Martius. Beetling down upon these heroes were existing constructions on a much larger scale, believed by them to be fortifications. All about the stout impudence of their little establishment, a vast and mysterious antiquity reigned.

As the rude shelters at Valley Forge were revived in a straggling settlement venturing outward from the stockade walls, General Rufus Putnam, Colonel Winthrop Sargent and Parsons searched about and recorded their impressions of these prehistoric earthworks. The five maps that resulted are all imbued by an awed recognition that the Cincinnati were not the first people upon the scene.

Indian "monuments" on a grand scale constituted a challenge to Jefferson and his contemporaries—the same challenge presented today to those who believe the North American Indians were, and always had been, savages, or hunter-gatherers, as the current expression goes. Stiles was typical of the doubters when he attributed the Marietta works to Europeans or even to Asiatic peoples. Benjamin Franklin suggested that deserters from Hernando de Soto's expedition might have been responsible.

Jefferson replied from Paris, brushing the thought aside. He was already moving some distance toward accepting the possibility that the Indians themselves might be capable of a stage of civilization beyond noble savagery. While Jefferson was in Paris, his friend the mathematician and astronomer David Rittenhouse had made a tour of the Ohio mounds with Benjamin S. Barton, producing an account published in 1787. Charles Thomson of Philadelphia entered the argument, writing Jefferson of more earthworks in the Ohio Valley. Jef-

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Poplar Forest—Jefferson's Quest for a True American Architecture
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ferson was impressed, and he asked Thomson to see to it that explorers of the region made precise accounts of what they saw. He also pressed the American Philosophical Society to collect descriptions. He was even willing, now, to call them "monuments"—a change from the *Notes on Virginia*.

After Jefferson's return from Paris, many more published descriptions of the Ohio earthworks became available, and in July of 1790 he was sent a map of those on the south fork of the Elkhorn River, together with a statuette of a woman at the moment of childbirth. It was, Jefferson said, the best piece of workmanship he had ever seen from Indian hands.

Then came further reports of the scale of the ancient Indian achievements. In 1793 the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society* carried a lengthy report from Major Jonathan Heart telling of constructions at the mouth of Grave Creek, on the Ohio (now in West Virginia). There, he had discovered squares and circular redoubts, ditches, walls and mounds, which probably dated to the second and third centuries after Christ. At the center was a considerably older conical mound, slightly truncated, which was, when measured in 1819, called "one of the most august monuments of remote Antiquity." Its circumference at the base was three hundred yards, and its altitude was seventy feet. (It was too big to plow away, and it is still there.) If ever there was a monument in the full sense of the word, it was this immense construction—so immense that modern statisticians have estimated that its erection would have required three million baskets of earth.

To the accounts of Major Heart and Generals Putnam and Parsons were soon added others by a lieutenant on his way to becoming a general, William Henry Harrison, and his commander, "Mad Anthony" Wayne. On an August day in 1793, during a respite in the campaigns against the Indians, the two surveyed the mounds on the site of the present city of Cincinnati. They found the area covered with low lines of embankments in complex figures, probably geometric, like those along the Scioto.

In 1798 a select committee of the American Philosophical Society was formed under Jefferson's chairmanship to obtain accurate plans, drawings and descriptions of the Ohio works. From then on, as knowledge grew, so did Jefferson's collection of Indian sculpture. In 1800 the gallery at Monticello exhibited two figures that weighed nearly seventy pounds apiece. Later, the collection gained two stone heads, which Jefferson believed to be "of primitive origin," and paintings sent to him by Lewis and Clark. The entrance gallery at Monticello became, according to Jefferson, an Indian Hall, and he created a similar display at the White House.

Three more maps of Marietta appeared, along with new accounts of the circles, squares and octagons in the Muskingum and Scioto river valleys. Another old friend of Jefferson's, Bishop James Madison, a cousin of the future president, wrote about the Ohio earthworks for the American Philosophical Society in 1803.

Jefferson's plans for Poplar Forest had no European precedent.

It is always easier for historians to prove that a book or magazine has been published, or even that somebody owned it, than to prove that a person actually read it. But we can be quite sure Jefferson saw one account of the earthworks around Chillicothe, published in 1809 in *The Port Folio*, an arch-Federalist magazine edited in Philadelphia by Joseph Dennie. Jefferson had long wanted printers such as Dennie quieted; they were the "wolves" he had in mind when in his Second Inaugural Address he deplored the "licentiousness" of the press. In 1805 his partisans had filed suit in a Pennsylvania court to put Dennie out of business with a charge of seditious libel.

The suit against Dennie was ultimately quashed in a decision famous in the jurisprudence of freedom of the press, not for architectural reasons. Dennie got off, but a group of his contributors headed by Nicholas Biddle were forced to take over *The Port Folio*. They were taming it in around 1808, though they were still a shady lot when viewed from Monticello. The president was watching *The Port Folio* closely when one of the first issues produced by Biddle carried a splendid map and a description of the circle and square at Hopeton.

A gaggle of literati now pursued each new development: James Bowdoin and Noah Webster followed Stiles's lead. The American Antiquarian Society was formed in 1812 largely to expatiate upon the subject. Jefferson wrote to the society that he found it truly pleasing that, by their exertions, the "monuments of the character and condition of the people who preceded us in the occupation of this great country will be rescued from oblivion before they will have entirely disappeared."

Indian archaeology was now the passion of his countrymen. In article after article, the precise shapes of the Ohio works, their circles, squares and octagons, were drawn to the attention of the public by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Philosophical Society and the American Antiquarian Society, while debates raged in magazines.

As Jefferson was working on the designs for his retreat at Poplar Forest, the public interest in the architecture of Ohio was at its most intense. Reports came to him in many a morning's pouch of mail. It was important to him that these forms were undeniably American in origin. He derided the persistence of the European colo-

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Poplar Forest—Jefferson's Quest for a True American Architecture
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nial styles in architecture and sought every means to declare the artistic independence of America.

When he completed the plans for Poplar Forest they had no European precedent. He brought his beloved neo-Palladianism into a scheme of American circles, squares and octagons, underlining the patriotic point with earthworks. Many neo-Palladian villas in the eighteenth century were composed of a large central building with hyphens (short, low connecting structures) terminating in pavilions. In Virginia and its colonies (Kentucky and Tennessee), this five-part format was frequently associated with buildings designed or influenced by Jefferson, and rightly called Jeffersonian. But at Poplar Forest something entirely new appeared—the use of earthen mounds to complete the hyphens. They were about a hundred feet from either side of the house, on axis, rising twelve feet from their base and extending about a hundred feet in diameter. As if to be certain that no one could mistake the rigor of his geometry, Jefferson issued orders that his gardeners were to repeat the twenty-foot square of the house's central room by planting "on each mound, 4. weeping willows on the top in a square 20. ft. apart."

Though the house was begun in 1806 and the south parterre in the next year, Jefferson kept fussing with the mounds until 1812. The floor plan of the central villa is a square within an octagon. The ground plan of the property places the house within another octagon, and that octagon, in turn, is set within a planting of trees that bordered a circular drive. The trees and road, emphasizing the encompassing form, were broken to permit an extension—a short, straight road running on a line from the main entrance of the house and connecting the great circle to a square garden.

This circle and square, or circle and octagon, configuration is the same as many of the Ohio earthworks, such as those at Circleville, Seal, Newark, Hopeton, Highbanks and Frankfort.

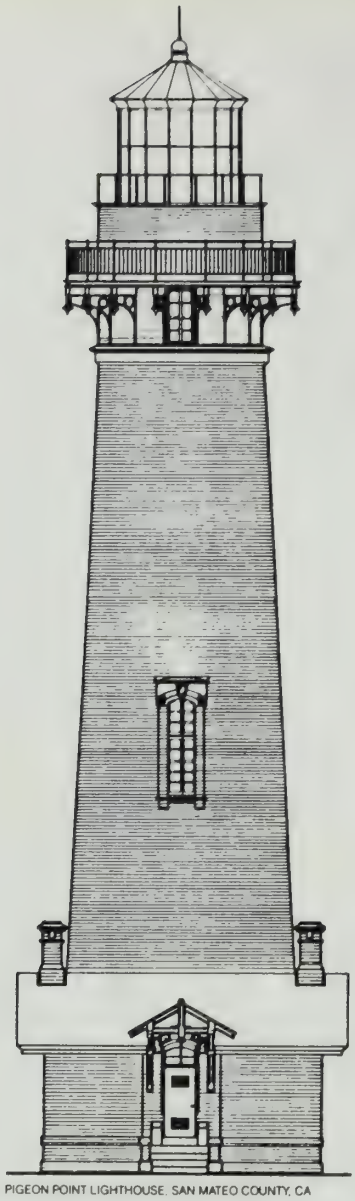
T. M. Harris's description of the octagons, circles and squares at Newark, published in Boston in 1805, or a good chart of any of the Scioto works could have provided a close analogy for the layout of Poplar Forest. Thomas Jefferson, of all men, needed no reminders to put octagons into his designs along with circles and squares—he was obsessed with them. In his twenties, he was diagramming simple means to draw octagons within circles and tracing plans of octagonal garden pavilions from English pattern books. All his life he was busy octagonizing architecture, creating fifty plans with an octagonal feature.

In his sixties and seventies, when he was at work on Poplar Forest, Jefferson returned to the theme. Not only was the house itself octagonal and full of semioctagons, but one of its tables, probably designed by him, is an octagon. And, as if to mark the extent of the grounds, within the circular drive there seems to have been an octagonal fence.

Jefferson derived a profound solace—a healing, one might say—from invoking the archetypal power of certain geometric forms, especially the octagon and circle, and from the mathematics associated with them. This was true throughout his life, for in mathematics all is demonstration and satisfaction. To mathematics and geometry he turned, poignantly, at the end of his life, at Poplar Forest. "Natural history," which included archaeology, was, he said, his "passion." Architecture was a beloved companion, from youth to age. At Poplar Forest, his "Falstaff," Jefferson brought together the fruits of archaeology, geometry and architecture.

What was he seeking? He was not given to public self-disclosure. All he would say was that he passed his time there "in tranquility and retirement much adapted to my age and indolence....I slumber without fear, and review in my dreams the visions of antiquity."

Dreams, we may wonder, of which antiquity? □



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Aubusson (partial view)
13' 5" x 10' 2" circa 1840

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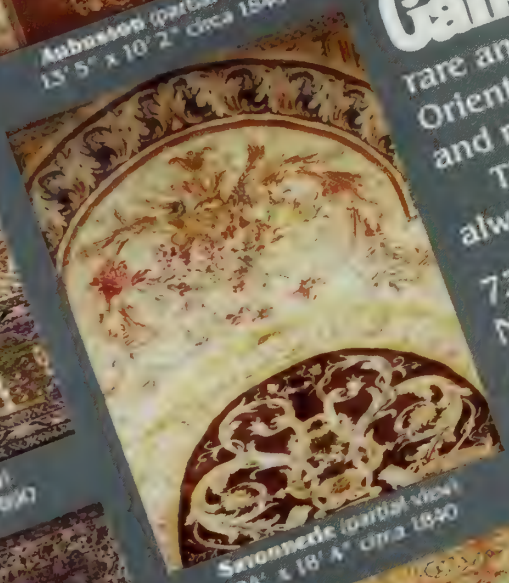
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Bereke (partial view)
18' x 12' 10" circa 1840



Savonnede (partial view)
24' x 18' 4" circa 1840



Lavar Kerman (partial view)
16' x 9' circa 1880



Sultanabad (partial view)
13' 2" x 10' 9" circa 1840



Bessarabian (partial view)
16' x 11' 4" circa 1900



Amritsar (partial view)
12' x 9' circa 1930



Bakhshiyesh (partial view)
21' 2" x 11' circa 1880



Qashqa (partial view)
14' x 10' 2" circa 1870

Revisiting a De Stijl Landmark in Utrecht

By Thomas S. Hines

ONE OF THE MANY remarkable attributes of Gerrit Rietveld's Schröder House in Utrecht, Holland, was that it was built in 1924, before the *anni mirabiles* of twentieth-century modernism. It was also one of the most striking examples in the history of modern architecture of collaboration between architect and client. Gerrit Thomas Rietveld was born in 1888 in Utrecht, where, aside from short, occasional excursions, he lived his entire life. His formal schooling ended at age eleven, after which he apprenticed in his father's cabinetmaking shop. After working as a designer for a local jewelry firm and while taking drawing classes at night, he started his own cabinetmaking studio in 1911. In 1919 Rietveld began his career as an architect.

His client and codesigner in his most famous commission was Truus



CENTRAAL MUSEUM DER GEMEENTE UTRECHT

"Architecture should not be the statement of space, but the intense experience of it," said architect Gerrit Rietveld (right), who, with his client Truus Schröder, designed a revolutionary residence in Utrecht in 1924. It has been renovated and is open to the public.



©PHOTOGRAPHY: FRANK DEN OUDSTEN



LEFT: With its primary colors—influenced by Rietveld's association with the de Stijl movement—intersecting planes and dynamic interior, the Rietveld Schröder House anticipated several architectural styles, particularly modernism. BELOW: The house was built at the end of traditional row houses. "No one had ever looked at this little lane before this house was built," Rietveld said.

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Revisiting a De Stijl Landmark in Utrecht
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Schröder, who was born in Deventer, Holland, into a prominent manufacturing family. She attended a convent boarding school, trained as a pharmacist and in 1911 married a lawyer, F. A. C. Schröder, eleven years her senior. Though she thought her husband was handsome and charming, she found the role of a lawyer's wife to be a limiting one. Recognizing her restlessness and her interest in the arts and architecture, Schröder encouraged his wife to remodel a room in their house as a private retreat and suggested that for design assistance she consider Rietveld, who was then doing a store for a friend of his. When



Truus met the architect and saw his work, she knew he was right for her. The resulting remodeling included built-in furniture and a lowering of the traditionally towering ceiling heights. The experience also established a close relationship between architect and client that would grow more intimate through the years.

After her husband's death in the [illegible] 1920s, Truus Schröder asked [illegible]d to design a house for her and [illegible] children. Little did either [illegible] how momentous their project would become in the history of architecture. Its creation, however, clearly fit into the pattern of Schröder's and Rietveld's avant-garde tastes. In a 1982 interview, she recalled that her bourgeois life began to change: "Rietveld came one time and asked if Kurt Schwitters could come one evening and give a [Dada] performance....It was great fun....I remember very clearly how the children sat at the top of the staircase with the maid, listening to Schwitters' booming.... And later when I went up to see them, the children told me they'd loved it, but the maid said it was 'more than shocking!'"

Rietveld was associated with the group of Dutch painters and designers known as de Stijl, after the title of the magazine founded by Theo van Doesburg, whose famous distinction between "the white world and the brown world" epitomized the passage through which Schröder and Rietveld moved in building their house. "The standard by which to measure a work of art," van Doesburg proclaimed,



Though Rietveld was largely responsible for the colors and exterior form, it was Truus Schröder who conceived the flexible interior. ABOVE: The bedrooms, located on the second floor, could be opened up and combined with or closed off from the other living areas with movable panels. Utility rooms were below. LEFT: "If this is a good place to live in, it is because of the quality of space," wrote Rietveld. He used different colors on the floor of the living area to demarcate rooms.

BELOW: When the panels were open, the entire second floor could be one large room. The chair, center, is perhaps Rietveld's most recognized work. "I find it very important that a house has an invigorating atmosphere," Schröder explained, "that it inspires and supports joie de vivre."



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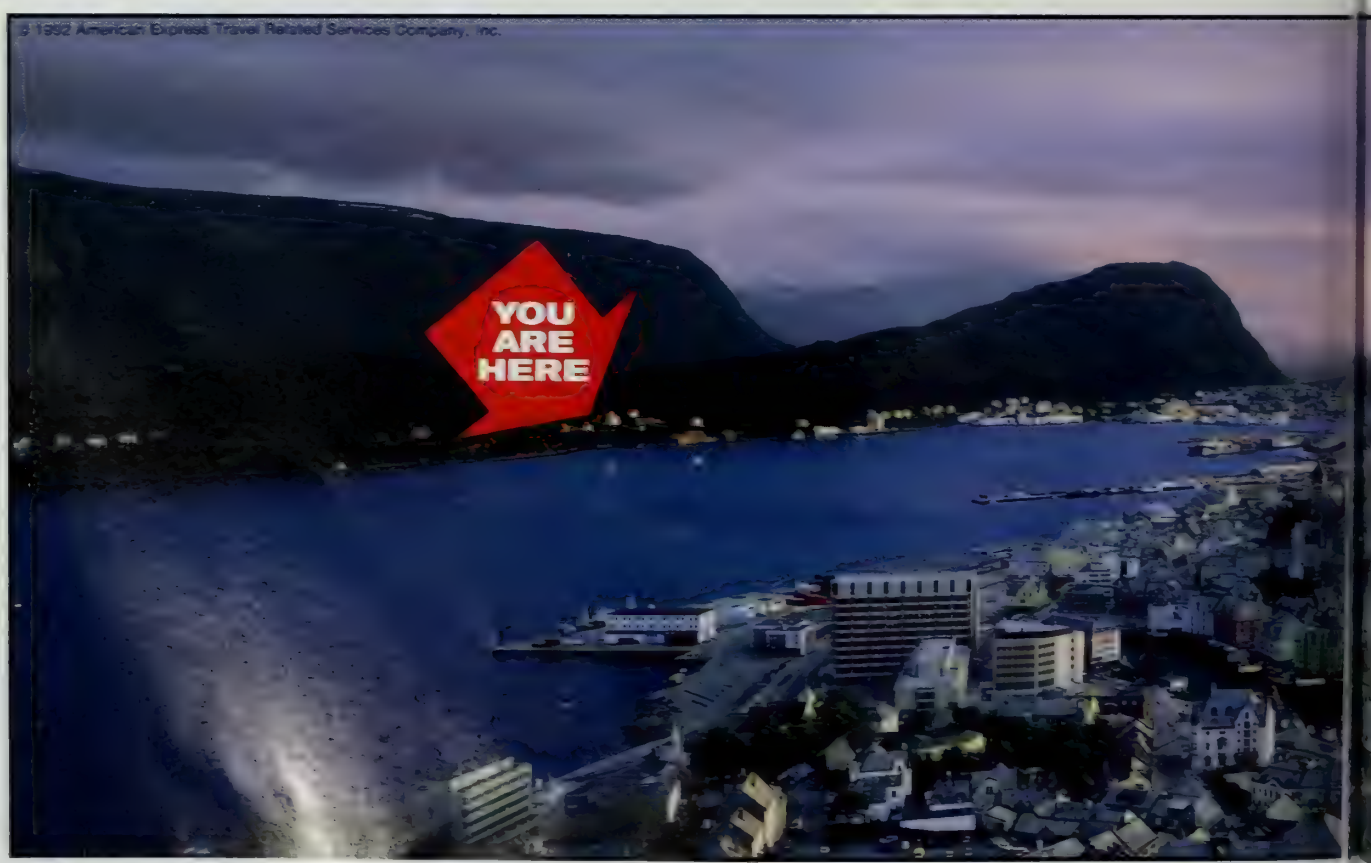
"was how much did it yearn for the new. We wanted to replace the brown world with a white one. In these two colour concepts lay the deepest difference between the old and the new. The brown world found ... its expression in the lyrical, the vague, the sentimental. The white world began with Cézanne, and led via van Gogh and the heights of cubism, to elemental construction, to architecture, unsentimental art." Truus Schröder believed that "all the people involved with De Stijl felt very attracted by this: find out the elements of which something is composed, analyze it, and then recompose it. And of course you can't do that with brown. Take brown and you get nowhere."

After deciding to build the house, client and architect searched for a parcel of land. "One weekend we both went looking," Schröder said, "he one way, I another. And when we saw each other again after the weekend, we'd both found a plot. The same one, this one. There was nothing else. My goodness, that was a crazy piece of ground, unimaginably ugly. A really filthy piece of land." The lot lay at the edge of the city and at the end of a strip of ordinary nineteenth-century row houses. Beyond that was a farm and the open countryside. "It was a deserted place," Rietveld remembered. "And that's always been my aim: to give to a yet unformed space, a certain meaning."

With its rather conventional configuration, the first plan Rietveld presented to Schröder did not appeal to her. Having spent time in the apartment above her husband's office, she had grown to like living on the second floor. In the new house, she wanted the main living quarters upstairs, above the service and utility rooms, but also a more flexible and open space than the solid partitions of the apartment had given her.

Because of the views of the countryside, Rietveld too liked the idea of placing the living and sleeping areas on the second floor, and sketched out small rooms for Schröder and her children. But then she asked if the walls couldn't go as well. And Rietveld answered, "With pleasure, away with those walls." To combine openness with a sense of privacy, he designed sliding panels to fold neatly against the wall. The only permanent fixtures on the second floor were the toilet, sinks, stove and the stairway leading to the entrance hall below.

The wood-and-stucco façade, as well as the interior, was painted in shades of white and gray with strong accents of red, blue, black and yellow. One part of the upstairs floor was red. Balconies opened to the north, south and west from the bedroom spaces. The flat roof differed from the neighborhood's pitched roofs. "We didn't bother ourselves about adapting to



Revisiting a De Stijl Landmark in Utrecht

the traditional houses," wrote Rietveld. "In fact, the strong contrast with its surroundings was just what we wanted. We didn't avoid older styles because they were ugly, or because we couldn't reproduce them, but because our time demanded their own form...their own manifestation. It was of course extremely difficult to achieve all this in spite of the building regulations and that's why the interior of the downstairs part...is somewhat traditional, I mean with fixed walls. But upstairs we simply called it an 'attic' and that's where we actually made the house we wanted."

Rietveld and Schröder agreed that in form and color the house's exterior, interior and furnishings should have an integrated unity. As a consequence, Schröder observed, "The single chair I'd brought with me because I was rather fond of it, soon disappeared." It was replaced by Rietveld's canonical chair of interpenetrating slats and sticks painted in red, blue, black and yellow. Rietveld said, "When I got the chance to make a house based on the same principles as that chair, I seized it eagerly." Though not particularly comfortable, the chair, as sculpture, had a commanding presence.

In the spirit of the red-blue chair, Rietveld designed other pieces of furniture, including a cabinet and a small reading table. Beds and other pieces were built in, most notably a tilted slab under the living room windows upon which the children could do their homework. The only painting in the house was a color abstraction by de Stijl painter Bart van der Leck. Though Schröder welcomed these objects as symbols of the ideas the house embodied, she rejected the frequently made observation that the building was a three-dimensional enlargement of a Mondrian painting.

If the red-blue chair was uncomfortable to some, the house itself was demanding as well. While Schröder admitted to being a less than always tidy housekeeper, she accepted the need for order and cleanliness if the house was to achieve its ultimate impact. Still, at times she wondered if such demands were a burden to the children. For example, Rietveld had placed a wide white stripe near the stairwell. Schröder remembered, "When the children came home from school, I would call, 'Look out, the floor's clean.' Then they'd have to jump over the white part, because otherwise it was always getting grubby. And I didn't like having to say that....The children told me later that they didn't mind at all. They thought it was quite fun, floors that you had to jump over. I thought it was educationally wrong." And, she said, the children suffered in other ways: "On one occasion my daughter Hanneke came home from school quite scarlet

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Revisiting a De Stijl Landmark in Utrecht

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in the face, crying her eyes out, so I asked her what was the matter. She sobbed, 'I told a lie, because they said to me, "You live in that loony house" and I said I didn't live in that loony house.' Something like that was very hard for a child to cope with."

The neighbors who observed the "loony house" from the street, however, had other perceptions. "People stood and discussed it with each other," Schröder said. "On the weekends, crowds would come to have a gawk." She recalled a sympathetic friend who "stood here taking a good look. Beside her stood a fairly solid-looking chap smoking a cigar. He clapped her on the shoulder and cried, 'But my dear child, how can you possibly like that?!' In a tone of voice suggesting: You can't be serious! That really appealed to me, these two beside each other, and him saying, you surely can't be serious. But that's the way it was. One person would defend the building, someone else would tear it to bits. Quite a happening!"

Sometimes distinguished visitors sent ambiguous signals about their reactions. The great Dutch modernist J. J. P. Oud, for example, a contemporary colleague and rival of Rietveld's, "came to take a look, saw the sliding partitions and laughed....He laughed at everything. That really irritated me," Schröder said, "because I didn't think that was the most significant aspect of the house, how practical it was or how amusing." But the person who accompanied Oud told her years later, "Oud was really moved by what he saw here. You didn't notice that, but he was really shaken. I think it made quite an impression on him."

Another ambivalent visitor was the Austro-American architect Richard Neutra, who came in 1930 and found the building exciting but more complicated than was necessary. Neutra's own Lovell "Health" House in Los Angeles, built in 1929, had also been cited by one critic as being more complex than was necessary and "lacking in serenity," a critique that Neutra must have taken seriously, since he spent the rest of his life attempting to capture that allegedly missing serenity and simplicity. In fact, Neutra's later houses, particularly those of the 1950s, bore an uncanny resemblance to the late work of Rietveld.

In 1958, following the death of his wife, Rietveld moved into the house with his longtime collaborator, Truus, and remained there until his death in 1964. From then until she died in 1985, she continued to live in the house, to receive visitors and to extol Rietveld's work. In the sixty years she lived there, she experienced great joy as well as the occasionally predictable moments of pain. During World War II a German ammunition truck exploded near the house and caused several parts of it to crack. Later, a busy street was constructed just east of the house, increasing the noise and vibrations. In the late 1980s, with public support from the city of Utrecht, the house's interior was completely renovated to very near its original condition, complementing the exterior restoration that had been done in 1974. Maintained by the Rietveld Schröder House Foundation and the Central Museum of Utrecht, the house now receives a stream of visitors who discover what Truus Schröder called "the essentials." By that she meant "that someone feels really spoken to. That someone who comes here takes something away that he or she can ponder...and maybe reconsider." □

Schröder rejected the frequently made observation that the building was a three-dimensional enlargement of a Mondrian painting.



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PORTRAIT: SIR GEOFFREY JELLICOE

England's Master of the Subconscious Landscape

By Elizabeth Lambert



"I THINK I OUGHT TO tell you," says Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe, "I really know damn all about trees. When I confessed that to a developer from Australia, he disappeared—probably thought I was crackers. But there is a serious point here. What I do know about is the spirit of trees. If I need to know which tree will achieve what I want, I go to a consultant, just as I would go to a book on a library shelf. Landscape design is overrun by the technical side, the conscious side of man, the things that you know, and they teach an awful lot about drainage in landscape schools.

"I have know-how," he explains, "but fend off technical knowledge because it is the subconscious that interests me. All real art deals with the subconscious, and I want to lift landscape to the same plane as other great arts, to reinforce its delights with something greater in idea."



TOP: "I always tell students that design begins somewhere in the subconscious and must come popping out before the intellect can start messing with it," says renowned landscape architect Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe, seated in his London apartment. His career, which has spanned almost 70 years, includes gardens for members of Britain's royal family. ABOVE: For the grounds at Shute House in Wiltshire, done in 1970, Jellicoe drew his inspiration from the lush gardens of Kashmir.

"Real art deals with the subconscious, and I want to lift landscape to the same plane as other great arts."

This requires some elucidation, and Jellicoe takes pleasure in offering it. "The marvelous thing about being ninety-one is that people listen," he says. "My job is to stir them up."

His tale of Jung, Plato's theories of the cosmos, and Chinese yin and

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England's Master of the Subconscious Landscape
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yang is a rich mixture, but understanding it all is perhaps not as important as knowing that the ideas are there, acting as the kick points behind his work and the explanation for much that surprises. Visitors to a Jellicoe garden should be alerted: Seek meaning as well as beauty.

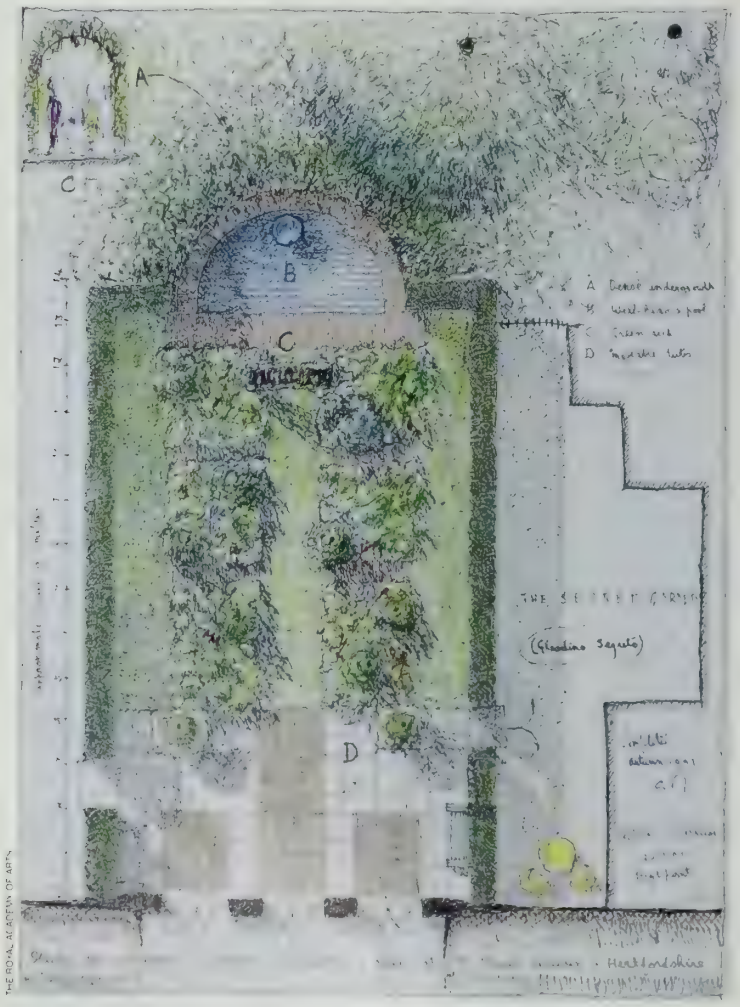
Sir Geoffrey was trained as an architect at the Architectural Association in London in the early 1920s, and his travels as a student in Italy in 1925 resulted in his book *Italian Gardens of the Renaissance*, a knowledge of classical proportions and a concept he learned at the Villa Gamberaia—that a garden can reflect the thoughts and emotions of the owner and the designer.

That idea would develop later, but first, in 1936, he designed fine terraces in the classical tradition for Ditchley Park in Oxfordshire, and gardens for the duke and duchess of York, later King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, at Royal Lodge in Berkshire. Then came World War II.

"There were hours of fire watching," he says, "plenty of time to think, time to delve into things. Before that I was a perfectly good, normal designer." He continued with some "good" and "normal" work, including a private garden for King George VI at Sandringham, but the habit of thinking very seriously about the meaning of what he was designing had begun.



DERRY MOORE



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ABOVE RIGHT: In the late 1930s Geoffrey Jellicoe created the gardens for the Queen Mother in Windsor Great Park. He was faced with a choice between steps leading from the house and a battlemented terrace. He chose the latter because it suggested her Scottish background. ABOVE: A 1990 drawing for St. Paul's Walden Bury in Hertfordshire illustrates how he loosely sketches his ideas.

It was 1964, when working on the memorial to John F. Kennedy at Runnymede, that he first put the question of meaning to good purpose. "Quite simply," he says, "I used an idea to get me through the sheer functionalism of solving problems of limited space and money. It is a small plot, one acre of land at the site where the Magna Carta was signed, given to the American people in perpetuity.

"I needed to get a dramatic concept into a small space, separate out the visible from the invisible," he continues. "I got into John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and then everything fell into place. A wicket gate is an entrance to the allegory of Life, Death and Spirit; the path to the memorial has paving stones that are intentionally disordered, like pilgrims jostling through the wild woods of life. I knew that visitors might not catch all of this when they first saw it, but they might realize later that they have had an experience. That made me think. I was dealing with the seen and the unseen, the *conscious* awareness of

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England's Master of the Subconscious Landscape
continued from page 46

stones and woods and a *subconscious* meaning. When I realized the importance of that, I thought, Am I going mad? Or am I onto something important? I thought, I better find out more, and Jung is the chap who knows about this."

He read Jung and moved on to much thought about the nature of the conscious and the subconscious, thinking that took form at Sutton Place (see *Architectural Digest*, February 1985), where he designed the garden as an allegory of the two sides of the nature of man, a progression from a Henry Moore sculpture at the edge of a lake as a symbol of man and water and earth and chaos, toward a Ben Nicholson sculpture as a symbol of pure intellect—with a few Surrealist adventures on the way.



SUSAN JELLICOE/THE LANDSCAPE INSTITUTE

ABOVE: The Kennedy Memorial in Runnymede, which Jellicoe did in 1964, is sited near where King John signed the Magna Carta. The memorial stone is at the end of woods that he sees as "the wild woods of life." Kennedy's ideals of law and order are symbolized by the carefully set stones.



Geoffrey Jellicoe had set himself the challenge of designing "a garden that is completely modern without challenging great historic architecture." And what is a modern garden? "Content," he says. "A modern building might not have a scrap of traditional material, but landscape uses material that is unchanging and familiar. What *is* new in the twentieth century is our awareness of the subconscious. Sutton Place is a garden of the mind; it could not have been done at any other time."

ABOVE: Sir Geoffrey designed the Surreal Garden at Sutton Place in Surrey in the early 1980s. The Magritte Wall is offset by five outsize Roman vases on brick pedestals, which lead only to a square hole in the wall. "The purpose is to disorganize the mind," says Jellicoe.



RIGHT: A preliminary drawing of a portion of the Moody Gardens in Galveston, Texas highlights how visitors will be [illegible] the river of Time as they wend their way [illegible] the grounds to view the cultural history of gardens. Work will begin in the late 1990s.

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England's Master of the Subconscious Landscape
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Over the years, while thinking things through, he traveled, seeing and drawing the great gardens of the world, creating within his mind an invaluable reference bank. In 1975 he published *The Landscape of Man*, a study of these gardens and the cultures that produced them, and in 1985 the Moody Foundation of Galveston, Texas, invited him to turn that book into a garden.

It is the largest project of his life, with a site of twenty-five acres of salt marshes and a budget of fifty million dollars. Work begins in the late 1990s and is expected to continue for several years. It will be, in his words, "rampant with the subconscious" and will encompass the cultural history of gardens—not reproductions of gardens of the past, but symbolism and surrealism to suggest the essence of a time and a place. Visitors will view these by boat, moving along the river of Time, or on foot, beginning with Eden and passing gardens of the West and East.

It could be called a theme park, as he acknowledges, but there will be more. "It *is* going to be fun and games, but what I'm after is a subconscious initiation into ideas. By now I know what attracts the eye. There will be plenty of fountains and cascades, it will be an attractive thing, but it will be far grander than what the eye sees.

"The idea is Jung's concept that everything is unifiable—East and West, the great religions of the world," he says. "I want to show that it is possible for all these things to lie down side by side, for the world to nudge toward something greater than the chaos of the present time."

It is a large message. How will he express it subconsciously? He's not telling. "My absolute is that the content should *not* be explained to visitors," he emphasizes. "If it is revealed the impact becomes sentimental. The purest thing is getting an idea directly to the subconscious and bypassing the intellect. Of course people get more involved at the time if they know what they're looking at, but even if they miss something, it's better if some meaning hits them several days later."

Geoffrey Jellicoe plays a close hand. For instance, in the Chinese gardens, the boats will follow a course that outlines the shape of a seated Buddha. That would be clear if visitors could see it from above, but he deliberately denies them that because "it's better in the imagination." And what if they miss it completely? "That doesn't bother me a bit. I hope they do get it, but even if they don't, that curve of the river will be pleasant."

And that's the point. The ideas *are* important, but they also serve a purpose in jogging along the whole process of design.

He begins a landscape by doing a survey drawing of the area. "It's the best way to find out what might be under the chaos," he says. "I want to tune in to the ethos of the place, to find the one basic idea that already exists there. Once I get that, I'm off. That shapes everything."

It is the largest project of his life, with a site of twenty-five acres.

That first stage, the basic shape, comes quickly to Sir Geoffrey. As Lady Anne Tree observes, "He's a master at getting the lie of the land." In the garden he designed for her and her husband, Michael Tree, at Shute House in Wiltshire, he used water—ponds and rills, harmonious cascades and bubbling pools—to hold together several very different areas that he calls "thought compartments." There is a Kashmir Garden, a grotto, parterres and more, each very different, to express the broad knowledge and imagination of the owners.

"Their imagination roams all periods," he says. "It was important to capture that. My job is to get inside their inner feelings, to design a portrait of them."

Lady Anne sees these "thought compartments" not so much in terms of subconscious meaning but as useful for creating diverse moods and the variety that is important in any garden. Recently she wanted a new area, "something that would be a contrast to the bright colors of high summer and sunlight," she says.

Some scribbled drawings on an envelope were the only description she could give, and these he pondered long, finally interpreting the feeling as tall shapes in clipped yew, rather like hooded monks, with hard granite underfoot. He sees this new part of the garden as "the deepest work with the subconscious I've ever done." She sees it as "a change of mood." Either way, the reference to the subconscious has served its purpose.

Again, at St. Paul's Walden Bury in Hertfordshire—a famous garden of clipped hedges in the manner of Le Nôtre—it was a subconscious idea that solved a problem. Simon and Caroline Bowes Lyon wanted to add a small enclosed garden near the house, someplace other than the majestic but rather chilly terrace to have lunch, but the site had everybody stumped. It was a small kitchen yard with a back drive, Victorian outbuildings and three overly grand neo-Georgian windows on the house, all competing for attention.

"We'd been wrestling with it for years and had put it on the back burner," says Simon Bowes Lyon. Geoffrey Jellicoe went straight to the real problem. "The great flaw was that those imposing clipped hedges were masculine architecture," he says. "There was no place for a woman to read a book, no enclosed and secret garden in the tradition of a medieval lady's garden, a *giardino segreto* with flowers and scent. A garden is incom-

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Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe
continued from page 50

plete without something for a woman. Once I latched onto that thought, then I bounced into life."

The result is a design of tall yew hedges that would block out a cluttered view, shaped to repeat the rounded windows almost like a shadow on the ground. "That garden is tiny," he says, "but I consider it one of my great accomplishments."

Jellicoe's fine drawing for the garden is also an accomplishment. Like all his drawings, it shows the basic concept, not the specifics of planting. If he intends a tall plant, he shades accordingly.

His late wife would interpret his "scruffy squiggles" into plants. Now clients must interpret the designs for themselves. When Caroline Bowes Lyon asked him what he meant by a shape marked "carpet bedding," his reply was, "I haven't got a clue. It seemed like a good idea."

Sir Geoffrey's point is, as with trees, he *could* learn more, but fears technical knowledge would smother the subconscious. "Take Henry Moore,"

"A garden is incomplete without something for a woman. Once I latched onto that thought, then I bounced to life."

he says. "Jung was fascinated by his sculpture and wrote a book analyzing it. He sent a copy to Moore, but the sculptor was afraid that all that analysis would simply get in his hair. He read one chapter, then wrote to Jung, saying, 'Thank you very much, but I'd rather not read anymore. It might interfere with my work.'

"All artists are involved with the subconscious," says Geoffrey Jellicoe. "It's just that it's in my nature to probe it. I'm groping in the woolly mist, but absolutely certain that there is something firm at the end." □



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COVER: The Seine as it flows by the Pont Neuf and the Ile de la Cité, the oldest part of Paris. At center is the spire of Sainte Chapelle; Notre Dame is in the distance to the right. Photography by Daniel H. Minassian. See page 62.

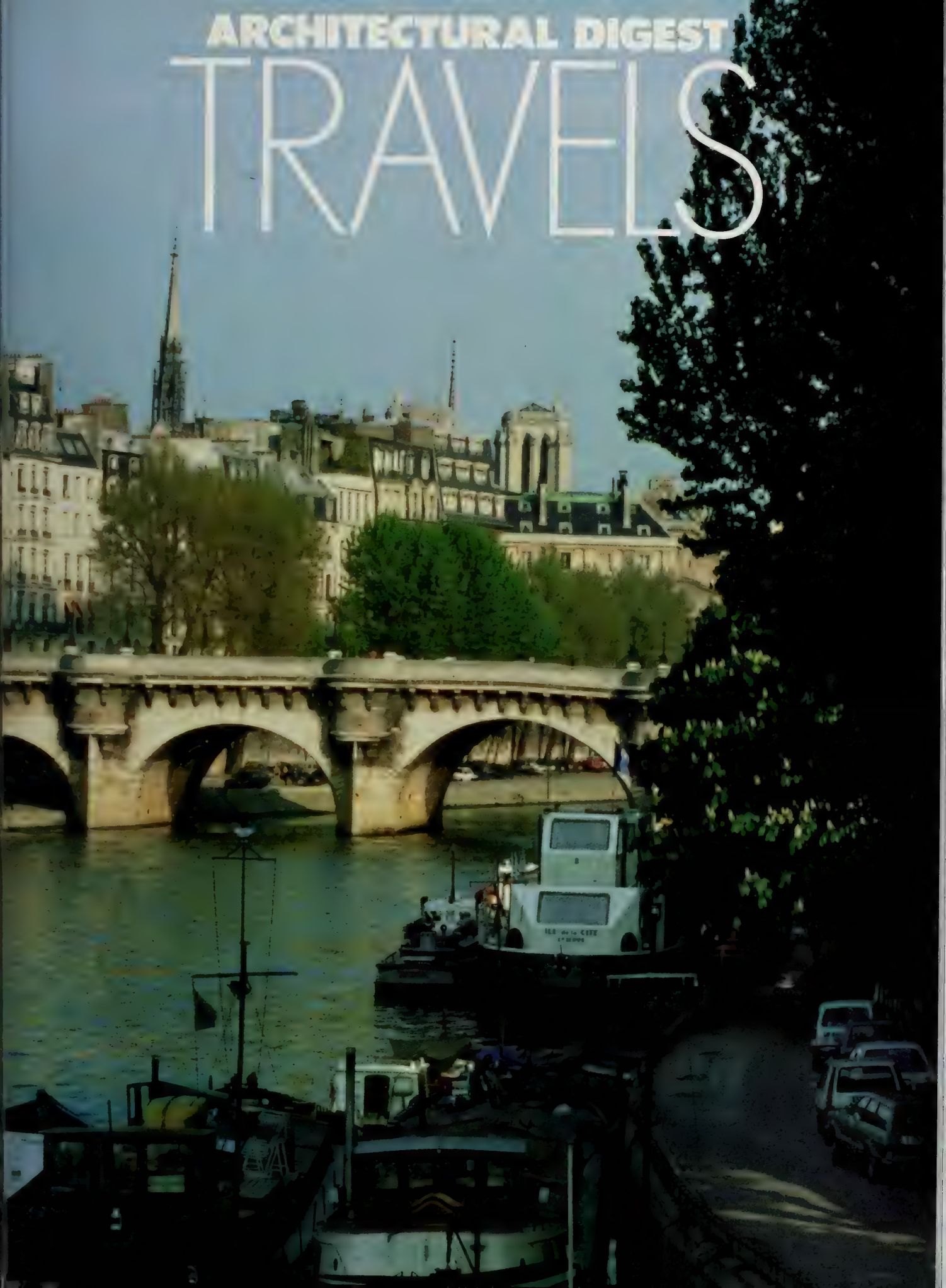
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[illegible] the World of a Renowned German Artists' Colony
[illegible] Dale Harris/Photography by Lars Hansson

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST

TRAVELS



TAKING THE CURE AT COLONNADE HOUSE

BY ROLAND FLAMINI

Dolley Madison slept there, and so did Davy Crockett, though not at the same time, of course. Francis Scott Key, the duke and duchess of Windsor and John F. Kennedy were also guests. Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher honeymooned there in the fifties. Former British prime minister Margaret Thatcher was one of several distinguished foreign visitors. But you don't have to be a celebrity or a visiting head of state to appreciate the comfort of the Greenbrier, the historic hotel and resort in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. And now, guests can enjoy the luxury of Room 6216: three bedrooms, a living room, a music room and a dining room that seats twenty-four. United States president Martin Van Buren was a guest; so was Henry Clay.



PHOTOGRAPHY JAIME ARDILES-ARCE



ABOVE: At the historic Greenbrier hotel in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, interior designer Carleton Varney and architect Paul Hansen transformed an 1838 Greek Revival cottage into Colonnade House, a luxurious six-room guesthouse often used by foreign dignitaries. LEFT: Verandas overlook the lawns.

BELOW: American and European pieces from the 18th and 19th centuries accent the living room (foreground) and the music room. To accommodate large groups, interior walls were removed. Sofas and end tables, Baker Furniture. Carpet, Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges.

There are health resorts, and then there are health resorts. The Greenbrier complex, which ranges over sixty-five hundred acres cradled in the contours of the Allegheny Mountains, offers guests no less than a seven-hundred-room hotel with ten lobbies and thirty meeting rooms, a conference center, the spa and mineral baths, three famous eighteen-hole golf courses, twenty tennis courts, and indoor and outdoor Olympic-size pools, as well as an ice-skating rink,

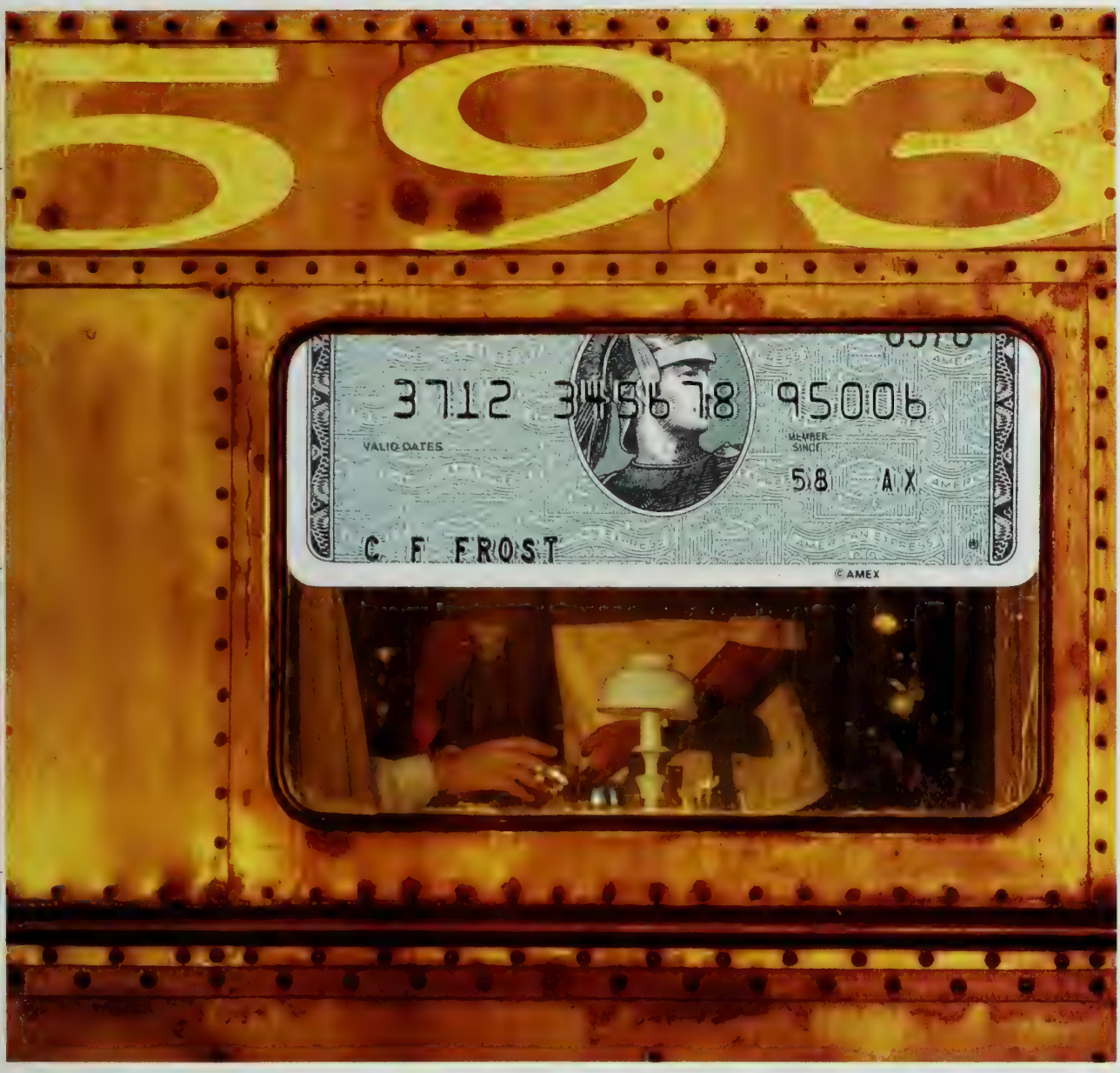
In reality, Room 6216 is no mere hotel room, it is Colonnade House, a two-floor antebellum guesthouse and the showpiece of the Greenbrier.

The South has been taking the cure at White Sulphur Springs since 1778. "So many romances began there," Margaret Mitchell, the author of *Gone With the Wind*, wrote of its antebellum heyday. "So many honeymoons had been spent there before the [Civil] War, and time and again I have heard older people tell of how they missed their annual trip there in the hard days of the reconstruction."



continued on page 58

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continued from page 56

a bowling alley, trap and skeet shooting, and fishing. In addition, there are sixty-nine separate cottages, of which Colonnade House is far and away the grandest.

In a very real sense, Colonnade House is a link with the spa's colorful past. It was originally one of a row of three identical summer houses built in 1838 by two wealthy cotton-plantation-owning families (one for each family, plus a shared guesthouse); and the impressive trio of Greek Revival structures, with wide verandas supported by Ionic columns and surrounded by towering white oaks,



were the center of social activity for summer regulars, who included everyone from presidents, southern aristocrats and captains of industry to Robert E. Lee. In due course, two of the houses were demolished, as was the property's original [illegible] the Old White, which had served both hospital and headquarters for Union and Confederate soldiers during the Civil War.

Then, three years ago, the last surviving house was carefully restored to its graceful heritage by Carleton Varney. The late Dorothy Draper had designed the interiors of the Greenbrier immediately after World War II.



ABOVE: In the newly expanded dining room, which seats 24, a chinoiserie japanned cabinet-on-stand and a coromandel screen underscore the period air. The china is a reproduction of the pattern Martin Van Buren used at the White House while he was president. Wallpaper panel is from Gracie.

LEFT: The Canopy Bedroom features a walnut armoire from Ireland and a circa 1865 mantel clock. Fireplace surround is Georgian. On the wing chair, foreground, is fabric from Cowtan & Tout. BELOW: A 19th-century fireplace surround is offset by a moiré wallcovering and a Varney-designed floral chintz in the Blue Bedroom. "The idea was to create the feeling of a personal residence," he says.

When Varney took over from his mentor in 1965, he inherited the task of decorating new additions to the ever-expanding resort and carrying out periodic renovations (see *Architectural Digest*, January/February 1977). In 1989 he was asked to overhaul Colonnade House into a self-contained guesthouse "suitable for use by VIPs and visiting heads of state," he explains. The result is more than just a face-lift. Outside, the colonnaded façade was left virtually unchanged, its verandas upstairs and downstairs providing a shaded area for breakfast [illegible] place to sip mint juleps in the early evening. Inside, however, [illegible] summer cottage was reborn as a [illegible] house.



Varney and his associate, designer Carole Menell, worked with Georgia-based Paul Hansen of Hansen Architects in reorganizing the spaces, removing walls between the living room, music room and entrance hall

continued on page 60

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MONTERO

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"The word is getting around."

continued from page 58

to achieve what he calls "a comfortable but elegant atmosphere with an easy flow for large-scale entertaining." Downstairs, the sense of space is enhanced by celadon-colored walls—moiré fabric in the living room and wallpaper in the music room and entrance hall—highlighted by pink and lavender moldings. Even the golf umbrellas in the ceramic stand next to the door are green.

Varney describes the furniture and décor as "old southern aristocratic." The mixture of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European and American furniture, he says, would be very much in keeping with the house of a plantation owner. So would the Chinese lamps and the coromandel screen that separates the living room from the dining room. On the living room walls are colorful Audubon bird prints, and a gold-leaf border brightens the parquetry floor in the dining room. Meals are prepared at the Greenbrier, brought over to the service kitchen and presented on Colonnade House's own china, which replicates the pattern used by Martin Van Buren at the White House. The eighth president had stayed at Colonnade House, and his son ended up marrying the daughter of Colonel Richard Singleton, Colonnade House's original co-owner.

The Canopy Bedroom, the largest of the three, is as far removed from a typical hotel room as Varney could make it. The almost cluttered look, on the contrary, conveys the feeling of a private bedroom. The mahogany four-poster is of the same period as the house, as are the walnut armoire and the white-painted English fireplace surround. A chintz designed by Varney was used for the draperies, chairs and bedcovering. Across the stair landing is the smaller and more intimate Blue Bedroom, which features a gold moiré wallcovering and a blue chintz by Varney.

Aside from its corporate clients, Colonnade House has steadily built up a list of regular guests, who are lured to White Sulphur Springs by the golf, the waters or just the opportunity to relax. Too, being close (two hundred and fifty miles) to Washington, D.C., Colonnade House provides visiting foreign dignitaries with a conveniently located refuge from the political limelight.

"You have a three-bedroom suite, and yet you can entertain twenty-four at a private sit-down dinner," says Ted J. Kleisner, the hotel's president and managing director. "In that sense, it's unique." Varney agrees. "The Greenbrier is steeped in American history. It's dedicated to the charm of yesterday while offering the convenience of today." Dolley Madison would have approved. □

For reservations and information about Colonnade House, contact the Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia 24986; (800) 624-6070.

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SHOPPING IN PARIS WITH FRANÇOIS CATROUX

The Designer Reveals His Favorite Sources in the City of Light

TEXT BY CHARLOTTE AILLAUD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL H. MINASSIAN



"I can find all that I need right here in Paris," says interior designer François Catroux. RIGHT: Catroux, left, inspects material with Philippe Laquerrière, whose shop, Comoglio Paris, "is a great place to find antique reproduction fabrics made today."

BELOW: "At Antiquités 54, rue Jacob, you can discover everything that gives a final touch to a house, such as lamps, boxes, needlepoint rugs or pillows," says Catroux. "I like this shop for its warm and comfortable atmosphere and its British sense of old-fashioned charm." The designer, speaking with co-owner Jean-Pierre Siméon, sits on a William and Mary–style sofa beneath a painting of Franz Josef, left.



Basically, I work with people I admire," says François Catroux of the Paris artisans and antiques dealers on whom he relies as an international interior designer. He is setting off on a tour of Paris that will take most of them in.

"Here in France we still have craftsmen who are artists and antiques dealers who are passionate art lovers," Catroux explains, as he turns onto the rue Jacob in the sixth arrondissement. "They all have one vital quality in common: an ability to adapt intelligently to the taste and personality of the decorator with whom they are working. For instance, the role played by fabrics is terribly important. Fabrics can create the atmosphere of a house and inspire its style, which is why I'm particularly impressed by Philippe Laquerrière's charming shop, Comoglio Paris.

"First of all, M. Laquerrière is a dealer of the highest caliber, who reproduces eighteenth- and nineteenth-century fabrics that he has painstakingly researched," says Catroux. "Recently, antique fabrics have been harder and harder to come by, and so he had the idea of creating his own brand name to copy a few of the original designs with absolute fidelity. Moreover, he avoids museum-piece patterns, which makes his products all the more unique.

"What Laquerrière has achieved is a highly selective collection that one can go and see on the spot, at his shop," Catroux continues. "It's a fabric collection that may soon be reinforced by wallcoverings along the same lines. Laquerrière loathes showrooms, which as far as he is concerned are the antithesis of intimacy. He's a man with a profound knowledge of art, and he's pioneering a completely new approach to the business of selecting fabrics."

Next on Catroux's list of favorite places is Antiquités 54, rue Jacob, headquarters of Jean-Charles de Ravenel and Jean-Pierre Siméon. There's usually a wood fire burning in the



ABOVE: "Alexandre Biaggi Antiquités is a shop that features works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries," explains Catroux, who discusses a piece of Berlin porcelain with Biaggi. "He always has an eclectic mix of special and unusual things."



RIGHT: Dominating a corner at Alexandre Biaggi is a marble mantel from a Belgian town house that shows strong influences of Klimt and the Vienna Secession in its inlay. On the easel and wall and across the mantel's top are watercolors and sketches by Eugene Berman.

"Mme Cheska Vallois knows where all the best things are, and knows exactly who made them."



ABOVE: "Vallois is one of the best places in the world to find Art Déco furniture," says Catroux, who looks at a mirror by Armand-Albert Rateau with Mme Cheska Vallois. The alabaster lamp, in foreground, which is set on a gilt-metal base, is also by Rateau.



grate, and at five o'clock in the afternoon you can be served a cup of tea in surroundings that make you think wistfully of turn-of-the-century English or Scandinavian houses. It's hard to drag yourself away from the famously comfortable chairs.

"Victorian cushions in petit-point are the latest craze in Paris," says Catroux, surveying the shop with approval. "The famous clients who buy them here are usually friends of the owners as well. They have exquisite taste. They pick up charming furniture and objects wherever they happen to be, which is a godsend to all the French and American designers they know. Still, there's nothing in the shop that smacks of the 'Grand Antiquaire'—on the contrary, it's all quite unique and irresistible."

Next door is Alexandre Biaggi's little shop at 52 rue Jacob. "I often find myself gingerly moving things aside in here, trying to get at something I've caught sight of through the window," says Catroux with a smile. "Biaggi is a young dealer with an eye for magical objects. He's been here for two and a half years now, and he's a specialist in very rare things of highly eclectic provenance. What he really wants to do is operate a bit like Jean-Michel Frank, who never hesitated to show off his own creations in an eighteenth-century décor. Biaggi doesn't stick to any rigidly defined period, he just has one or two representative pieces from each—and they are quickly noticed by both French and foreign designers.

"Lately, Biaggi has developed a strong interest in the fashionable designers of the 1930s, people like Etienne Drian, Eugene Berman and Christian Bérard. In short, he practices his métier with unerring intuition and a real delight in finding things."

As far as Catroux is concerned, any stroll along the Left Bank "inevitably leads me to the rue de Seine, which is an absolute nest of good dealers," he says. "Mme Cheska Vallois, for example, has a big gallery specializing in

LEFT: "Everything at Vallois is of great style and is always the finest quality," Catroux emphasizes. Resting on a Eugène Printz cabinet, which has hinged screenlike doors lacquered in a gold maze pattern, are Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann crystal lamps and Jean Dunand vases.



Art Déco. She's been there for eleven years, successfully infusing other people with her passion for anything from 1915 to 1935. Mme Vallois says she likes perfection and refinement above all else, and claims she has often pursued particular objects or pieces of furniture for years at a stretch. The more she gets to know about the era, the more she likes it."

Catroux is deeply impressed by the quality and rarity of Mme Vallois's selection. For him, the works of Paul Iribe, Eileen Gray, Jean-Michel Frank, Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann and Eugène Printz are incomparably pure in both line and essence. He finds it not in the least surprising that over the years Mme Vallois has furnished many houses from top to bottom and has built up several collections of immense value. "She knows where all the best things are," notes Catroux, "and she knows exactly who made them."

The rue de Beaune, which is nearby, is just as rich in good shops. Catroux has a weakness for Hannibal and Jason Sousa's gallery, M-K. "The

ABOVE: "M-K has the most unique furniture and objects from the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. I come here to find very decorative pieces." The sleigh bed may have been owned by Napoleon's sister.

BELOW: "J. Kugel is three floors of fantastic antiques, from Russian chandeliers to Louis XIV bureaus," says Catroux, examining a nautilus cup with Nicolas Kugel. "They are unsurpassed for top masterpieces."



surprising variety of their taste is something I always like," he explains. "They're brothers whose parents were collectors, and the parents seem to have passed on a passion for discovery. The Sousas live for their profession, and they do it with rare freshness and gaiety, traveling, wandering about on foot, scavenging at flea markets and the Drouot auction rooms, constantly improvising. The result is extremely varied and always unique. They only buy what they themselves like, and they like things without restraint. They don't work with designers very much; foreign clients are more their forte."

If by this time Catroux is still feeling energetic and enterprising, he crosses the Pont Royal and the Tuileries for a short visit to J. Kugel's, which is situated on the rue St.-Honoré. World-famous Kugel is three floors filled with remarkable things. Nicolas and Alexis Kugel have carried on the tradition inaugurated by their father, Jacques, who was one of the great dealers and collectors of this century. The many rooms of their sumptuous shop are devoted to furniture, porcelain and silver whose claim to fame is their history and rarity. The Kugel brothers have managed to stick to their father's strict rule, which was that the objects in his shop catch the eye and make people want to know more about them. Old hands, as well as newcomers to the trade, go to Kugel's to look for the sort of one-of-a-kind pieces that can be found there and apparently nowhere else.

Another of Catroux's favorite shops in the first arrondissement is Eric Philippe, in the galerie Véro-Dodat, which is a veritable trove of furniture and highly original objects. "Philippe's preference is for the period between 1900 and 1950," notes Catroux. "Everything he has is high quality; he often shows fine things by totally unknown artists. Another stop for me is Braquenié in the old Hôtel de la Mothe, which is always a plea-



Eric Philippe in the galerie Véro-Dodat is a veritable trove of furniture and original objects.

ABOVE: "Eric Philippe's shop is very stylish and glamorous," says Catroux. "He has a rigorous selection of furniture from the forties and fifties and even earlier. It's all the best twentieth-century things." The armoire's carved doors are by Stig Blomberg.



RIGHT: "One of the three best fabric houses I know is Braquenié et Cie," says Catroux. "They work only with and from documents from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." In the foreground, left, is an Oriental pattern; at right, an early-18th-century motif after Jean Berain.



PARIS

FRANÇOIS CATROUX'S FAVORITE SHOPS IN PARIS

Antiquités 54, rue Jacob
54 rue Jacob
42-60-83-61
Eclectic

Alexandre Biaggi Antiquités
52 rue Jacob
42-86-08-40
19th- and 20th-century objects

Braquenié & Cie
111 boulevard Beaumarchais
48-04-30-03
Fabrics

Comoglio Paris
22 rue Jacob
43-54-65-86
Fabrics

J. Kugel
279 rue St.-Honoré
42-60-86-23
Fine antiques

Yvon Lambert
108 rue Vieille-du-Temple
42-71-09-33
Contemporary art

M-K
6 rue de Beaune
42-61-26-86
18th-, 19th- and 20th-century objects and furniture

Mériguet-Carrere
84 rue de l'Abbé-Groult
48-28-48-81
Restoration and custom painting

Neotu
25 rue du Renard
42-78-91-83
Contemporary decorative arts

Eric Philippe
25 galerie Véro-Dodat
42-33-28-26
20th-century objects

Vallois
41 rue de Seine
43-29-50-84
Art Déco

Outside Paris:
Paulin Paris
"Le Perthuis"
45700 Conflans-sur-Loing
38-94-74-25
Custom painting and furniture

Treherne
272 avenue d'Argenteuil
92600 Asnières
47-99-06-41
Master cabinetry



ABOVE: "Neotu always displays the most beautiful contemporary creations," says Catroux, "from furniture to glassware to rugs." Arranged throughout the room is a collection of free-blown vases by Borek Sipek, some of which rest on a gueridon by Martin Szekely.

sure for me to visit. Braquenié has a wealth of fabrics copied from eighteenth-century patterns, and I really have to say it's a paradise for designers. The shop also has a huge atelier with a stunning collection of carpets and rugs. They work to order from old documents and sometimes from patterns created by modern artists. You don't come to Braquenié to buy carpets by the yard.

"Just to spend an hour here with Mme Brigitte Nitot calls to mind all one's friends' houses that are decorated with the motifs that made Braquenié famous," says Catroux. "As a modern bastion of the old tradition, the firm took a leading part in the



RIGHT: "I feel that Yvon Lambert's gallery is perhaps the best contemporary art showcase in Paris," Catroux points out. He stands silhouetted with M. Lambert against a painting by Haim Steinbach. "I like Lambert and have great confidence in what he thinks about modern art."

restoration of Victor Hugo's house."

Still in the heart of the old capital, Catroux moves on to the rue du Renard, where he drops in on Neotu. "Seven times a year the gallery mounts exhibitions of the work of modern artists, ranging from glassware to carpets and furniture. The pieces on display are invariably interesting. It's always a delight to be associated with this place, which is so concerned with the creations of one's contemporaries."

Another thoroughly modern gallery in this most authentic and historic area of the city is Yvon Lambert, down the road on the rue Vieille-du-Temple. Lambert is in the vanguard of contemporary art, quite simply because many of the most famous living artists exhibit their work with him: people like Cy Twombly, Anselm Kiefer and Richard Serra.



ABOVE: "Paul Mériguet of Mériguet-Carrere is one of the most talented painters in the city," says Catroux. "He can do everything from restoration work to new trompe-l'oeil murals." Laid out on a table in his workshop are maquettes de décor, *or models.*



Lambert is interested in young artists and always makes time for them. "I meet about a thousand new ones every year," he says, "all between twenty and thirty years of age." This past winter, he mounted an exhibition for the Spanish painter Federico Guzman. Lambert's intelligence, curiosity and alert intuition always enable him to find things through friends, or through "his" artists, or even when he is just traveling from place to place. It is this talent and energy that keeps the collectors satisfied, and the atmosphere of Lambert's gallery is all liveliness and youth.

From the rue Vieille-du-Temple, Catroux veers onto the bustling Faubourg St.-Antoine, with its clusters of artisans and scent of varnish. There he visits Paulin, a painter who designs things to order "and does them with such a light touch, so poetically, that I always get a thrill out of seeing his latest creations," says Catroux. "He has a larger studio outside the city too. I also deal a lot with Paul Mériguet at his atelier in the fifteenth arrondissement. He is a *peintre-décorateur* whose prodigious talent is nothing less than a direct link between our own time and the seventeenth century. Mériguet is a wonderfully courteous man, and his artistry is of exquisite quality. He can do absolutely *everything*, and actually has done work for all the best houses and national museums. Nothing's impossible for his workshops, which breathe new life into the past with a special mixture of real and false, manufacture and restoration, imitation and inspiration. Visitors to his workshops are always made very welcome. Where would incredibly demanding designers like me be without people like him?"

François Catroux's final stop is about a mile out of Paris, where the great French cabinetmaker Jean-Claude Treherne has his workshops, which are "an authentic museum of cabinetwork," he says. "Here are rows of the most widely admired patterns in the history of furniture, and Tre-

LEFT: Paul Mériguet retouches a series of decorative panels that will eventually be reset into the antique boiserie. From the skylighted ceiling hang a profusion of chairs of various styles and finishes. Artisans in the studio beyond work on a painted and gilded chair.

"Mériguet's talent is a link between our own time and the seventeenth century."



herne can reproduce them with incomparable accuracy. All you need to do is decide which pattern you want.

"Treherne never advertises," adds Catroux, "but his fame is global. He does work for museums and important collectors, and since 1947 much of the world's most astonishing furniture has been coming out of these workshops. Treherne is absolutely the Cartier of cabinetmakers."

Catroux turns for home at last, even though he could visit many more remarkable establishments and probably would if there were time. For as he himself is the first to say, Paris is incredibly rich in talented artists and craftsmen, people whose work gives his own and that of other designers two advantages that are literally beyond price. These are the freedom to choose what they like, and the certainty that it will conform to the very highest standards. □

ABOVE: "Paulin is an artist with his own shop," says Catroux. "He designs custom pieces, and I'm always happy with his interpretation of what I have asked of him." At right is a painted fourfold screen.

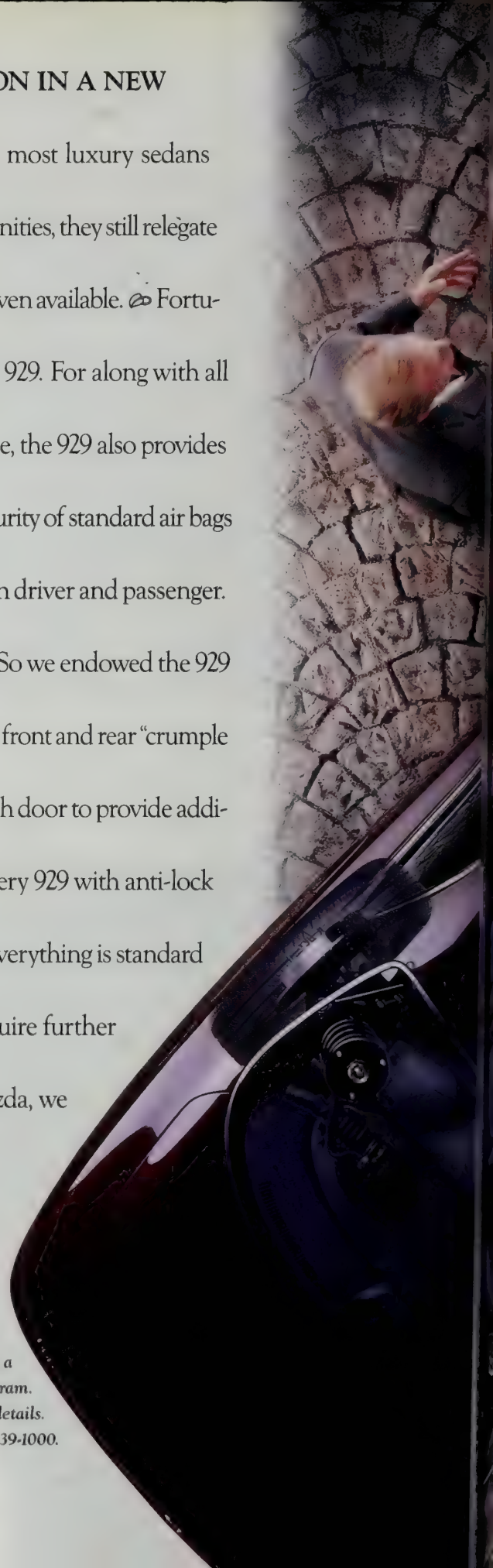
BELOW: Just outside of Paris is the atelier of Jean-Claude Treherne, "who is a master cabinetmaker." The walls are lined with patterns for 18th-century-style boiseries, trumeaux and details for rooms or pieces of furniture.



WHY SHOULD SAFETY BE AN OPTION IN A NEW LUXURY SEDAN? It is ironic that while most luxury sedans offer a seemingly endless array of standard amenities, they still relegate safety features like dual air bags to the options list. If they're even available. Fortunately, there is an exception to this rule. The new Mazda 929. For along with all the prerequisites of uncommon comfort and performance, the 929 also provides



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*Seats upholstered in leather except for back side of front seats bottom cushion side panels and other minor areas. © 1992 Mazda Motor of Amer.

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It Just Feels Right.



Retreating from the industrialization of the modern city, three artists—Fritz Mackensen, Otto Modersohn and Hans am Ende—moved in 1889 to Worpswede, a small peasant village in northern Germany whose simple lifestyle they admired. Today Worpswede is home to a thriving artists' colony, with many of its buildings open to the public and artworks on display. LEFT: Versatile artist Heinrich Vogeler designed the Jugendstil train station in 1910.

THE AGELESS SPELL OF WORPSWEDE

Entering the World of a Renowned German Artists' Colony

TEXT BY DALE HARRIS PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARS HANSSON

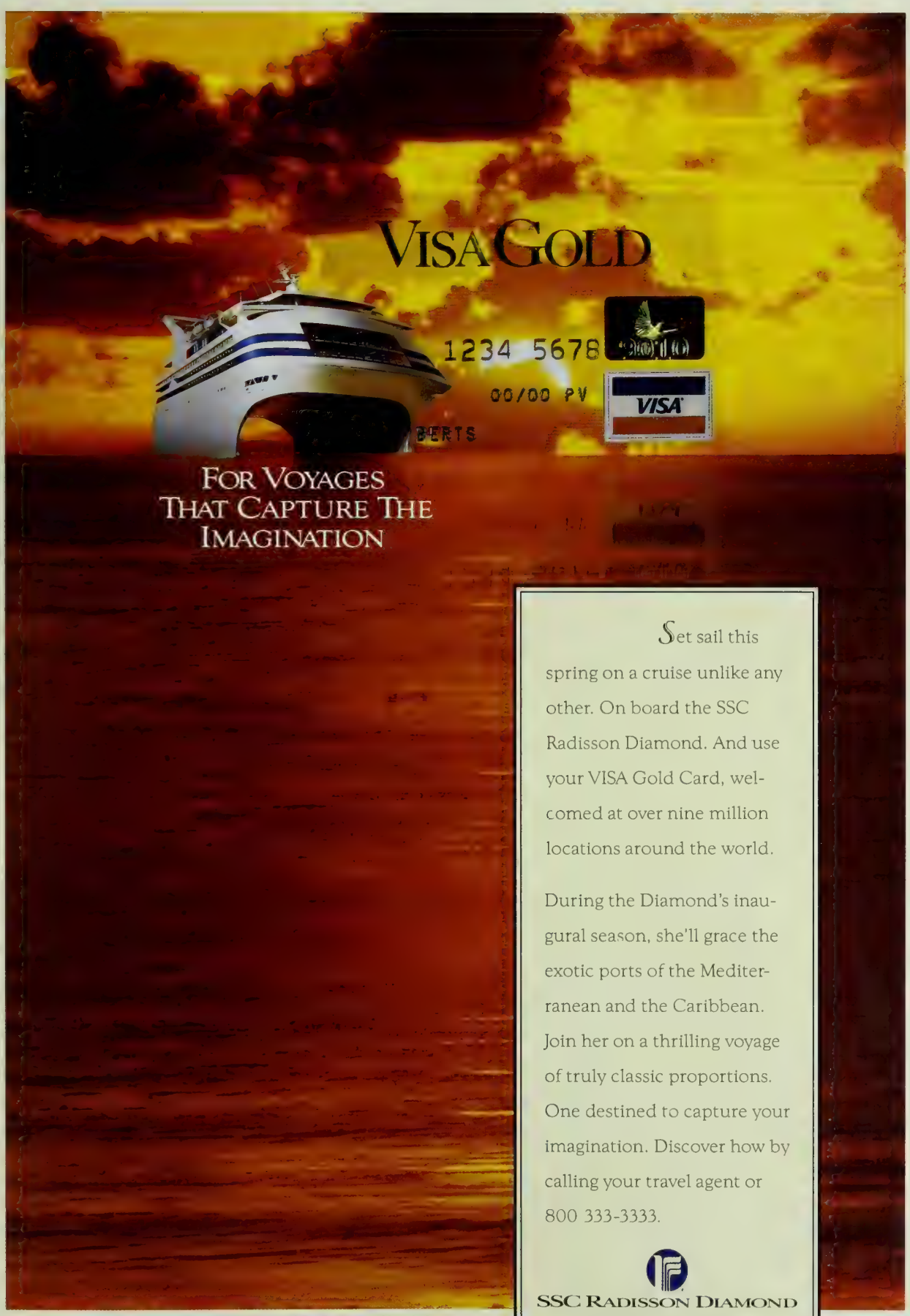


BELOW: Vogeler converted his own house, Barkenhoff, into a superb example of Jugendstil architecture in 1897. Barkenhoff was the social center around which the artists, and writers such as poet Rainer Maria Rilke, gathered.

ABOVE: True to the Arts and Crafts sensibility, Vogeler created everything in Worpswede's train station, from the stenciled wallpaper to light fixtures and furniture. The station is now a restaurant.



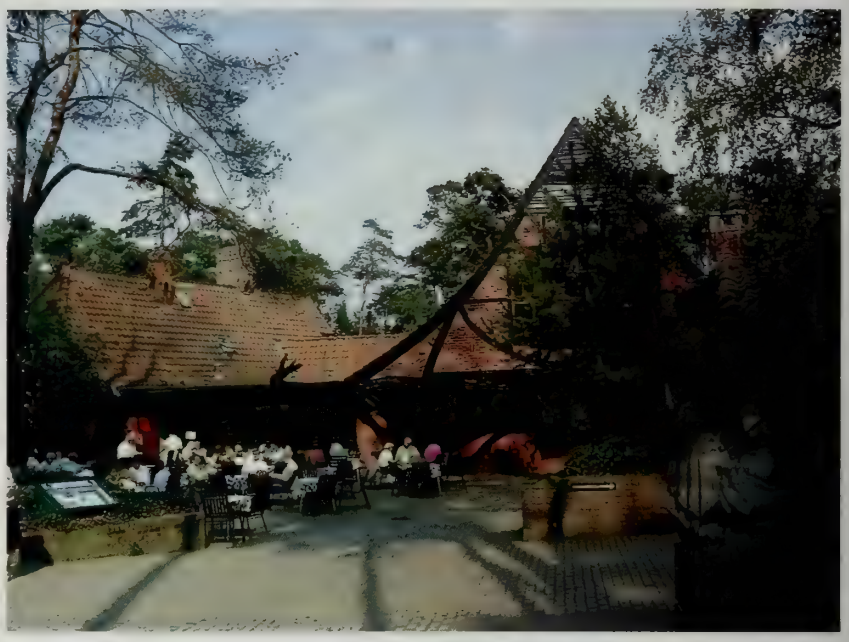
In 1889, the very year in which the Eiffel Tower rose aggressively above the rooftops of Paris as if to make everyone aware that a new technological era had arrived, three young German painters, all in their early twenties, turned their backs decisively on the modern world. Agonizing over the spiritual barrenness of contemporary society, Fritz Mackensen, Otto Modersohn and Hans am Ende concluded that the only remedy for its ills was to return to the age-old verities of nature. After discovering the tiny village of Worpswede, situated in one of the remotest regions of northwestern Germany, they decided to settle there and dedicate their art to the celebration of traditional country life. Above all, the artists yearned to live close to the local peasants, whom they believed were the embodi-


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ment of a deep and ancient wisdom.

Today, Worpswede is one of Europe's most captivating byways, a bucolic refuge from the ever-encroaching city in spring and summer and a flourishing arts colony throughout the year. In 1889, however, it consisted of hardly more than a handful of thatched cottages huddled in the depths of a windswept fen, where nothing had changed for hundreds of years. Though less than twenty miles north of the busy port of Bremen, the tight-knit community of peat-cutters and agricultural laborers was isolated from the busy world beyond.

Despite their idealization of the villagers, the newcomers had few contacts with them. While the Worpsweders never understood the outsiders' passion for the austere beauty of the moor—with its sluggish river, brown canals and black-sailed skiffs, its tall, often violently colored skies and its stands of birch, pine and willow—the outsiders, in turn, never un-



ABOVE: A popular locale is Kaffee Worpswede by architect and sculptor Bernhard Hoetger, whose work appears throughout the town. Inspired by the film Golem, *he designed the building as a sculpture, defying the farmhouse vernacular. It was completed in 1925.*

BELOW: Also known as "Café Crazy," the structure combines the architectural style of a temple of Nordic mythology with Hoetger's own expressive figuration, which he enhanced by placing some of his pieces around the building. At right is The Dreamer *(circa 1912).*



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derstood the harshness of the laborers' lot—the drudgery, the seclusion, the precariousness of existence. Prone to sentimentalism, Mackensen, Modersohn and Ende interpreted the peasants' impassivity as an instinctual dedication to time-honored traditions. Revealingly, though, during the long desolate winters all three artists tended to gravitate to cities like Berlin and Hamburg, where they could work on their canvases amid the comforts of the city.

The success they won at the Munich Crystal Palace exhibition of 1895



ABOVE: When Martha Vogeler took her children and left her husband and Barkenhoff in 1920, she moved into a farmhouse. Called Haus im Schluh, it is still occupied by the Vogeler family. The thatch-roofed building, which is open to the public, contains works by Worpswede artists.



ABOVE: One of Haus im Schluh's downstairs rooms features objects from Barkenhoff and, from left to right, paintings by Heinrich Vogeler of his mother, Martha and Martha's mother.

BELOW: In the breakfast room, which is still used by guests of the house, is Spring, *an 1898 painting of Martha by Heinrich Vogeler.*



RIGHT: The gabled upper bedroom of the house can be reserved by guests staying in Worpswede. The canopy bed and other furnishings are from Heinrich Vogeler's "Tulip" series.



with their landscapes and genre scenes helped spread the fame of Worpswede. Among those attracted to the hamlet early on were the poet Rainer Maria Rilke and the sculptor Clara Westhoff, who met in Worpswede in 1900 and married a year later. And in 1901 the painter Paula Becker became the wife of Otto Modersohn. It was Modersohn-Becker, by far the finest painter in the group, who most clearly understood the illusory nature of the artists' social ideas. During the very same period that Gauguin, in full flight from the modern world, had virtually turned himself into a South Sea islander, the Worpswede artists remained as fundamentally bourgeois as when they first moved to the village.

Yet at least one important contact was established between the groups, when, again in 1901, artist Heinrich Vogeler married Martha Schröder, the beautiful towheaded daughter of local peasants. But rather than going native in the manner of Gauguin, Vogeler, a young man of substantial means, raised his wife to his own level. With the naturally elegant Martha soon transformed into a gracious hostess, the Vogelers' home—a handsome gabled house called Barkenhoff, set in an elaborately landscaped, rose-filled garden—quickly became the social and creative center of the growing artistic community. In their white salon or, in good weather, on the terrace, friends assembled to hear poetry readings, lectures and concerts. On weekends they danced till dawn—often scandalizing the conservative peasants.

Vogeler was the most active figure in Worpswede. A man of protean talent and prodigious energy, he painted, wrote, illustrated books and designed furniture, rugs, porcelain, silverware, tapestries and stained glass. Following in the wake of William Morris, he used handicrafts as an implicit protest against the shoddiness of industrial manufacture. In 1903 he was instrumental in founding

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a society to preserve the rural character of the region. Seven years later, when the railroad finally linked Worpswede to the world outside, Vogeler designed a charming Jugendstil train station and all its decorative details. His attempt to create a comprehensive workers' settlement on the lines of Port Sunlight in England foundered for lack of a sponsor, but he did build three fine houses in the Arts and Crafts style that survive to this day.

So does the station, recently converted into a stylish restaurant, since



ABOVE: The Grosse Kunstschau building by Hoetger houses the Roselius Collection, an important group of works by Worpswede artists. Heinrich Vogeler's Summer Evening at Barkenhoff *is at left; at right is his* Winter Fairy Tale. *Hoetger designed the furniture.*



ABOVE: The Barkenhoff Scholarship, given to 12 artists in any creative field, fosters international talent and ensures Worpswede's future as an artists' colony. A recipient of the grant, Friedhelm Falke, works on one of his pieces.

trains no longer run through the village. So too does Barkenhoff, carefully restored to the condition it was in before 1920, when, after his marriage failed and his wife moved into a village farmhouse, Vogeler turned it into a commune. He was tragically misled by his own cloudy idealism—he settled in the Soviet Union in 1931 and died in Kazakhstan eleven years later under destitute conditions—but his legacy to Worpswede is enduring. The Friends of Worpswede, the successor to his society for the preservation of the area's character, now keeps a wary eye on all restorations and development, while Barkenhoff offers foundation-funded scholarships each year to distinguished practitioners in the arts, including painting, graphics, sculpture, applied arts, music and literature.

But the real tutelary spirit of Worpswede is Paula Modersohn-Becker, not merely because her art seems deeper every year but because there is something inspiring in her struggle to discover a pictorial language adequate to her inner vision. Though her present exalted international standing dates from the years after World War II, she had already won at least one lifelong adherent by 1907, when she died at age thirty-one of an embolism shortly after the birth of her first child. The architect-sculptor Bernhard Hoetger, who had met her in Paris, moved to Worpswede in order to live, as he said, in the landscape that had nurtured her genius.

Fittingly, it is Hoetger who created the monument that since 1921 has marked Modersohn-Becker's grave in the cemetery at Worpswede, while

BELOW: Testimony to Worpswede's continuing importance to artists are the sculptures of Waldemar Otto, who has lived in the town since 1976. In his studio are works in progress.





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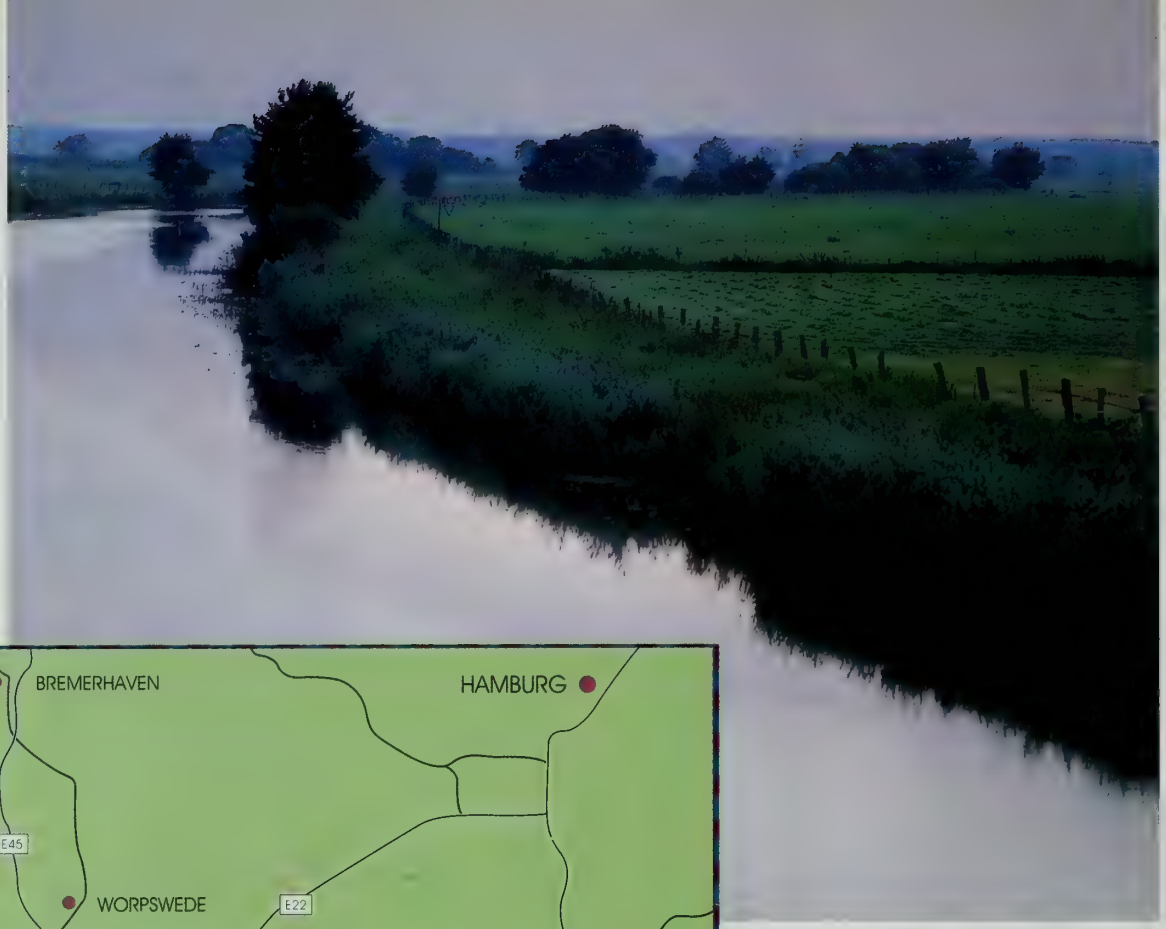
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According to Rilke, the best-remembered writer who spent time in the village, "Worpswede is flat country with rows of birches, old farmhouses, rose bushes and rowan trees.... Worpswede is famous for its clarity and colorful atmosphere and for the splendor of the clouds."

his Grosse Kunstschau houses the Roselius Collection, a group of works by her and other Worpswede artists owned by the locality. In his designs for this gallery and the nearby coffeehouse, Hoetger fused the organic, the idiosyncratic and the traditional into architecture of singular expressivity. More striking still is his enormous brick sculpture overlooking the moor on the outskirts of Worpswede and bearing the inscription, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Part monitory bird, part guardian angel, the curious memorial to peace, erected in 1922, four years after the end of World War I, gives monumental form to the complex feelings that the brooding landscape has instilled in its finest artists for the past hundred years. □

IN WORPSWEDE

Though Worpswede remains a small village in a remote place, it offers a number of noteworthy attractions, particularly to art lovers and those who love the countryside.

***Barkenhoff**, the Jugendstil house of Heinrich Vogeler that was Worpswede's early social center, retains all of its character. Its grounds and galleries are open to the public daily. Ostendorferstrasse 10. The **Grosse Kunstschau**, designed by Bernhard Hoetger, houses an important group of works by the Worpswede artists. Lindenallee 3. **Galerie Cohrs-Zirrus**, open daily, sells paintings by the original Worpswede artists and works by contemporary local artists. Bergstrasse 33.*

*Worpswede is close enough to the large city of Bremen that day trips by car are possible (about a half hour). For those who want to spend the night in the village, **Eichenhof** is a secluded 40-room hotel with country charm and great breakfasts (closed from mid-December through January). Ostendorferstrasse 13; 4792-2676. For a more authentic Worpswede experience, one of Vogeler's daughters rents out four rooms of her thatched cottage, **Haus im Schluh**, whose lower floor contains art by Vogeler and is open to the public. 4792-7160.*

*The former train station and Vogeler's Jugendstil masterpiece, **Bahnhof Worpswede**, is now a restaurant serving lunch and dinner. Bahnhofstrasse 17; 4792-7917. A genuine café displaying the town's most unusual architecture, Hoetger's **Kaffee Worpswede**, next to the Grosse Kunstschau, is worth a stop for a coffee.*

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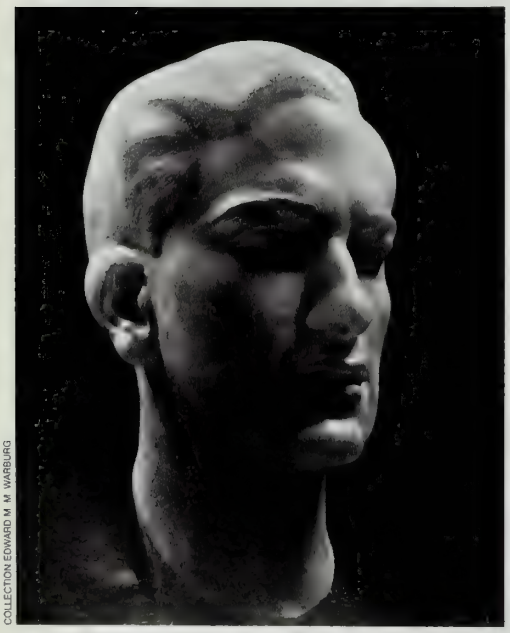
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Edward Warburg—Introducing Gaston Lachaise to America

By Nicholas Fox Weber

Sixty years ago, a group of extraordinary art patrons helped to champion modernism in the United States, thereby changing the cultural landscape forever. Among them were Lincoln Kirstein and Edward M. M. Warburg, who established the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art as undergraduates in 1928. Kirstein went on to found the New York City Ballet, while Warburg became an influential collector and trustee of the newly formed Museum of Modern Art. The following excerpt is from Patron Saints: Five Rebels Who Opened America to New Art (1928–1943) *by Nicholas Fox Weber. Copyright © 1992 by Nicholas Fox Weber. To be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. All rights reserved.*



COLLECTION EDWARD M. M. WARBURG

In 1906 French-born sculptor Gaston Lachaise immigrated to the United States, where his work shocked the public. ABOVE RIGHT: *Gaston Lachaise, Georgetown, Maine, 1927* by Paul Strand.

LEFT: Lachaise did an alabaster bust of Edward M. M. Warburg, who provided him with financial and emotional support, in 1933. His patron was one of the founders of the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art. BELOW: A portrait of Warburg by George Platt Lynes.



LATE IN 1932, when [illegible] Kirstein took Edward Warb[illegible] to the New York studio of Gaston [illegible]chaise, the French-born sculptor was practically penniless. Lachaise had been one of the favorites of the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art. He had been sporadically helped by a handful of patrons, but he was unable to hold on to money. The previous year, Kirstein had posed in the nude for Lachaise—for a sculpture that Gertrude Whitney bought for twelve hundred dollars. Kirstein had periodically done what he could to help. Now Warburg commissioned a portrait bust. He wanted to understand the processes of sculpture, and he wanted to provide funds.

Lachaise regularly recounted his daily struggles at that time in letters to his wife, Isabel, and his stepson, Edward Nagle, who were in Maine while he was in New York. Suddenly, on April 3, 1933, he wrote a letter to Nagle in which the tone of the correspondence changed completely. He gave his address for the next week as "c/o EMM Warburg Esq., Hotel Greenbrier," in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. After months of sitting for the portrait (he posed sixty-five times in all), Warburg had wanted some variation in the routine. At the lavish resort where Lachaise was Warburg's guest, they followed their three-hour morning work session with Lachaise sunbathing and Warburg playing tennis. The afternoon and evening sittings were framed with pleasant walks, fine meals and the occasional swim. Lachaise carried the life-size Plasticine head around in a cardboard box in which it was suspended between large nails at the top and bottom so that its surface never touched the sides. Warburg was highly amused to be accompanied by someone carrying his head in a box.



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Throughout 1933 and 1934, Lachaise's stream of correspondence to Isabel was packed with references to projects with the young Warburg. From White Sulphur Springs the report was that his patron had a "nature tellement agreeable & aimable." He was, at the very least, patient, the commission took seven months to complete. From New York in the ensuing weeks came a cycle of statements that the bust was almost done and then that it wasn't. First Lachaise wrote that he would be casting it in bronze within a day or two. Then he was back at work on it. Again he was about to cast it, but in the next report he was refining it just a bit more. So it continued. Finally, on May 1, he wrote Isabel, "Pour moi, et pour lui, c'est un success." The same day, he informed Edward Nagle, "I finished Warburg portrait in Plasticine it is a great thing. I do like Warburg very much the more I know him, almost as much as Joe Gould which I know for many years and which as you know is a great friend for me." On May 9 the sculptor wrote to Isabel that this could go among the best portraits ever made, on May 10 that it was "le portrait d'un jeune Empereur." The letter of May 11 said not only that Warburg had taken home and Felix was pleased but also that Eddie and Lachaise had visited the Museum of Modern Art together. By the end of May, Warburg—who had paid a thousand dollars for the bronze—had agreed to a second version, for four thousand, in pale English alabaster.



A good deal of Lachaise's oeuvre was given over to figures of women, for which his wife, Isabel, was the main model. *Torso*, 1934, was the first major work by an American sculptor to be donated to the Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection.

Lachaise's correspondence was packed with references to projects with the young Warburg.

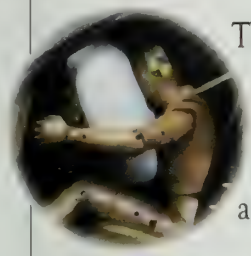
Lachaise's goal wasn't primarily physical resemblance. What he was after, in his own words, was "a likeness with the skin removed." It scarcely mattered when noted critic Henry McBride told the sculptor that Eddie Warburg's features were not quite right, that "the nose was too high on the head, not the Semitic two-thirds but Roman proportions." The bronze, even more than the alabaster, is the essence of the young art patron it portrayed: pensive yet outgoing, reflective, fervent.

If McBride was correct, and the well-defined features lack perfect verisimilitude to Warburg's appearance at the time, they nonetheless make a good pass at his rather exotic good looks. And Lachaise has arrested Warburg's features in a moment of intensity. Under strong light, the bronze is as smooth and shiny as Bellini's paintings and School of Fontainebleau enamels—the art with which Eddie Warburg was essentially the most comfortable. The veneer is flawless, the patina refined and elegant. But there is no bland perfection. Lachaise's Warburg, subtly asymmetrical, has the irregularity of living form. The bust is an exquisite object, but it reflects the complexity of human feelings. The face looks hungry for a purpose, engaged in a relentless search for the meanings of existence. Formed like a statuesque god, it is

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Edward Warburg—Introducing Gaston Lachaise to America
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also tortured. Eddie Warburg may have prepped with impeccably bred American upper crusters and palled around with the right Wall Street boys, and he may have been brought up with perfect scrolly monograms, but this image shows someone unable to cut off the darker sides of life. This is a person who recognizes suffering, both in himself and in others. Sixty-five sittings may have seemed like a lot, but Lachaise was getting somewhere. His subject is as questing and restless as he is handsome, rich and empowered.

By the time all three versions of the portrait bust were complete, Warburg had become Lachaise's primary benefactor. He had started early in 1933 by buying the powerful, intensely simplified marble *Knees*. His next purchase was a highly sensuous, smooth-surfaced marble sculpture of bulging breasts with their firm, disproportionately high nipples jumping like exclamation points. Then he acquired the grossly exaggerated twelve-inch-high marble *Torso* in which vastly oversize breasts and buttocks—and nothing else—emerge from a rough block. Celebratory or deprecating, the voice of these works is certainly obsessional. Warburg's mother, Frieda, who hated *Knees* and thought Picasso's *Blue Boy* too daring for the living room, now thought her son had gone mad. His brother Fred's only comment, uttered repeatedly, was that he would be buying kneepads for *Knees* and a bra for *Breasts*.

Frieda Warburg went into a state over the enormous plaster Lachaise figure that Eddie gave to the Museum of Modern Art in 1934. Shortly after the presentation of his gift had attracted the attention of the national press, he took his mother to see what the excitement was all about. She could only see the piece as a mockery of her own need to drop some weight. "All I can say, Edward, is that I take this as a personal insult," Frieda exclaimed audibly in the midst of the crowd on West Fifty-third Street.

The larger public, though stunned by the new Lachaise at the museum, saw it as more than a commentary on diet. The sculpture was the first major work by an American sculptor to be given to the museum's permanent collection. *Time* magazine showed a photograph with the caption "Huge steatopygous torso of a woman labeled COLOSSAL." This novel notion of female beauty was national news.

Warburg was buying both big and small. Having acquired Lachaise's bronze *Dolphins*, he commissioned—for $350—a nickel-plated dolphin as a radiator cap for his Packard. Warburg also periodically bought drawings. On one of his regular visits to Lachaise's studio, he noticed a new development in the recent pencil sketches. He told the sculptor that he had a sense that there was one particular work to which everything else was leading but which he had still not seen. The observation prompted Lachaise to show Warburg the plaster version of *Dynamo Mother*, hitherto unknown to anyone else. The vivid and daring sculpture, although only eighteen inches long, was in many ways the culmination of the sculptor's work. It shows a highly exaggerated female form in a pose that suggests both the sexual act and the process of giving birth. Her erect nipples are as big as limbs. The head and legs are reduced in scale, the breasts and buttocks enlarged, the enormous labia pushed forward. Even today there are few collectors who would dare get near such a thing. But Lachaise wrote to Isabel on September 25, 1933, "He told me that [it was] the finest thing you have done of all these," and that Eddie Warburg wanted it. The sculptor promptly made a single casting of the piece into bronze—"It is the most powerful thing I have ever done"—and Warburg bought it immediately.

By the time the busts were complete, Warburg had become Lachaise's primary benefactor.

What motivated Eddie Warburg to make the purchase is difficult to assess. Lachaise's account makes it a matter of an immediate, instinctual response. Warburg's own evaluation is less kind:

To a certain extent I think it was my ambition to be considered "daring." And there never was anybody less daring than I was. I was a timid guy wanting very much to be included. And wanting to be part of the gang. The gang that I wanted to be part of was the young enthusiastic art followers and collectors. Somehow I felt that by owning these things and having had the courage to purchase them I thereby established my credentials.

This may be a case of relentless self-denigration. It may be a valid commentary on the motives behind a lot of pioneering art collecting. In either case, the acquisition of *Dynamo Mother* was a brave step that gave the artist essential support, both emotional and financial.

By the middle of 1934, Warburg had signed the lease for Lachaise's studio at 4 Washington Mews and was paying the monthly rent. He had taken the sculptor's needs as his personal problem. Sometimes this meant writing to him as a father might to a recalcitrant son. Consider the letter of May 15, 1934:

You have been very considerate in sparing me the details of your financial condition. At the same time this prevents me from really helping you solve it. Until I know the exact amount you need to take care of your past debts and your future maintenance, I cannot cope with the situation.

Warburg goes on to request a statement of all obligations and expenses, to remind Lachaise that his wife and stepson will take on his debts when

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Edward Warburg—Introducing Gaston Lachaise to America
continued from page 86

he dies, and to urge him both to get a job and to work on the more salable side of his sculpture. But after instructing his beneficiary to "face the cold facts," he closes by saying that his motive is "to solve this impossible financial muddle so that the work of America's foremost sculptor, Gaston Lachaise, may continue under the most favorable conditions."

Warburg would often start out tough and then go easy. On October 11, 1934, he wrote Lachaise that he could no longer pay his rent. The main reason was the demands on his funds "partly caused by the European situation and partly by the world-wide depression." It was no false claim; he had begun to sign further affidavits and to come up with more people's ticket money, and he could hardly turn his back on the escalating needs of his parents' pet organizations like the Joint Distribution Committee. So Warburg wrote Lachaise, "It is only right...in view of the contracts you have for the coming year that a certain amount of this [rent] money, if not all, be paid back to me." But he crossed out his secretary's typewritten "if not all," and a paragraph later changed his tune. "I am perfectly willing to let bygones be bygones, and to forget all past debts as long as I do not have to meet any new obligations." In fact, Warburg did not stop paying Lachaise's rent at that point. That occurred only with a letter written five months later, in March of 1935. Warburg had reached his limit. Declaring that Lachaise's ideas on money were "completely impractical and therefore impossible in the civilization in which we live," and calculating that he had spent seventeen thousand dollars on Lachaise's work —"for which I have received in return many of your finest pieces of sculpture"—he finally gave up the lease on Lachaise's studio.

Besides buying Lachaise's sculpture and paying the rent, Warburg brought other collectors to the sculptor, intervened for Lachaise's getting commissions for Rockefeller Center and steered grant money his way. He also lectured about Lachaise. In a talk at Vassar, he had to project the slides on a sheet hanging freely in a doorway. Winds blew in, and the sheets began to billow. His back turned to the makeshift screen, Warburg could not see what was happening. But his audience of young women was overcome by laughter. Never before had they seen naked women with such buxom figures dancing so freely.

Warburg and Kirstein worked in tandem on Lachaise's behalf. Warburg laid much of the groundwork for the retrospective show the sculptor had at the Museum of Modern Art in February 1935; Kirstein made the selection and wrote the catalogue. The show was a success. To accommodate more conservative visitors, the museum paired it with an exhibition of work by the nineteenth-century American George Caleb Bingham, but while the Bingham show sold 101 catalogues, Lachaise sold 371. The combination of the two exhibitions drew in over twenty-five thousand people in thirty-four days.

Warburg laid much of the groundwork for the retrospective show the sculptor had at the Museum of Modern Art.

As usual, it was Warburg's job to handle the nuts and bolts while Kirstein attended to more esoteric matters. Just before the exhibition was scheduled to open, a marshal of the city of New York served notice on Lachaise, care of the museum, for $78.92 that the sculptor had owed one of his marble suppliers for the past three years. The supplier was going to lay claim to one of the sculptures in the show if the debt wasn't settled. It was not the sort of expense for which the museum had ready funds. A letter from Alfred Barr to Eddie Warburg tells what happened:

Dear Eddie:

You were more than angelic to leap into the breach with your check in payment of Lachaise's debt to the Tompkins-Kiel Marble Company. I have made the check of $78.92 over to Albert Hohauser, marshal no. 48, who brought the notice of levy.

Lachaise does not know who has saved him though he may guess. I will tell him if you wish me to.

You may have saved the Museum considerable embarrassment since a sale of Lachaise's work on the premises might easily have been given an unfortunate publicity slant.

Now for the great event.

Expectantly,

AHB

Henry McBride, in Lachaise's obituary eight months after the exhibition, listed as the sculptor's admirers e. e. cummings, Gilbert Seldes, Lincoln Kirstein and Edward Warburg. The one he singled out was Warburg.

It was probably due to the influence of the last named that the astonishing one-man exhibition of the Lachaise sculptures occurred in the Modern Museum last winter, an exhibition so overwhelming in its appeal that you would have thought the whole world must have succumbed to it; but there were no signs of such a submission.

Four years after the artist's death, Warburg wrote a letter to Isabel Lachaise. He was responding to her proposal that he "select some work of Gaston's in payment of past indebtedness." From his point of view he had been "more than amply repaid," having bought work at prices "far from adequate" although Lachaise had insisted they were "fair and just."

I in no way feel that you or Mr. Lachaise's estate owe me anything. As a matter of fact, I am really grateful for the privilege of not only possessing such fine examples of his work, but for the warmth of his friendship, and for the insight into sculptural problems as well as the problems of the sculptor, which I gained from him. □

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TUSCAN RENAISSANCE

A Sixteenth-Century Villa Poised for the Twenty-first

By Peter Lauritzen

TURNING IN A westerly direction just outside of Siena on the Via Cassia (the highway that led from Rome northward to Florence in ancient times), a winding country road crosses one of the least spoiled, most perfectly pastoral landscapes to survive in twentieth-century Tuscany. There are no modern buildings for as far as the eye can see, and the fields are still enclosed with split-rail fences. The fertile valley, known as the Pian del Lago, was once a lake, drained and reclaimed in the late eighteenth century by the grand dukes of Tuscany.



PHOTOGRAPHY ROBERT EMMETT BRIGHT

The high ground on its edge hides another road that, like the Via Cassia, witnessed the passage of the entire panoply of Tuscan history in the Middle Ages. As the road climbs the western slopes toward the village of Santa Colomba, the pale outline of a tall, stone-faced building rises up like a fortress. Its splendid Sienese-limestone façade reveals a display of some of the finest early-sixteenth-century architecture to be found in Italy. Indeed, the building seems more a great princely palace, the seat of a sophisticated and refined Renaissance court in some powerful Italian city-state, than a rural dwelling that has obviously evolved, as have so many Tuscan villas, from an ancient castle.

The present owner is Robert Mundell, an expert on international economics and a professor at Columbia University. "Santa Colomba is not like the conventional Tuscan villa built around a courtyard with its living rooms on the ground floor," he is quick to point out. "Here, the principal apartment is on the piano nobile, as in an Italian palace, and the façade, too, is more like that of a city house." This confusion of contradictory im-





"It was designed by Baldassare Peruzzi for Pandolfo 'the Magnificent' Petrucci in the early years of the sixteenth century," says Columbia University professor Robert Mundell (above left) of his summer villa in Tuscany, built on the site of a ruined castle in the town of Santa Colomba. The villa, which had been converted into a boarding school, hosts events such as international monetary conferences and the Festival of Santa Colomba. TOP: The Sienese-limestone façade, prelude to the Renaissance architecture within, is typical of Peruzzi's *casa colonica*, or farmhouse, style.

ABOVE: Spanning the full height of the villa is a central staircase designed by Peruzzi. With its graceful open design and classical columns, it resembles Bramante's spiral ramp at the Vatican.

continued on page 92B



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A Sixteenth-Century Villa Poised for the Twenty-first
continued from page 92





pressions, suspended only by the mellow beauty of a building approaching its five hundredth birthday, accurately reflects the rich and complicated history of the villa built by the great Renaissance architect Baldassare Peruzzi at Santa Colomba.

Despite the exquisite sophistication of the architecture, it isn't known whether or not Peruzzi was personally present between 1510 and 1512 to supervise the transformation of the ruined fortress of the Accarigi family into a villa for the ruler of Siena, Pandolfo Petrucci. Pandolfo the Magnificent, as he was called, was to serve as a model for Machiavelli's legendary treatise *The Prince* while proving a suitably grand patron for Peruzzi's talents. But at just that moment, Peruzzi was enjoying the patronage and protection of Siena's preeminent resident banker in Rome, Agostino Chigi, who had introduced the architect to the papal court where Peruzzi had found employment in the circle of Bramante, principal architect of Pope Julius II, the same pontiff who retained Michelangelo as his principal artist in residence. While Peruzzi's designs were being carried out at Santa

ABOVE LEFT: The loggia on the piano nobile features the Petrucci coat of arms, topped by the cardinal's hat, which was particular to Alessandro Petrucci, the cardinal archbishop of Siena in the 1620s and a descendant of Pandolfo the Magnificent. ABOVE RIGHT: Peruzzi, who succeeded Raphael as architect of the Vatican, planned the staircase so that horses would be able to climb it. Reproductions of Botticelli's drawings for Dante's *Divine Comedy* are displayed on the walls.

"During World War II the villa was used for army garrisons," explains Mundell. "It's possible that the heads of the statues were shot off by rambunctious soldiers during impromptu target practice." BELOW: Early-17th-century statues representing the Virtues stand in the niches of the façade.



continued on page 92F



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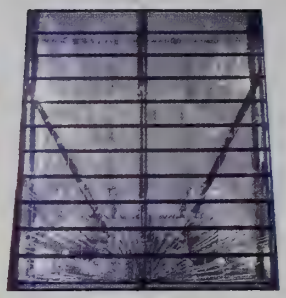
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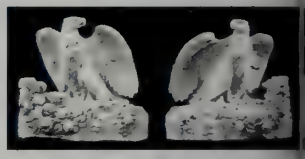
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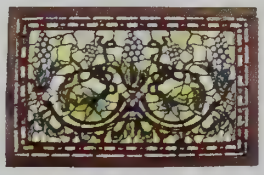




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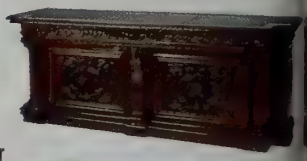


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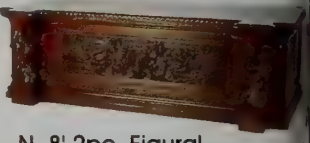
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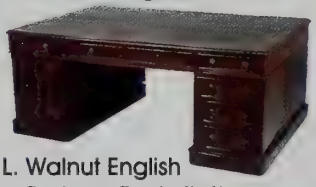
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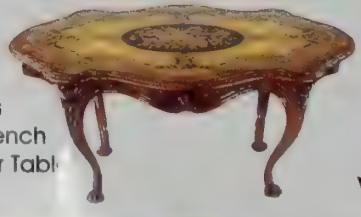




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A Sixteenth-Century Villa Poised for the Twenty-first
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Colomba, Michelangelo was beginning the Herculean task of frescoing the vault of the Sistine Chapel.

Peruzzi's Roman career is not apparent as much in the Villa Petrucci's handsome Renaissance façade as in its interior—in its great hall and the impressive apartments of state on the piano nobile and, most notably, in the stunningly beautiful spiral staircase that rises through the entire height of the building. There is only one prototype for a staircase of this splendor and originality: the one that Bramante had begun just a few years before for Julius II at the Belvedere on the Vatican hill. Staircases and even ramps for horses winding around a solid central core had long been a feature of medieval castle towers, but Bramante and Peruzzi's open design rising on classical columns proved one of the most graceful expressions of the sixteenth-century Renaissance in Italy. "I often wondered," muses Mundell, "where the idea came from, until I found the sketches of the helix and other spiral shapes in Leonardo da Vinci's drawings. Of course, Bramante was known to have collaborated with Leonardo when they were both working in Milan."

Mundell always manages to devote some part of his summers at Santa Colomba to speculation about the villa and its history. "Much of the building was redecorated in the 1620s by Alessandro Petrucci, a member of the family who was cardinal archbishop of Siena," he says. "The family coat of arms in the loggia is even surmounted by a cardinal's hat."

One of the many tiny doorways that open off Peruzzi's staircase leads through a minute sacristy and down into the villa's lavishly embellished octagonal chapel. "The cardinal was also an amateur architect," Mundell observes, "and all of the chapel's interior design and Mannerist decoration, including the plasterwork statuary, seem to have been done in his taste." The altarpiece painting has been removed upstairs for safekeeping. "It would be wonderful to put it all back as it once was," Mundell says. "I'd like to have new heads carved for the statues that have lost theirs and fill the niches with the carvings that must have been there." But the villa has undergone too many transformations to give it back its original appearance. The Petruccis sold the property in 1690 to the grand duke of Tuscany, Cosimo III, for five thousand gold florins. In the eighteenth century it became a boarding school for the sons of the Tuscan nobility. In the 1780s, two large wings were built to expand the school's facilities. An attic floor was also added, somewhat spoiling the front elevation but providing room for the water-storage tanks that still supply the village.

"There are only about fifty-eight people living in Santa Colomba today, and because of the limited water supply, there's not much likelihood of more building," Mundell points out. The Pian del Lago, which stretches out below the villa and is framed by the medieval towers and domes of Siena on the opposite ridge, is today protected against industrial development. Mundell admits to having played a role in preventing the exploitation and destruction of Santa Colomba's surroundings, but he has never sought to keep the twentieth century entirely at bay. His reputation as an authority on international economics has drawn experts and eminent students from all over the world to Santa Colomba for seminars concerning the complex questions of economic problems today.

With the sponsorship of local and international banks and the support of institutions such as Columbia University, these seminars have restored to Santa Colomba that partnership of banking, business and humanist learning that over five hundred years ago kindled the Renaissance in Italy. It was a period of intellectual brilliance that found a happy counterpart in the arts, today perfectly represented in the beauty, harmony and history of Baldassare Peruzzi's villa at Santa Colomba. □

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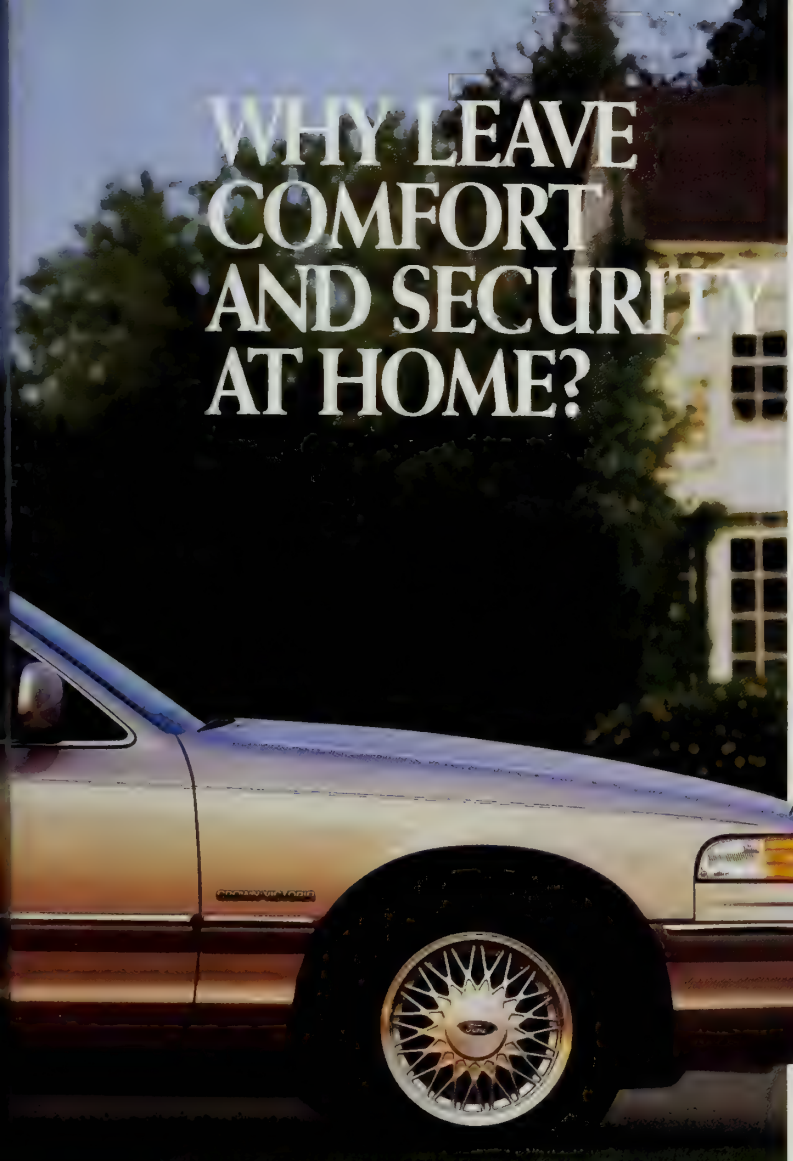
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The Czars' Private Apartments in the Kremlin

A Rare Look at the Imperial Suite Designed for Nicholas and Alexandra in Moscow

TEXT BY PETER LAURITZEN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAIME ARDILES-ARCE AND YURI DIMITRIEV

EVER SINCE 1918, when Lenin moved the capital back to Moscow from St. Petersburg, the Great Palace inside Moscow's ancient fortress, or Kremlin, has stood at the heart of Russian government. Its vast halls served as the setting for important ceremonies, just as they had done under the czars, while many of the events of Russia's recent tumultuous years came to a climax in formal receptions made beneath the [illegible] octagonal Saint Vl[illegible] Lenin and Stalin lay [illegible] Kremlin walls, althou[illegible]

Great Palace, and during their lifetimes and up until 1955 the entire area was closed to outsiders.

For the two hundred years before the revolution the czars themselves resided in St. Petersburg and visited Moscow only on special occasions. The private apartments in the Great Kremlin Palace are small and intimate compared with the grand state rooms in the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg or the imperial summer residences at Peterhof or Tsarskoe Selo. Under the imperial regime, accredited visitors could obtain permission to visit any of

Surviving as a splendid reminder of Russia's imperial past are the private apartments of the czars in Moscow's Great Kremlin Palace. ABOVE: The palace—built within the fortified walls of the Kremlin between 1838 and 1849 for Nicholas I by Konstantin Andreevitch Thon—was used by the czars only for their coronations and other official ceremonies.

Since the palace's private apartments were occupied so infrequently and were never redecorated, they look just as they did during the time of Nicholas I. OPPOSITE AND COVER: The passage end of the drawing room features crystal chandeliers and a Sèvres-style blue-porcelain torchère with ormolu mounts. The Louis XIV *bureau plat* has *pietra dura* inlay.



these residences in the czar's absence, but the Kremlin apartments required a special permit not only from court officials but from the chief of the Moscow police. Today the apartments provide a perfectly preserved glimpse into Russia's imperial past.

Because the czars came so seldom to Moscow and the Kremlin no longer served as the fortified center of government, by the mid-eighteenth century many of its buildings had been allowed to deteriorate. Catherine the Great had a plan drawn up to raze many of the lesser structures while bringing the others together under a single roof. But it would be her grandson Nicholas I who, in ordering the construction of the Great Kremlin Palace in 1838, would finally realize her plans for sweeping changes to the historic complex on the Moskva River. In the meantime, many of the Kremlin buildings had suffered a fate worse than neglect: The cataclysmic fire that devastated Moscow in 1812 became the stuff of legend. It was said to have been set by the Muscovites themselves in a desperate attempt





ABOVE: The imperial taste for gilt is gleamingly evident in the drawing room, where the white pilasters, arches and dome are decorated with restored detailing. The Russian porcelain "pineapple chandelier" takes it name from its fruit-shaped finials. The bas-relief medallions depict Morning, Evening, Day and Night.

LEFT: In the corridorlike sitting room set aside for the czarina's ladies-in-waiting, walnut carvings frame wall panels painted to look like tapestries. The woodwork and the curving backs of the chairs and settee reflect the 19th-century interest in elaborate ornamentation.



to prevent the occupation of their beloved city and its historic citadel by Napoleon.

In 1818, seven years before he succeeded his brother Alexander I as Autocrat of All the Russias, Nicholas and his pregnant wife, Alexandra Feodorovna, were sent to live in the fire-ravaged precinct of the Kremlin. The dowager empress had wanted her first grandchild to be born in Moscow. "This was [done]," Alexandra wrote, "to raise the spirits of the inhabitants of the old capital." The son born to Nicholas and Alexandra would eventually succeed his father as Czar Alexander II, grandfather of the last czar of Russia and the only one of Peter the Great's successors to be born in the Kremlin.

Nicholas returned to Moscow in 1825 to be crowned czar in the Uspensky Sobor, the Kremlin's Cathedral of the Assumption, but on his accession he also inherited his brother's legacy of the triumph over Napoleon in 1812. To commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the victory, Nicholas had a vast church built

ABOVE: The czar's study, which is almost precisely the way Nicholas II left it, is typical of the design of studies in aristocratic Russian residences. Ash paneling and birch and cherry furnishings complement simple document cabinets finished without the ormolu or gilt that had once embellished Russian Empire pieces.

RIGHT: Moiré silk adorns nearly every surface in the Blue Bedroom, which was used by the czar and czarina. Its restrained giltwork contrasts with the sumptuously decorated adjoining boudoir. On the Carrara marble mantel is an ormolu-mounted globe clock from France.



just south of the Kremlin. Although it wasn't completed until 1883, the Church of the Savior, designed by Konstantin Andreevitch Thon, was long regarded as "the most beautiful church in Moscow." Its great gilt dome dominated the Moscow skyline until 1934, when Stalin ordered it blown up as part of the militant atheism of Soviet communism.

Only two years after work began on the church, Nicholas commissioned Thon to build the Great Kremlin Palace. Finished in 1849, the palace was distinguished by Thon's eclectic architectural style and boasted a four-hundred-and-ten-foot-long river façade. Its layout and plan, apart from replacing old, fire-scarred or otherwise dilapidated buildings, was to be an expression of its imperial function.

Ancient protocol prescribed that the new sovereign first appear to the Muscovites at the top of the Red Staircase of the Palace of Facets before descending to enter the adjacent Cathedral of the Assumption for the lengthy coronation ceremony. Thon therefore planned a series of immense halls on the upper floor of the Great Kremlin Palace that would allow the czar to pass among nobles, court officials and sundry other dignitaries before reaching the fifteenth-century Palace of Facets, which takes its name from its façade of diamond-cut granite blocks. Each of the ceremonial halls was given the name of one of Russia's orders of chivalry: the Saint Andrew Hall, for example, served as the throne room, and the Saint George Hall, illuminated by six huge gilt-bronze chandeliers and thirty-two hundred candles, was dedicated to the patron saint of Russia's principal military order. Just beyond lay the domed Saint Vladimir Hall, named for the first Russian ruler to convert to Christianity and the patron of an order created by Catherine the Great in 1782.

Since it was only on their coronations that the czars were expected to reside in Moscow, the private apartments designed by Thon and decorated according to Nicholas's rich but varied taste were not only quite small by czarist standards, they were situated on the ground floor of the building. In fact, they were laid out between the giant piers built by Thon to support the ceremonial halls on the floor above. The imperial suite consists of only seven rooms, sufficient for the czar and czarina alone; their immediate family and the remainder of their entourage were housed on estates outside Moscow.

Because the rooms were used so infrequently, subsequent czars never bothered to redecorate. Today, one hundred and fifty years after their creation, they reflect the interests of Nicholas I, who wanted his formal apartments to spotlight Russia's wealth in natural resources. Dazzling twenty-four-karat gold-leaf detailing brightened the dull northern light of dark winter days and emphasized the size of Russia's gold reserves—the greatest known in the world at the time. Chandeliers of crystal and glass were proof of another Russian industry, while the rich mineral deposits of the Urals provided rare veined jasper, agate, lapis lazuli and malachite, which were used for decorative veneers. Endless varieties of wood were inlaid in intricate patterns on the floors, while the doors and many of the furnishings displayed Nicholas's passion for Boulle marquetry.

Each room in the apartments opened into the next, forming a long corridor that was used for splendid processions led by the czar on ceremonial occasions. The last czar, Nicholas II, came to Moscow more often than did any of his predecessors, and from these rooms he mounted the great parade staircase to preside over ceremonies that today seem full of tragic irony. The last imperial ceremony at the palace took place August 18, 1914, on the outbreak of World War I. Maurice Paléologue, the French ambassador, recorded the event:

"We were ushered into the Saint George Hall, where the high dignitaries of the empire...were already assembled in a dense and silent throng. On the stroke of eleven o'clock the czar, the czarina and the imperial family made their ceremonial entry....In a full, firm voice the czar addressed the nobility and people of Moscow....He declared that a heroic national impulse was sweeping over all Russia, without distinction of race or nationality, and concluded: 'From this place, the very heart of Russia, I send my soul's greeting to my valiant troops and my noble allies. God is with us!'"

The French ambassador was then invited to join the czar's entourage through the Saint Vladimir Hall until they reached the Red Staircase. "The moment the czar appeared a storm of cheering broke out from the whole Kremlin, where an enormous crowd, bareheaded and struggling, thronged the pavement," he wrote. Paléologue's account ends with a somber reflection on all that the Kremlin had seen, wondering at the terrifying lessons that history proposes.

And now, at a time when the former Soviet Union has witnessed the end of the tyranny that supplanted the czars and brought defeat and destruction to yet another Russian empire, Paléologue's words betray a peculiar relevance: "I spent the afternoon seeing Moscow, lingering particularly over the places hallowed by memories of 1812....At the Kremlin the ghost of Napoleon seems to rise up at every step. From the Red Staircase [Napoleon] watched the progress of the fire during the baneful night of September 16....It was there that he had that clear and pitiless vision of his impending ruin: 'All this,' he said repeatedly, 'is the herald of great disasters.'" □

An ormolu-mounted fi[illegible] an example of the rich mineral deposits in the Urals—is the focal point of the boudoir.
Since the private aparti[illegible] round floor, massive piers are visible supports for the grand ceremonial halls above.
And, as throughout, on[illegible] the adjacent rooms, creating a corridor along which the czar would pass.





An upright piano is in the czarina's study, one of the largest rooms in the apartments. Though the czars were in residence in Moscow only a few months out of the year, they alternated their imperial duties with informal family gatherings. The furniture is embellished with Boulle marquetry—a passion of Nicholas I. Chandeliers are crystal.



A Napa Valley Carriage House

Transforming a Designer's 1890s Residence in Northern California

INTERIOR DESIGN BY THOMAS BARTLETT
TEXT BY JOAN CHATFIELD-TAYLOR
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN VAUGHAN



ABOVE AND BELOW: Towering trees envelop the Napa Valley, California, wood-shingle carriage house of interior designer Thomas Bartlett. It was built circa 1890 and was converted to a residence in 1940. The iron garden furniture is of his own design.

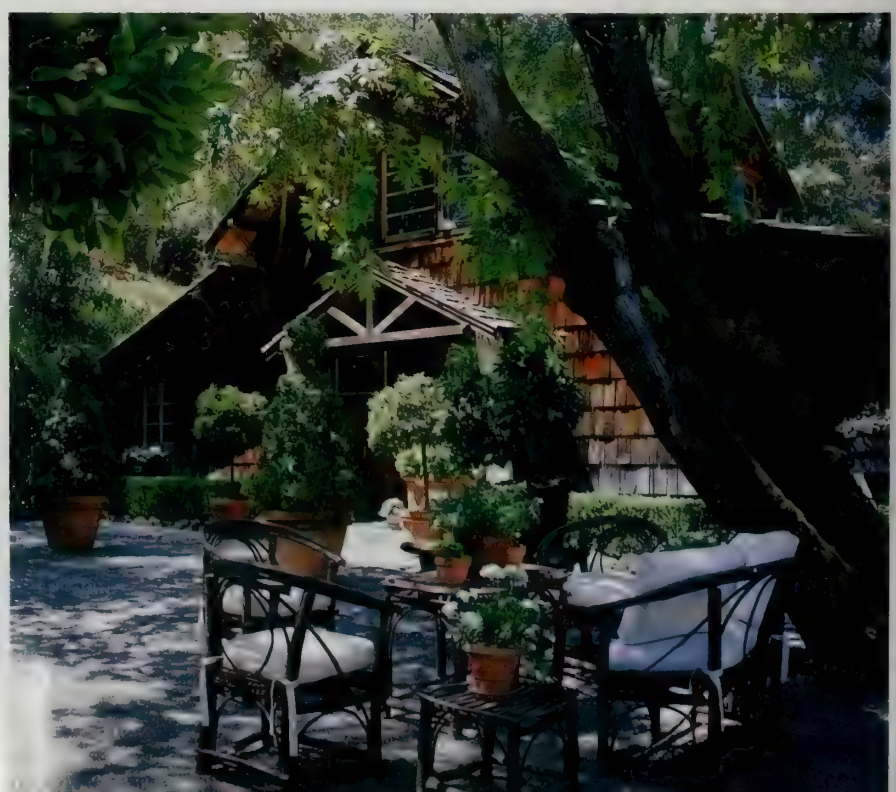
MOST PEOPLE WITH only 1,500 square feet to call home do not consider giving a seated dinner for one hundred. Napa Valley interior designer Thomas Bartlett not only considers the idea but sends out the invitations and then pulls off the enterprise with style.

"It's a logistical nightmare," he says. Since there's no parking area at his cottage in the foothills of the Mayacamas Mountains, he arranges for vans to shuttle guests up the narrow dirt road. The caterer, who annually swears she'll never do it again, cooks and serves from a modest kitchen.

Nevertheless, the dinners have always been successful, thanks to California's summer weather. When Bartlett stages these extravaganzas, the chances of rain are nil—well, almost nil. One year he planned a splendid dinner for friends and clients. At four o'clock in the afternoon the skies opened, and the whole dinner party had to be moved to larger premises.

On the good nights, however, Bartlett's guests have cocktails in front of the house, in a garden delineated by plants and trees set in huge terra-cotta pots. Handsome iron furniture of his own design accents the spaces. After drinks, everyone takes a few steps through the house into the back garden, where ten round tables have been set up on the gravel.

Bartlett thinks big when it comes to entertaining, and he thinks big when it comes to decorating his tiny residence. Originally built around 1890 to serve as the carriage house for a summer estate, the structure was transformed into a home in 1940. Little had been changed in the interiors when Bartlett moved in fifteen years ago.







"I wanted to present a single harmonious background for my art collection," says Bartlett (right) of the interiors. ABOVE: Displayed in a living room corner is *Musician*, 1966, by California artist Helen Kask. Lee Jofa tufted slipper chairs and linen velvet upholstery and trim.



A pair of antique English columns with carved flames add architectural interest to the living room "where there was none." On the mantel are grapes in a porcelain bowl and bronze urns, which pay tribute to the Mexican still life exhibited above. Brunschwig & Fils suede on bench. Lee Jofa sofas and sofa fabric.


Edgar Degas



"Because I have complete privacy of location, no window treatments were necessary, which results in breathtaking, unobstructed views," says Bartlett. *An English Village* by Robert Maione hangs above the living room's Louis XVI–style sofa. McGuire wicker chairs.

Without touching the house itself, Bartlett almost doubled his living area by creating gardens that are more like formal rooms than landscape. He carpeted the ground with white pea gravel and divided the spaces with low walls of container plants. Spreading trees provide a welcome canopy of shade, further enhancing the sense of a protected space. A green trellis firmly separates the neat formality of the garden from the wildness of the hillside just beyond, which is studded with the gnarled shapes of live oaks and patroled by coyotes, foxes and deer.

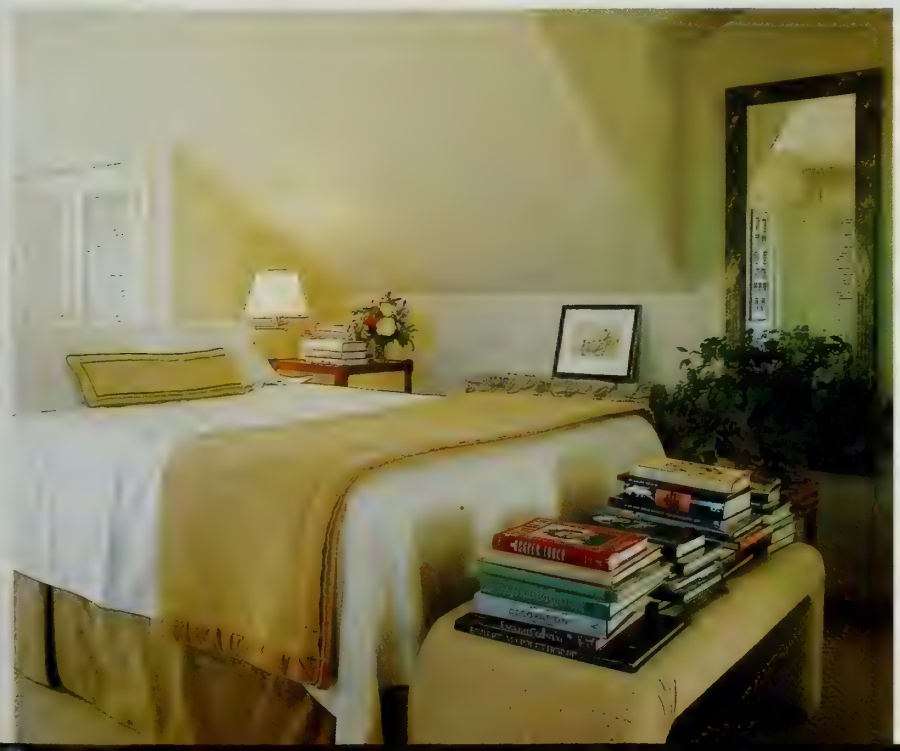
Inside the house, the detailing was untouched since the 1940s, and the brown-stained walls made the dimensions seem even smaller. Bartlett cursed the darkness and then painted it out, unifying the interiors with an uncomplicated palette of beiges, tans and browns on the walls and sisal laid over the carpet in the living room downstairs. Large-scale furniture and some imposing details effectively give a sense of a much more important space. Boldest of all are a quartet of English decorative wooden columns topped with graceful carved flames. "When I saw them in a southern California antiques shop, I knew they would give a little architecture where there was none," the designer says.

Although Bartlett, who grew up on a ranch in the Napa Valley, is a compulsive planner and list maker when it comes to working with clients, he insists, "This place just happened. I don't even think of it as decorated, because most things were not bought intentionally for the house."

In such a small space, a well-edited display of unusual and beautiful objects and artwork makes a big impact. Bartlett picked up most of his treasures during his frequent trips abroad. The painting of fruits and flowers over the living room fireplace, actually a fragment of a much larger picture, is the reward for two hours of bargaining in a Mexico City flea market. The forest of obelisks atop an antique chest



ABOVE: Antiques in the study/guest bedroom include an 18th-century English desk, a Queen Anne chair and a framed needlepoint fragment. Baccarat candlesticks.



in the bedroom comes from countries around the world. A necklace of silver beads from Mexico lies next to an elaborately sculpted silver box, a present from friends. And then there are the books, hundreds of them, not lined up on shelves but stacked everywhere.

"Books as pedestals, books as end tables, books as lamp stands," he says. "What's worse, they keep on coming. I just can't stop myself."

Four years ago, he recalls, "I realized that I craved color." He repainted the walls a lighter shade of off-white and then began to add touches of his favorite Venetian red. He re-covered the living room sofas in a red-and-green rose-patterned chintz, draped a circular table in faded red velvet and added chintz and velvet pillows.

The house now has a look that is neither conspicuously country nor purely urban. The Dutch doors at the entrance and the wide boards of the original walls have been retained, and sophisticated antique pieces coexist harmoniously with wicker. There are no elaborate window treatments—in fact, there are no draperies at all. "This location is so private that no one can look in," says Bartlett.

He, on the other hand, can look out at some of the Napa Valley's loveliest views. From his front windows, Bartlett can see the neatly kept rows of California's most prestigious cabernet sauvignon grapes, growing on a few acres known as Martha's Vineyard.

Unlike some of the newcomers who have dotted Napa's hills with lavish second homes, Thomas Bartlett likes the sounds and smells of agricultural activity. "Most of the time it's perfectly quiet and peaceful here," he says. "Occasionally I hear the toot of the wine train. One morning recently I woke up to hear seventy pickers, chattering like birds, working in the vineyard. I loved the sound. This is an agricultural community, and this is the way it's supposed to be." □

Bartlett used the same neutral wallcoverings and soft colors throughout. LEFT: A small 1913 engraving by Swedish artist Anders Zorn is set on the stone mantel in the master bedroom.



ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST VISITS: Dominick Dunne

"I still don't know whether it was the view or the house with which I first fell in love, but I did know that it was where I was going to live," says author Dominick Dunne (above) of his Connecticut country house. Post lanterns lead up the driveway to the front entrance.

The Author of An Inconvenient Woman and People Like Us at His New Connecticut Country House

INTERIOR DESIGN BY MICHAELE COOKE OF COOKE & SPRAGUE
TEXT BY DOMINICK DUNNE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DURSTON SAYLOR

"TAKE THE FERRY at Chester and cross the river. There's a crazy-looking castle high up on the left. You'll see some wonderful eighteenth-century houses on the right. Edith Hamilton used to live in one of them. Stay on that road for a while until the fork. On the right, past a cemetery, you'll see a gloomy dark brown house with a For Sale sign, set back from the road. Keep going, and our house is a quarter of a mile farther up the road on the left," said my host, giving me directions to his house in the country.

I was not altogether unfamiliar with that part of Connecticut. I was born in Hartford, and for some childhood years my family had a summer house in Old Saybrook. Of late, I had been renting in Fenwick, a part of Old Saybrook, and I knew the river towns well. After living for twenty-five years in Los Angeles, I returned to New York twelve years ago and bought a small penthouse in the Turtle Bay section [see *Architectural Digest*, September 1987], where I continue to live. Although my passion for the city is ongoing, I began to feel the need for a place in the country, to work without interruption and to slow down from the pace of New York life.

Following my host's instructions, I took the Connecticut River ferry, in existence since 1769. I saw the kitsch Rhine-like castle high up on the left. I

OPPOSITE: The staircase, from an old [illegible] house, was reassembled in the entrance hall. A chinoiserie bamboo armchair is below a charcoal line drawing. Through the [illegible] an 1780 shell-carved corner cupboard that holds an assortment of Canton porcelain.





ABOVE: "French doors were built to replace the solid door leading from the living room to the terrace, so that not a moment of the view of the bird life would have to be missed," says Dunne. *Faux*-bamboo Regency chair from Colefax and Fowler.

admired the cluster of eighteenth-century houses. I came to the cemetery where Edith Hamilton, who wrote *The Greek Way*, is buried. I passed the gloomy dark brown house set back from the road. I looked at it. I drove on. I stopped the car. Backed up. Looked at it again. Felt attracted to it. And went on to lunch. I remember saying at lunch, "I don't think that house is gloomy."

A year later I started looking at houses to buy in Connecticut. There were a lot for sale, and as I enjoy looking at houses, I went to see most of them. What I had in mind was a Victorian house with a veranda in the front, located in the center of a village, but I only had to hear a real estate agent say something like, "If you move the stairway over to this side, there will be room for a bathroom up there," to know I would never rock a chair on that veranda. I had no patience for reconstruction.

In the meantime, I always kept driving back to the gloomy brown

As sort of a joke, I named the house Clouds.

BELOW: "Every house I've ever lived in has had more or less the same look, and Michaele Cooke understood what I wanted," says Dunne. Fabric on living room sofa and armchairs, Brunschwig & Fils; pillow fabric on love seat, Clarence House. Draperies, Schumacher.



house, which, with its gambrel roof, was not at all what I had in mind. Finally, I went inside. The outside in no way prepares you for what is beyond the front door. When I saw the living room, magnificently and surprisingly proportioned, I experienced the first pangs of proprietary feelings. And when I looked out the living room windows, beyond the trees, to a lawn surrounded by water on three sides, and a little dock, and acres of Nature Conservancy land, I literally gasped. There were that day in the cove, as if putting on a show for me, egrets, swans, ducks and geese inhabiting the marsh. After the obligatory offers and counteroffers, it became mine.

The house is in a historic district, which means that no changes can be made to the front without permission from the local historical society. Actually, my house is not an old house. It just looks old. It was built only twenty-five years ago, lovingly created by a couple who understood the aesthetics of early American architecture, with elements taken from eighteenth-century New England houses. The floors are old; the four fireplaces are old; the woodwork is old; the staircase is old; the doorways are old; the corner cabinet built into the living room is old. At night, sometimes, the house has old sounds. But the baths are all in the right places. The kitchen did not have to be rebuilt. And the master bedroom has the ultimate luxury, a large dressing room, and more closets than I will ever need.

Once I became the owner, speed was of the essence in getting the house together for living and working. I cannot work if there is disarray or unpacked boxes. In short order, the shrubbery came down. The brown house, after I received permission from the historical society, became a very pale yellow. Bookcases were built on either side of the living room fireplace, the moldings of which were made to match the existing paneling. For the interior decoration, I abandoned all thoughts of New York assistance as too time-consuming and too costly. A chance remark led me to the designer I used. A woman whom I had met at a dinner in Old Lyme said in passing, "If you need any help with slipcovers, I have a daughter-in-law who's awfully good at all that." I followed through and met Michaele Cooke, who did not only the slipcovers but the whole works. I told Michaele I wanted a red dining room. I told her I wanted to turn the study into my writing room. I told her I wanted the huge living room to function as a library/sitting room with two separate areas. It was her idea to paint out the dark ceiling beams and much of the paneling in that room. We got along wonderfully. If she told me the fringe for the dining room curtains was going to take ten weeks, I said, "Let's get another fringe," and there were no problems.

As there were no inherited pieces and not much I could take out of my New York apartment, it meant furnishing almost from scratch. That, of course, is an expensive proposition, and I decided to buy some key pieces



Above an American Sheraton settee in another part of the living room is a *faux*-bamboo mirror. Next to the Victorian tub chair is a miniature tray on a stand, from Colefax and Fowler.





to start and then slowly fill in. As a writer, I am a constant traveler, both in the United States and abroad, and I began to keep my eyes open.

In Nogales, Arizona, in an extraordinary antiques shop called Holler & Saunders on the border of Mexico, I made my first purchase, a pair of elaborately carved wood console tables from Bolivia that are now opposite each other in my living room. At an auction at Sotheby's in New York, I bought a pair of Napoleon III chairs that had once belonged to Geoffrey Bennison; they now flank my living room fireplace. In Bodrum, Turkey, I found a beautiful kilim runner for my entrance hall. In Palm Beach, covering a rape trial, I found two English footstools that went perfectly with a pair of overstuffed chairs Michaele Cooke had slipcovered for me. In Lucca, Italy, while writing about a man in prison there, I saw in the window of an antiques shop a picture painted in Paris at the turn of the century, the scene of which looked as if it had been lifted out of a page of *Remembrance of Things Past*, and bought it. In Amman, Jordan, where I was interviewing Queen Noor just before the outbreak of the Gulf War, I found a wonderful rug woven by the women of a small village as part of a cottage industry, which has gone into my dressing room. In Dallas, where I was interviewing a movie star, I acquired a pair of red-lacquered Chinese tables. One of them arrived damaged, and I took it to a restorer and furniture maker in Middletown, John Whitmore, who is the third generation of his family in the same business at the same location. Not only did he repair the table, but I bought my four-poster bed from him.

There's no place better to shop for a country house than the little antiques shops in the towns up and down the Connecticut River. Dropping by those

A painted oak pedestal dining table is surrounded by Hitchcock chairs and an English library chair. On the wall are 19th-century wall brackets. Wallcovering, Cowtan & Tout; drapery fabric, Clarence House. Rug from Stark; tapestry rug border from Scalamandré.



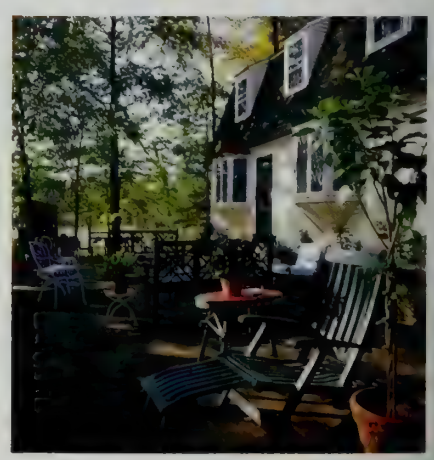
ABOVE: "I've taken many photos in my travels," says Dunne. "The woman was a prioress in an Irish church—I thought she had a wonderful face—and the other photo is in Turkey." His office desk is a farmhouse table paired with a Windsor chair.



OVE: The pencil-post bed with hand-turned posts and finials in the master suite ased on a 1780 Connecticut Valley original. A copy of van Gogh's *Vase of Roses* is the mantel. Fabrics on chairs, bed hangings and shades, Brunschwig & Fils.

became part of every weekend. Black Whale Antiques in Hadlyme, run by Tom Rose, was a regular stop, and the majority of the furniture that I have subsequently and slowly purchased for the house came from there. Of course, not all the pieces are old. A talented young woman named Judy Friday, who did the stippling, ragging and sponging on the walls of the house, took a brand-new oak table and lacquered and relacquered it into a handsome dark green dining table. There were a few bonuses. The beautiful antique Serabend rug in the living room was too large for the former owner's new house, and I got it.

As sort of a joke I named the house Clouds, which was the name of a great mansion in my novel *An Inconvenient Woman*, the sale of which to a network for a miniseries enabled me to buy it. It was meant for weekends and a few weeks in the summer, but I find that I spend more and more time there. Whatever season it is, I hear myself saying, "This is my favorite season to be here." I like the sounds of the cracking of the ice on the cove in the winter. I like the sweeping vista of the wild rice that grows in the summer. And then, catching the egrets, swans, ducks and geese in their various combinations is now an everyday part of my country life. □



ABOVE: Although the house was constructed only 25 years ago, many of its architectural elements were taken from 18th-century New England residences. OPPOSITE: From the terrace the view extends toward marshland.





British Impressionism

A London Town House Puts on Painterly Overtones

INTERIOR DESIGN BY NICHOLAS HASLAM TEXT BY MARCUS BINNEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DERRY MOORE

"The clients requested that the rooms not be run-of-the-mill English," says Nicholas Haslam of a residence he designed in a London town house. "Because light came from only one side, we induced light reflection by making an enfilade of the main rooms," he explains. In the living room are a *verre églomisé* mirror and a white-marble mantelpiece. The table and chairs, foreground, are 19th-century English.



The living room, at one end of the enfilade, opens onto a small terrace, whose trellises and potted trees give it a garden feel. "All the walls are very simply paneled and distressed in several shades of white," Haslam notes. The designer turned a French stool into a suede-covered low table and created the chaise longue, one of a pair. The zebra-patterned and striped fabrics are from Brunschwig & Fils.

FOR A TOWN HOUSE flat in London's Belgravia section, Nicholas Haslam was asked to produce something elegant but cool—something that definitely didn't look like a house in England. Using a variety of painting techniques and a deft sense of color, the designer has done just that. "When people go there," he says, "they say it's like a house on Long Island, Crete or in North Africa. Whatever they like best."

Entering the apartment is like venturing into a mysterious cave. "I wanted to throw people off kilter," says Haslam. "By disorienting them I conceal the fact that all the main rooms are lit from only one side." The deep brown walls shine with a luster akin to antique mahogany. "It's a kind of heavy forties or fifties American



baroque le[illegible] Dorothy Draper."

The ma[illegible] to Haslam's painters Da[illegible] and Chris McClure. "We [illegible] a normal scumble glaze, [illegible] very brushily," explains McClu[illegible], "and then painted it with four or five coats of black varnish, giving it a rich, l[illegible]athery look." A tight oval staircase, painted the same color, leads down to th[illegible] main living space, where Haslam has created an enfilade of three rectangular rooms.

The living room's colors are a subtle play on white. "There are about fifteen shades in all," Haslam notes. "The cornice, chair r[illegible]il and skirting are all slightly differ[illegible]nt." A cool look flows from the whit[illegible]arquetry floor. "It's like deck paint[illegible] Haslam points out. "You sand do[illegible]ach layer before applying the [illegible] so it sinks into the wood. That wa[illegible]t flakes, there's

"Clarity, simplicity, are paramount," says Haslam (inset), who is based in London. ABOVE: At the other end of the enfilade is the dining room, in which a country French table is surrounded by painted Portuguese chairs. "To make the room appear even more coolly rustic than the other rooms, I designed four curved cabinets, one of which conceals the kitchen door," he explains. The mantelpiece and cornice were painted to resemble eroded stone.



ABOVE: The library—a corner of which features a Victorian painting, a Giacometti drawing and an English dresser—is the middle room of the enfilade. The porcelain falcon is a wine decanter from Germany; the chair is 19th-century English.

another layer beneath." The furnishings are various shades of brown: a chestnut carpet with a double lilac border, bronze velvet for the chaise longues and tobacco-colored suede upholstery for the large gilt stool that Haslam supplied. "I think the sofa is the best," he says. "The linen is not quite ash—more the color of bark." He liked the original mantelpiece and its sage-green medallion and decided to keep it, replacing the mirror above it with antiqued glass. "It's the perfect background for the beautiful *verre églomisé* mirror they had."

The central room of the enfilade functions as part of the living room but is furnished to give the atmosphere of a library, with large William IV leather armchairs where a second circle of guests might gather after dinner. "People don't like filling up small places," Haslam observes. "They tend to put the furniture in the big rooms and leave areas like this dead."

Beyond is the dining room. "I wanted the look of an old château," says Haslam. "The walls are so strié they almost look as if they weren't painted at all." The cornice is cleverly done to give the appearance of ruined stone. "Normally," says McClure, "stone is quite easily imitated, but on this cornice nothing worked. So it was a matter of getting out the box of paints and doing it the hard way."

Haslam decided to create the feeling of an elliptical room to accommodate the clients' oval dining table. Curved cupboards were built in each corner, and one swings open ingeniously to reveal a hidden door to the kitchen. The designer completed the rustic look by fronting them with chicken wire. "The holes pulled apart, so it doesn't look too even," Haslam says. Over the mantelpiece is a Neoclassical plaster rondel from Geoffrey Bennison. Lighting is cunningly concealed behind tall terra-cotta pots.

Of the upstairs master bedroom Haslam says, "The problem was that it was incredibly tall. I tried to reduce the height with a complicated system of *faux*-paneling—four tiers of large and small panels in yellow and blue, an idea taken from Lady Bailey's bedroom at Leeds Castle." "We built the walls up with varnishes," McClure points out, "to give it a very old look." The trompe-l'oeil lines on the panels were deliberately painted freely to look hand-drawn, not measured. The valance covering the draperies is of silk taffeta with the central swag that seems to be draped down the back of the pelmet board, though this is an illusion. "I can't bear the standard English swags and fills," he explains. "They look so ugly and hard. I prefer draperies that look as if they were pinned up." Each fold was shaped under Haslam's direction to achieve exactly the profile he wanted.

Nicholas Haslam wears his knowledge of history and technique lightly, taking pleasure in doing a job quickly and professionally. "Decoration is like fashion: It's transient. It must be fun and fast—it has to whiz along." □

BELOW: "Because the master bedroom was tall, we reduced the height by painting elaborate trompe-l'oeil paneling in yellow and pale blue," Haslam points out. The room is accented by a silk taffeta pelmet, a painted bombé commode and a Louis XVI–style duchesse.



Charlotte Ford's Southampton

Infusing a Norman-Style Residence on Long Island with Color and Light

INTERIOR DESIGN BY MARIO BUATTA, ASID TEXT BY AILEEN MEHLE PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILLY CUNNINGHAM





ROB LANG

CHARLOTTE FORD IS not just another heiress with a household name so recognized the world over that it has become part of the lexicon. Even without the undeniable asset of her name and the privileges that go with it, Ford can stand alone. She has written books on etiquette and modern manners and is an engaging speaker in demand on lecture circuits throughout the country. She has been a successful fashion designer with her own label, and her philanthropies are notable. She is a loving mother and stepmother and is known for the personal flair and style that have landed her in the Best Dressed Hall of Fame. She has also raised pride in house to an art form—and beyond, if you listen to her friends.

Constantly marveling at the impeccability of her New York duplex and her commodious summer house in Southampton, they call her "Craig's Wife," laughingly likening her to the frenetically compulsive housewife in the famous play by George Kelly. Of course they are pulling her leg. Sort of. She doesn't go bananas like Mrs. Craig if an object is a centimeter out of line, but you'll never find an unplumped pillow or a mote of dust when Charlotte Ford is near.

Everything about Ford is as well tended as her houses. She looks as good in a lace evening dress as she does in a T-shirt and Topsiders. Which brings us to Southampton, the fashionable Long Island summer resort, ninety miles from Manhattan, where they wear both. Charlotte and her family are almost as indigenous to Southampton as its sandy dunes. For years they have spent summers on a two-hundred-acre private compound where the lot of them—mothers, fa-

"This is definitely a year-round home and not just a summer residence," says Mario Buatta (inset), who designed the interiors of Charlotte Ford and Edward Downe, Jr.'s Norman-style manor house in Southampton. LEFT: The façade is punctuated by a high-pitched roof and dormers. FOLLOWING PAGES: "The living room used to be white. It had no real interest," says Buatta. At right is a Warhol portrait of Ford. Rosecore dhurrie rug. Floral sofa and chair fabric by Brunschwig & Fils. Frederick Cooper floor lamp designed by Buatta.







ABOVE: "I made the living room bright, to bring the sunshine in," says Buatta. Hanging at left is *Memories* by Richard Yarde. Newel desk, foreground. The low table is from Hyde Park Antiques. Florian Papp bamboo chair.

thers, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, cousins—grew up with the sun on their backs. In the early 1960s the family matriarch, Anna McDonnell, Charlotte's beloved grandmother, built the Norman-style manor house where Charlotte now lives.

Not that it was Anna McDonnell's first summer place there; that one she lost to a fierce northeastern storm that washed the entire house out to sea. "Granny had only a weekend's notice," says Charlotte, "but she managed to get out all her marble mantels, her silver, her linens, all the treasures she loved. She was a wonder."

Granny McDonnell nicely settled her mantels—and herself—into a lovely new house, but as she grew older she grew less inclined to bother with its upkeep. So one summer she rented it to a certain Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reynolds Downe, Jr. The following summer she rented it to granddaughter Charlotte. The summer after that, both of them wanted it. "Now, Granny," said Charlotte, "family comes first." She got the house. And, oh, at the time, she didn't know Granny's gentleman tenant at all. Now she is Mrs. Edward Reynolds Downe, Jr., wife of the financier and eminent art collector. Ah, the ways of the world.

The Southampton residence sits on fifteen acres surrounded by a great expanse of lush lawn that gives it the open feeling Charlotte wanted. Near the house is an extensive English flower garden that seems forever bursting with blooms, and cutting gardens behind keep the place filled with flowers all summer long.

When Charlotte first noticed that the years, numerous children and assorted pets had taken their toll, she realized she couldn't live in a house that looked tired—exhausted, really. She had added a new wing to catch

RIGHT: Aristodemis Kaldis's 1962 *Minoan and Byzantine* overlooks the fabric-enveloped dining room. Brunschwig & Fils dark fabrics on chairs and banquette pillows. Stark carpet. Wallcovering accent tape by Scalamandré.



the overflow, and that also needed attention, so she decided to call for help. Enter her friend Mario Buatta, the New York interior designer who not only had done part of her New York apartment but had decorated the famous Detroit showplace of Charlotte's father, Henry Ford II, in the English style, which is Buatta's forte and Charlotte's cup of tea.

"We know each other so well, it was a real give-and-take," says Buatta. The idea was to perk up the manor with charm and color, to make it bright and beautiful, while remembering that comfort counts. He started with the living room, which had been "boring." He glazed the walls ivory and lacquered the ceiling a lemon yellow to bring in the sunshine. He tossed two dhurrie rugs on the beige terrazzo floor and covered sofas, the banquette and various chairs in a Chinese-red linen print. It sounds easy, but it wasn't.

Buatta had to deal with a divided room with three French doors and an enclosed porch. "It was a total remake," he says. "I changed everything." To keep it all light and harmonious, he used lustrous fabrics, many of his own design, on what seems like a hundred pillows. The ivory cotton draperies complement the walls. More chairs were covered in sunny yellow wool and blue French

A mixture of textures and patterns offsets the dark paneling of the library, which is accented with such Oriental-inspired pieces as a porcelain garden seat, a red-lacquered table and a bamboo armchair. An Amy Sillman painting adds a contemporary touch. Stark dhurrie carpet.



plaid, and Charlotte's Louis XV–style chair was redone in blue leather. "Mario is not one of those designers who throw everything out," says Charlotte. "He uses what you already have." "And she has such good things," he adds. "There was no need for the new."

The master bedroom was another thing entirely. Buatta went all out with the white cotton hangings on the four-poster in the blue-and-lavender room, lining them with a pink-and-blue fabric he created. Charlotte was crazy about it, so, going on the principle that you can't have too much of a good thing, they used it on two armchairs, a chaise and a quilted bedcovering.

They saved the dining room until last, perhaps because it was such a challenge, with its French doors and wall of windows. They did away with the long rectangular existing table and installed banquettes. One blue-and-white Matisse-inspired print was used for the walls, the banquettes and the draperies with pointed valances, trimmed with tiny blue-and-white hand-painted French bells. Dining chairs were lacquered a brilliant red and set around two custom-made pedestal tables with Greek-key borders and *faux-marbre* tops. Simply perfect for anything from hot dogs and hamburgers to caviar and foie gras. Just like Southampton. □

"I wanted an open, gardenlike feeling," says Buatta of the second-floor master bedroom, which he designed with his own custom fabrics throughout. "Everything was done with sheets." Desk is from Karl Springer. The ribbon trellis-patterned carpet is from Rosecore.





Charlotte and her family are as indigenous to Southampton as its dunes.

The Hearst estate includes woods, wide lawns, several cutting and rose gardens and an area set out like a 19th-century English garden, which is dominated with a Victorian-style gazebo and a Japanese-style red-lacquered bridge that spans a lily pond. "It's a folly, a place to get away from it all," says Bunta



Art: American Pre-Raphaelite Watercolors

Fidelity to Nature in the Ruskin Tradition

TEXT BY CHRISTOPHER FINCH

IN 1863—THE YEAR that Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* was rejected by the Salon, triggering a revolution in European art—a group of American artists met at the New York studio of Thomas Farrer to ferment a revolution of their own. Along with Farrer, a British-born painter and printmaker, the group included John William Hill, his son John Henry Hill, Charles Herbert Moore, William Trost Richards and Henry Roderick Newman. All were admirers of the great British critic and essayist John Ruskin, and the revolution they envisioned was based on his teachings. Like the followers of Manet, they sought an art that was rooted in honest observation of reality rather than in the mannerisms of nineteenth-century academicians. But unlike the followers of Manet, they started a revolution rooted in the minutely accurate depiction of detail.

Like Ruskin, they felt that the artist should display a fidelity to nature that was unassailable. If they painted rocks, a geologist should have no difficulty in identifying the specimens portrayed as trap granite, say, or red sandstone. If they painted ferns, a botanist should be able to recognize the species. The close study of nature, they preached, would give them access to universal truths. Like William Blake, they hoped to see the world i

Given t[illegible]ied goals, it is not sur[illegible] They lent their o[illegible] scandal



Anemones, Henry R[illegible]man, 1884. Watercolor on paper; [illegible]. At the time o Newman's painting, t[illegible] artist was living in Florence, where his ho[illegible] was frequented by literary luminaries. Arc[illegible]tectural views and flower subjects became hi[illegible] two specialties, and the Florentine anemone became his favorite flower. The Jordan-Volpe Gallery, New York

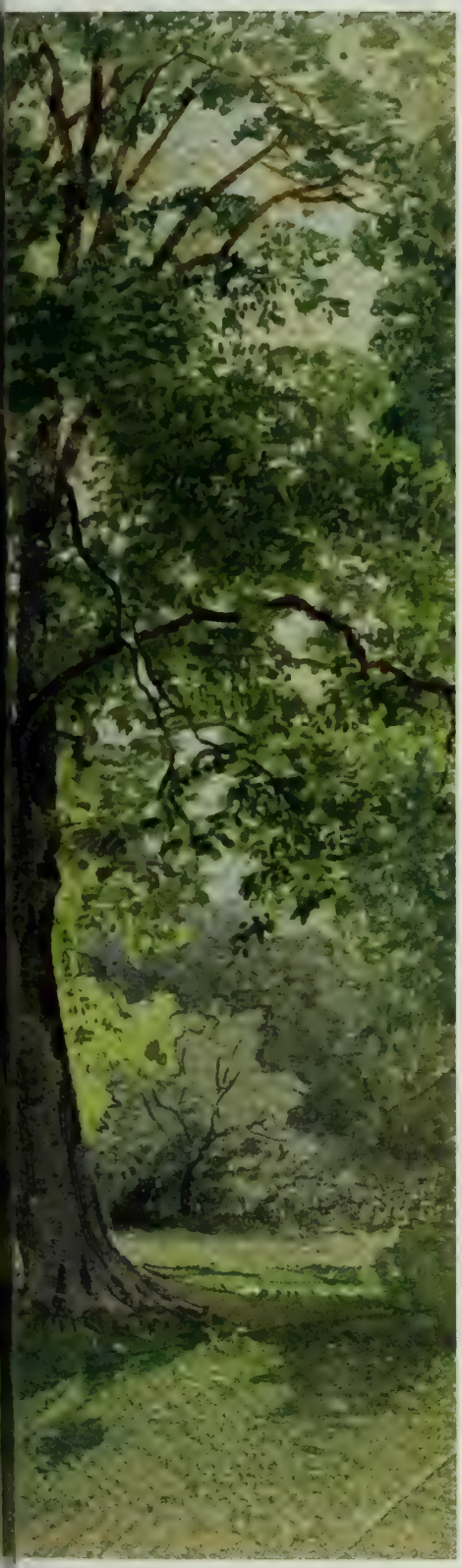


Crossing the Brook, John George Brown, 1877. Watercolor and pencil on paper; 21⅝" x 16⅛". Although Brown is better known for his depictions of street urchins and bootblacks, his paintings from the 1860s and 1870s of children in rural settings—meticulously faithful to nature—are regarded by some as his best work. In keeping with the tenets of John Ruskin, champion of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, Brown held that an "artist should go direct to Nature and use his own eyes." John H. Surovek Gallery, Palm Beach.

They sought an art that was rooted in honest observation of reality rather than in the mannerisms of nineteenth-century academicians.

The American Pre-Raphaelites were naturally drawn to watercolor.





quent name—the Association for the Advancement of Truth in Art. Critics, however, quickly dubbed the group the American Pre-Raphaelites, a description that was not entirely correct, though it has stuck now for more than a century. This misnomer came about because Ruskin was the great defender of the British Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The British Pre-Raphaelites—William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, John Everett Millais and the rest—shared Ruskin's predilection for detail, but they also displayed a great flair for narrative, especially historical narrative. The American group had none of this interest in narrative. They were rigid disciples of Ruskin, and the British artist who came closest to providing them with a model was William Henry Hunt, known as "Bird's-nest" Hunt because of his predisposition for dealing with such subjects as birds' nests and similar small-scale fragments of the natural world.

If there is one thing—other than attention to detail—that characterizes the work of the American Pre-Raphaelites, it is smallness of scale, and because of this they were naturally drawn to watercolor, a medium that Ruskin himself practiced with considerable skill. Of the key members of the Association for the Advancement of Truth in Art, only Thomas Farrer himself preferred oil paint. The rest—though some worked confidently in oil—were at their best as watercolorists. Other artists sometimes associated with the American Pre-Raphaelites—Fidelia Bridges, for example, and Farrer's brother Henry—are also chiefly remembered for their watercolors.

Born in 1812, which made him by far the oldest member of the group, John William Hill was one of New York's best-known watercolorists long before the Association for the Advancement of Truth in Art came into being. He had begun his career as a topographical artist in the British tradition, but under the influence of Ruskin he developed a new approach very much in the spirit of "Bird's-nest" Hunt. Indeed, he painted a number of birds' nests himself, as well as dead birds, and was particularly adept with subjects such as clusters of blossoms on fruit trees. If his earlier, topographic work was relatively loose in handling, his Pre-Raphaelite watercolors are characterized by precise brushwork, often used to describe grasses or berries in such meticulous detail that he must be counted among those of Ruskin's followers who occasionally exasperated their patron by taking his teachings too literally. The finest of Hill's paintings, however, have an enormous charm married to a genuine feeling for the intimacies of nature.

Much the same can be said for his son, John Henry, though his technique was seldom as tight as his father's. Oddly enough, his career followed a path that was somewhat the reverse of his father's. He began painting the minutiae of nature while in his early twenties but later broadened his point of view to include more topographic subject matter.

Like Ruskin himself, Charles Herbert Moore seems to have had a special interest in geology, and his watercolor paintings of rocks have an almost hallucinatory quality about them, their obsessive realism making them seem positively surreal. Because of this, some examples appear remarkably modern. They could be hung beside works by Dalí or Delvaux without seeming out of place.

Of all the American Pre-Raphaelites, the one who came to know Ruskin best was Henry Roderick Newman. Newman spent the bulk of his adult life in Europe, and he and Ruskin sometimes traveled together on their explorations of the

Pastoral Landscape, William Trost Richards, circa 1878–80. Watercolor on paper; 8½" x 11½". Executed during the time of the artist's first extensive trip to England, this small, undocumented painting reflects some of the Ruskinian attention to detail that characterized much of Richards's work of the 1860s. Spanierman Gallery, New York.



Wool Grass against Twilight [illegible] 1870. Watercolor on paper; 13¾" x 9¾". Known primarily for her small-scale watercolors of birds and plant life, [illegible] tall field grasses in their natural setting, honoring Ruskin's belief that artists should eschew cultivated plants and [illegible] those that grow in the wild. Brown-Corbin Fine Art, Lincoln, Massachusetts.



The Bridge at Glens Falls, New York, John William Hill, circa 1865. Watercolor on paper; 10⅞" x 8¼". Hill, a city topographer influenced by Ruskin's *Modern Painters,* turned to landscapes, painting in upstate New York and along the Hudson. He and his son, John Henry, were praised as artists who "did more to create a love for water-color in this country than anyone else." The Albany Gallery, Inc., Albany.

Mediterranean region. Like Moore, Newman had a strong feeling for the representation of rock and stone, and he became an especially fine exponent of architectural subjects, painting churches and ruins from Italy to Egypt. A number of Newman's architectural watercolors found a home in Ruskin's collection.

William Trost Richards was one of the most accomplished members of the group, and in the early 1860s he executed remarkable paintings of subjects like the corners of conservatories, alive with masses of foliage and blossoms. Later, however, he moved away from strict adherence to the Ruskin tenets and painted many beautiful watercolors in a style that might loosely be described as Luminist. Often these were East Coast beachscapes, although he traveled widely and made fine paintings of such landmarks as Stonehenge.

Henry Farrer too evolved something of a Luminist mode. Indeed, if he were not the brother of Thomas Farrer there would be little reason to discuss him in this context, but looking at one of his studies of New York harbor at dusk—the water calm, ships peacefully at anchor—it's possible to sense how the Ruskin influence continued to have its impact on the younger generation. The preoccupation with detail is missing, but the fundamental search for truth in nature is still apparent.

It was, perhaps, the relatively little known Fidelia Bridges who most faithfully maintained the Ruskin tradition. A student of William Trost Richards, she continued to focus on the minutiae of nature. Her favorite subjects included birds and butterflies painted in conjunction with fragments of their native setting. Always her attention to detail was immaculate, but, miraculously, her watercolor technique never became stilted, and her paintings are full of a vibrancy that makes her, in retrospect, one of the most appealing of all the American Pre-Raphaelites.

In the end, the revolution planned in Thomas Farrer's studio had little dramatic effect on the evolution of American art, but it did have a quiet influence on many mid-Victorian artists—from genre painters like John G. Brown to members of the Hudson River School—by directing their attention to the value to be derived from the close observation of nature. It was, too, symptomatic of a growing sense of seriousness among American artists, and it provided the occasion for a body of paintings—especially watercolors—that is among the most agreeable legacies of American art during the third quarter of the nineteenth century. □



Legend of Kykuit

The Rockefellers' Pocantico Hills Estate Prepares to Open Its Gates

Home to four generations of the Rockefellers, Kykuit reflects the family's changing sensibility from when John D. Rockefeller purchased the Pocantico Hills property in 1893 to Nelson Rockefeller's death in 1979. The estate has recently been turned over to the National Trust for Historic Preservation, which plans to open the house, its gardens and art collection to the public in 1994. ABOVE: Through the forecourt gates is a fountain modeled on a work in Florence's Boboli Gardens by Giambologna.

ARCHITECTURE BY DELANO AND ALDRICH
INTERIOR DESIGN BY OGDEN CODMAN, JR.

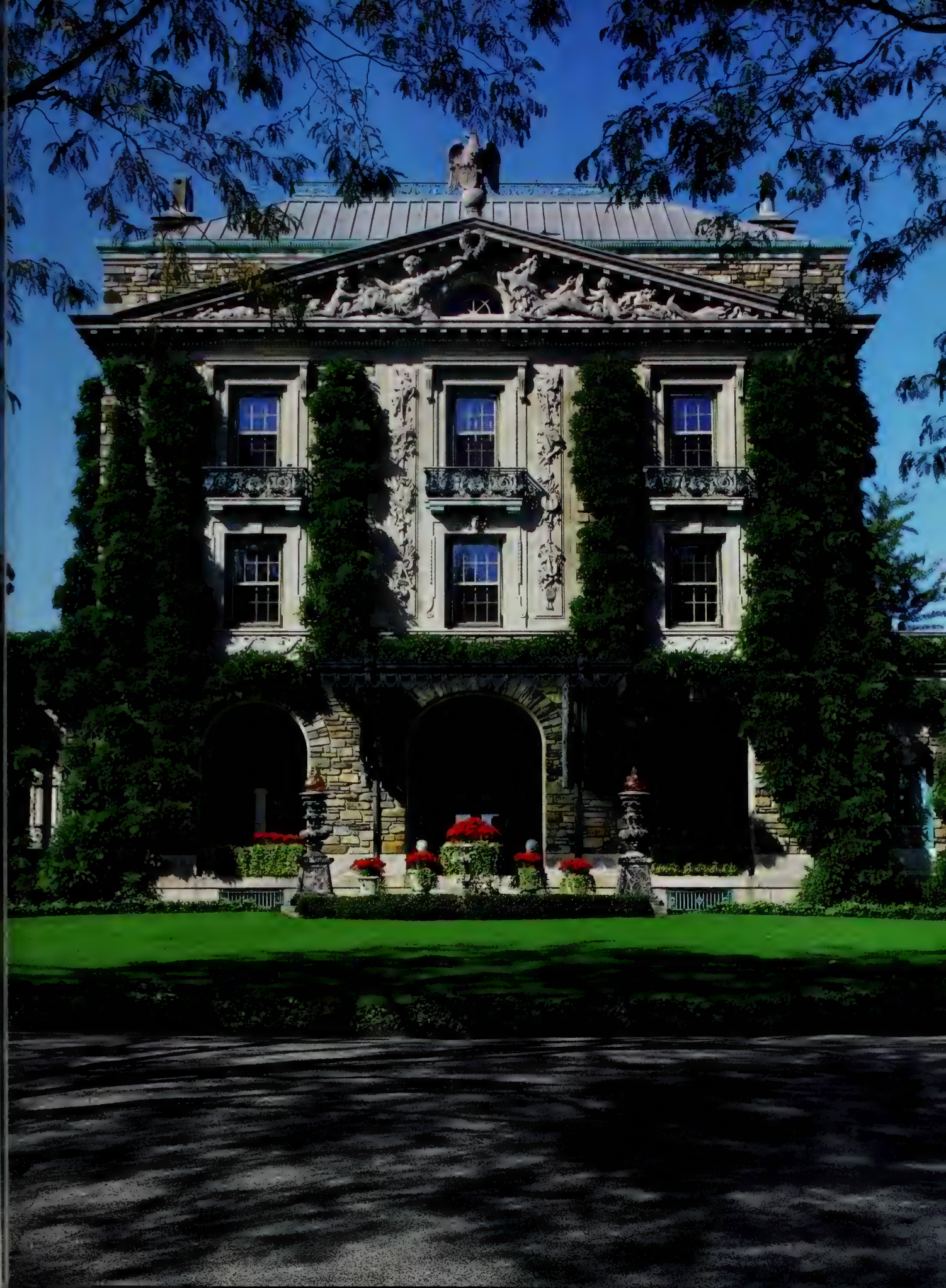
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE BY
WILLIAM WELLES BOSWORTH

TEXT BY SUSAN MARY ALSOP
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILLY CUNNINGHAM

IT IS ALMOST one hundred years since John D. Rockefeller acquired a property in Pocantico Hills near Tarrytown, New York, high above the Hudson River, with superb views of the river at its widest point, the Tappan Zee. Legend has it that the Mohegan Indians used the hilltop for sending smoke signals, and it is known that in 1609 Henry Hudson anchored his ship in front of it. Later, Dutch traders named the place Kykuit, which means lookout. In 1991, four generations later, David Rockefeller announced that Kykuit had become part of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

When it became known that the famous millionaire had bought the property, the excitement was intense in the local community. In September 1893 the editor of the *Tarrytown Ar-*

OPPOSITE: When the original house burned down in 1903, John D. Rockefeller's son seized the opportunity to have his father build a grander mansion. He employed Delano and Aldrich, New York architects educated at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, who completed a three-story quasi-Victorian house in 1908. At Laurance Rockefeller's request, Kykuit was transformed into a four-story Georgian-style manor, which was finally finished in 1913.





John D. Rockefeller, Jr., also had a hand in decorating the interiors, which were designed primarily by Ogden Codman, Jr., the coauthor of *The Decoration of Houses* with Edith Wharton. Reminders of the Rockefellers appear throughout the house: Enframed by two Neoclassical jasper-and-gilt wall lamps in the drawing room is a portrait of Abby Aldrich Rockefeller. Atop the English demilune commode are a photograph of Nelson Rockefeller, a Tang Dynasty camel and a Han Dynasty model of a wellhead.

gus described the "regal castle" that would be built: "The materials will be marble, stone and granite. Towers and porticoes will ornament various sides. It is safe to say that the structure will be in keeping with all of its grand surroundings and no expense will be spared in its erection, which will be undertaken as soon as the plans of the architect are completed."

This was sheer invention. John D. Rockefeller was not one to desire ostentation. His pleasure was in the land, and Pocantico Hills brought back happy memori[illegible] upstate New York country in which he had been brought up. There was no real need to build a house, he felt, for he had bought a perfectly good, if undistinguished, three-story frame house with the property, plenty large for the Rockefeller family. While architecture didn't appeal to him particularly, he did care about his home life. He once wrote: "I feel more than ever... the world is full of Sham, Flattery and Deception, our home is a haven of rest and freedom."

[illegible]hen the wood house burned down in 1902, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—"Junior," known to his father's associates as "Mr. Junior"—was a man in his late twenties who, though shy by nature and disliking pretension as much as his father, had an eye for architectural beauty and could envisage the possibilities of the magnificent site above the river. It took him many months to persuade his economical father to build a new house, but when at last he agreed, Junior was given most of the responsibility for the aesthetic and construction decisions.

William Adams Delano and Chester Holmes Aldrich, graduates of Paris's



In keeping with the essentially Georgian exterior, the interiors have Neoclassical detailing and furnishings, such as the music room's mahogany wall mirror. The Rockefellers were well-known collectors of Chinese porcelain and sculpture, an interest generated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Other objects in the room include an 18th-century rug and Ming and Qing porcelains. In 1974 Nelson Rockefeller, an avid collector of modern art, commissioned a painting by Miró, a copy of which is over the sofa.

Ecole des Beaux-Arts, whose firm was to succeed McKim, Mead & White as the most successful New York architectural firm of the day, presented plans, which were approved by John D. Rockefeller, Sr.; Ogden Codman, Jr., was selected as interior designer and William Welles Bosworth as landscape architect.

By 1908 a comfortable, somewhat Victorian three-story house of stone and locally quarried rock had been completed, and father and son presented it to Laura Spelman Rockefeller. In view of her poor health, she had been kept out of the planning to spare her all burden. David Rockefeller, recalling the story, says, "Knowing my mother and my wife, the notion that they would do such a thing without consulting her beforehand seems remarkable."

Mrs. Rockefeller took an instant dislike to the house, especially to its high-pitched roof. Delano and Aldrich went back to their drawing boards, and five long and expensive years later the house looked much as we see it today: a four-story Georgian-style manor with a mansard roof. The carved stone pediment and the vertical ornamented panels of the front façade make for a much more imposing house than the earlier one.

Bosworth worked closely with Aldrich on the architectural changes and continued with his garden, begun in 1908, a marvelously successful blend of Italian, French and English concepts. Just west of the house is a big enclosed garden with a stone teahouse, pools, fountains and a sweet-smelling linden allée. Using the sloping land to its greatest advantage, he placed a Neoclassical *tempiet-*



ABOVE: Presiding over the library are portraits of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. The room contains a number of Chinese porcelains and Georgian pieces, such as the open-arm chairs, settee, mahogany bookcase and chandelier.

Hepplewhite. Soon John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his family were installed in their own residence on the property, while his father lived in the main house until his death in 1937 at the age of ninety-eight. His grandson David says, "He liked the company of children, and I saw a lot of him. We used to be asked over for breakfast to play a game called Numerica. Grandfather was the dealer. Winners got a dime, losers a nickel. You couldn't do too badly either way. And I remember he once invited me to cook supper for him in the Playhouse [a sort of clubhouse on the grounds]."

After the death of his father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., moved his family into Kykuit, and his five boys and daughter lived there until they were grown and married. Eventually, four of the sons built their own houses on the estate, and later Nelson Rocke-

to above a grotto, and on lower levels are an orange tree terrace and more pools. On the north side, Bosworth balanced the design with a formal semicircular rose garden containing pergolas and a fountain.

From a boggy piece of ground a Japanese garden was created, an important complement to the European gardens. The serene area was constructed in 1910 with the help of Japanese workmen and architects who were brought over for the purpose. It was not an inexpensive project, and in a moment of irascibility the spartan John D. Rockefeller, Sr., remarked, speaking of Bosworth, "His manner [illegible]sant, his method is luxurious. [illegible]keteller's son later consid[illegible]h to be the most inspired [illegible]involved in the design.

While [illegible] working on [illegible] abroad buyi[illegible] English furnit[illegible] Chippendale, S[illegible]



BELOW: The tone of the office is set by an 18th-century portrait of Benjamin Franklin and a 1922 engraving of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. Qing Dynasty vase lamps flank the fireplace; Chinese and Korean celadons are placed on the tables.



Family pictures are arranged on the 18th-century burl walnut desk in the oak-paneled office and are complemented by 17th- and 18th-century French prints, above. Corner chair with cabriole legs is 18th century; the *famille jaune* square vase is from the Qing Dynasty.





FAR LEFT: A portrait of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., by Frank O. Salisbury occupies a prominent place above the dining room's mantel. LEFT: The portrait of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., was painted by John Singer Sargent in 1917.

BELOW: Under the house are a series of galleries created by Nelson Rockefeller in the 1960s, with advice from Philip Johnson and Peter Ogden, to hold his collection of modern art. At left is a painting by Grace Hartigan; sculptures, from left to right, are by Aldo Calo, Louise Kruger and Gottfried Honegger.



feller, former governor of New York and vice-president of the United States, lived in the big house with his wife and children until his death in 1979. His widow still lives nearby.

In the forecourt of the great house is a ravishing piece of Renaissance statuary called the Oceanus fountain, after the work by Giambologna in Florence's Boboli Gardens. It comes as a bit of a surprise to find a bronze by Giacometti and another by Brancusi near the front door and to remember the startling *Knife Edge—Two Piece* by Henry Moore that is in Bosworth's classical garden. Oddly, the varied tastes of succeeding generations of Rockefellers form an extraordinarily harmonious whole.

Despite the entrance's fierce Tang Dynasty funerary figure, there is nothing intimidating about the many generous rooms on the ground floor. David Rockefeller was quite content to spend a winter alone there as a young man. While writing his graduate thesis for the University of Chicago, he chose to work at Kykuit because the young lady he was soon to marry lived at Mount Kisco, conveniently close. Being very much in love, he was hardly an unprejudiced observer, and even though the house



is too large to be called cozy, it has a warm, cheerful feeling about it.

The patriarch of the family is very much present in the fine Sargent portrait of him in the dining room and again in a marble bust in the library. His son and his wife, Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, were both serious collectors of Ming and Kangxi porcelain, which is casually placed about the music room, drawing room and library amid the English mahogany pieces they loved. Perhaps the most important piece of Oriental art in the house is in the "Alcove," a connecting room between the dining room and the library: a seventh-century bodhisattva figure from China that stands with its back to the river, a strong, confident presence.

When the time comes for National Trust visitors to be taken around by Historic Hudson Valley, the knowledgeable organization that will be in charge of tours, the family collector they will most likely remember is Nelson Rockefeller. It is he who was the last of the family to live in the house, and his imprint dominates it. It was he who integrated the David Smiths, Lipchitzes, Moores and other contemporary sculptures into the

Adorning one of two fountains in the forecourt east of the house is *Eurydice*, a sculpture by F. M. L. Tonetti, the artist who was also responsible for the elaborately embellished pediment and vertical reliefs of the entrance façade.

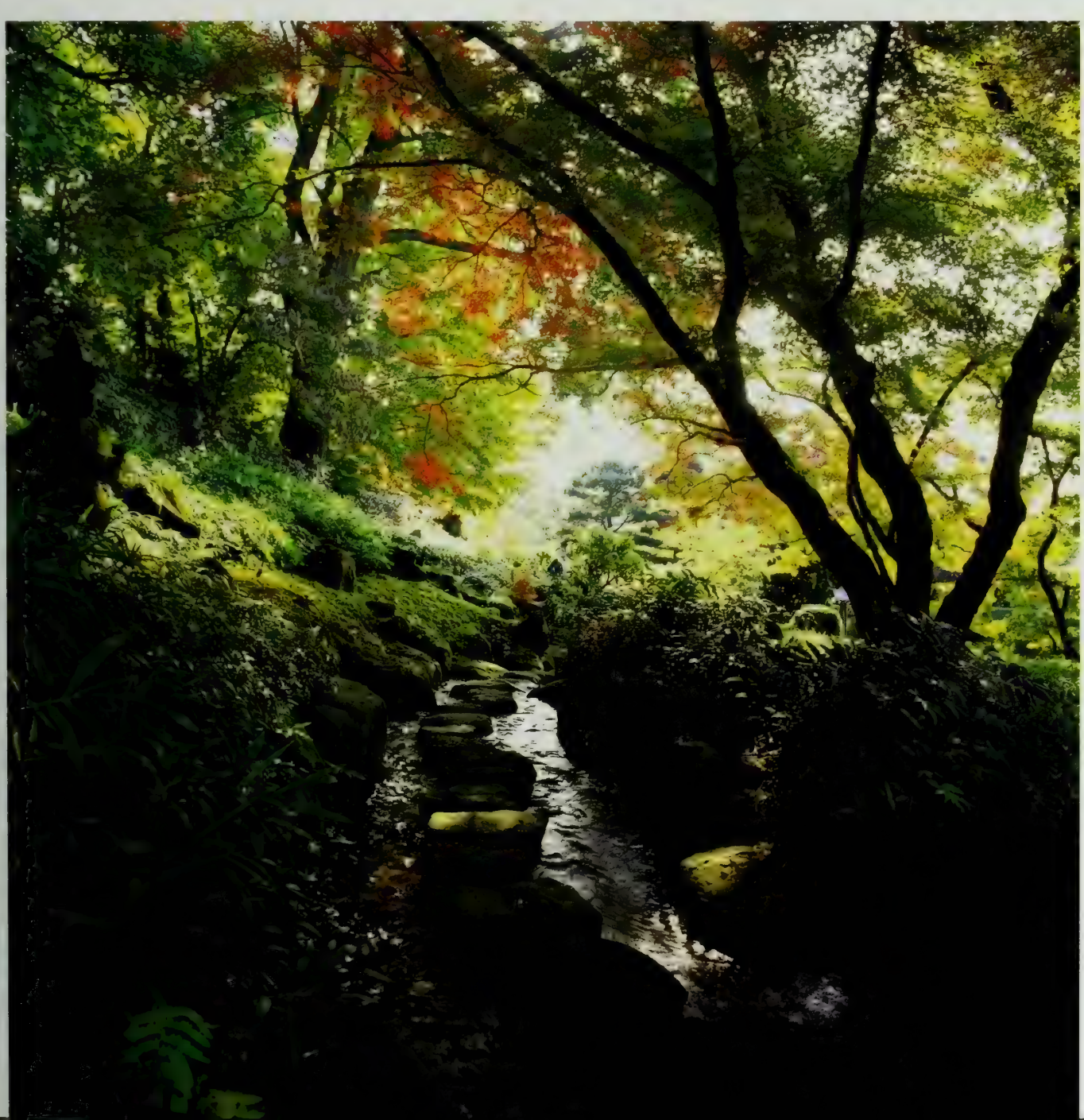






LEFT: The Hudson River serves as an idyllic backdrop for the white Tang Dynasty bodhisattva, one of the most treasured pieces in the Rockefeller collection. RIGHT: Designed by William Welles Bosworth and begun in 1908, Kykuit's elegant grounds incorporate elements of Italian, French and English gardens. The forecourt's candelabra were created after ones found at Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli.

BELOW: Bosworth's extensive landscaping included a Japanese garden, a collaboration between him and architects Takahashi and Uyeda, who were trained at Tokyo's Imperial Palace. Nelson Rockefeller had the garden altered by David Harris Engel in the 1960s.





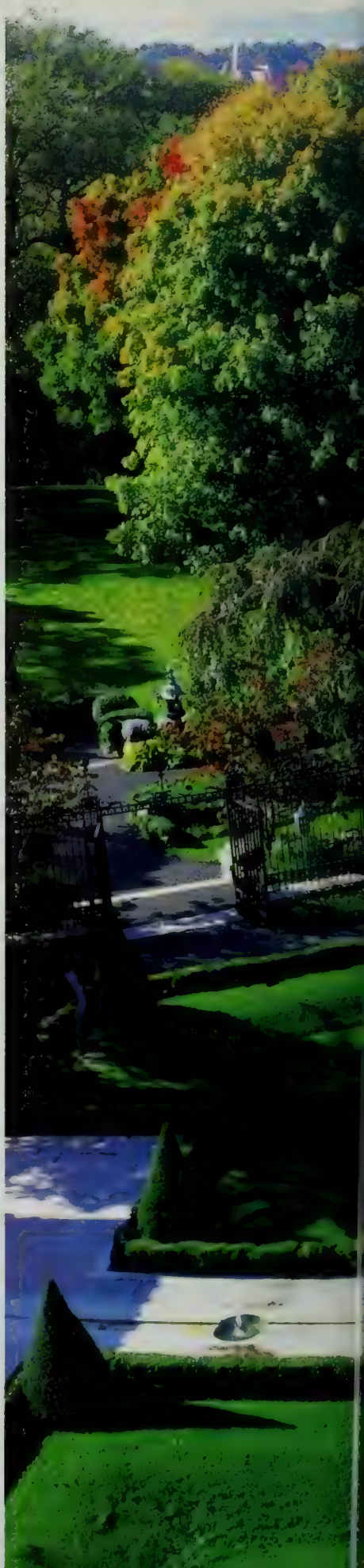
ABOVE: Complete with a brook, a bamboo grove and a replica of the Ryoan-ji garden, the Japanese garden also had a teahouse designed by Junzō Yoshimura. Prefabricated in Kyoto, the structure was modeled on the 16th-century Katsura villa.

porches and gardens. It was he who collected so many works by important twentieth-century artists that the vast basement of Kykuit had to be converted into galleries to hold them. There they are displayed as if they were in the Museum of Modern Art, of which he was so fond.

Nelson Rockefeller's enthusiasm for classical Chinese porcelain was as great as his love for Picasso and Braque. Tang and Han meant as much to him as Ming and Kangxi did to his father, and western European porcelain is represented in his collection by rare early-eighteenth-century pieces of Meissen. Two white vultures made for Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony, stand on the dining room sideboard flanking the Sargent portrait of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

In 1994 visitors will be able to admire the house's collections and to stroll through the gardens and wooded park, for the National Trust has also acquired eighty-six acres of Kykuit's land, and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund has contributed $8.25 million to prepare the estate for public viewing. There is no family in America that has held so deeply the belief that with great wealth goes social responsibility. Kykuit is a magnificent addition to our national heritage. □

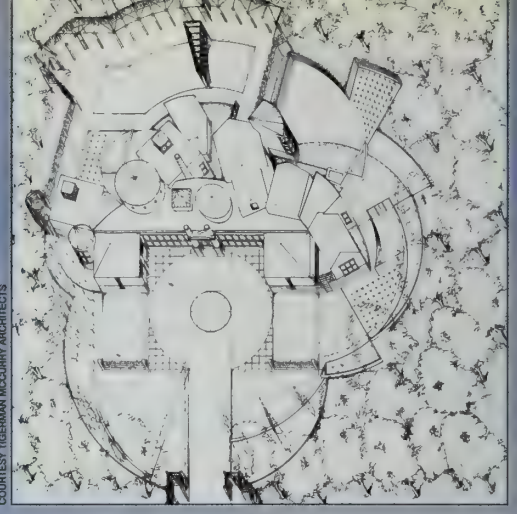
It was Nelson Rockefeller who integrated the David Smiths, Lipchitzes, Moores and other contemporary sculptures into the porches and gardens.



RIGHT: Seen from Kykuit's second-floor terrace, the sunken garden exhibits the formality of Bosworth's design. Aligned with the vistas, the garden is ornamented by statues, such as Aristide Maillol's *Bather Putting up her Hair* (1930), center. The neoclassical *tempietto*, right, houses a statue of Aphrodite.







COURTESY TIGERMAN MCCURRY ARCHITECTS

LEFT: "We tried to make each of the rooms a building in itself to form a villagelike aggregate," says Stanley Tigerman, who, with his partner, Margaret McCurry, designed a residence outside of Chicago. ABOVE: The axonometric drawing delineates the distinct spaces.

Architecture: Tigerman McCurry

A Suburban Chicago Residence Draws Energy from Asymmetry

TEXT BY SUZANNE STEPHENS PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT PISANO





Although the central entrance's dual columns and canopy mark a traditional, symmetrical residence, Tigerman's rotation of the volumes off a fixed center engendered an asymmetrical cluster of structures. The limestone base and seamed zinc roofs unify the house's disparate spaces.

THE ONE-STORY VILLA designed by architects Stanley Tigerman and Margaret McCurry in a Chicago suburb doesn't look much like the Prairie Style houses that Frank Lloyd Wright pioneered in the area over eighty years ago. Nor does it resemble the traditional country houses that architects like David Adler refined for North Shore residents in the 1910s and 1920s. After looking closely at the way the owners, a couple with grown children, live, Tigerman and McCurry created a residence in a compact cluster of forms—an American country house 1990s style.

Approaching the house, one comes upon a wide pink-gravel court with garages on either side. The central entrance is framed by an abstracted portico with columns—or obelisks, as Tigerman calls them—and a canopy. Behind the entrance façade looms a lively conglomeration of cylindrical, cubiform, rectangular and wedge shapes. "It's really more like a village than a house," says Tigerman. A limestone base anchors the ensemble to the ground, while standing-seam zinc roofs cover the forms.

Inside, the rooms, unlike those in a traditional house, are all within their own separate "buildings." Because the couple often receive visitors, they wanted privacy. Tigerman and McCurry extended the notion of private rooms and gave each one its own container. All the spaces are attached and rotated at different angles off a "meandering street." "I've done so many houses that are symmetrical in their entirety," Tigerman explains. "In this case I set up the symmetry in order to break it apart."

As in a modern, open-plan house, the rooms are placed on one level so that the owners can get around easily. "It's basically your sixteen-room



ranch house," says Tigerman wryly. Yet the spaces don't flow into each other smoothly, as in a Wright house; instead, they swirl and eddy around open and closed rooms. "I had said no hallways, but somehow I wanted everything to radiate from the center," the wife says. Tigerman, who often sketches out his ideas in front of the clients, "drew out an elongated egg with squares and circles," she says. "He came back later with a more final drawing, and we said, 'That's it!'"

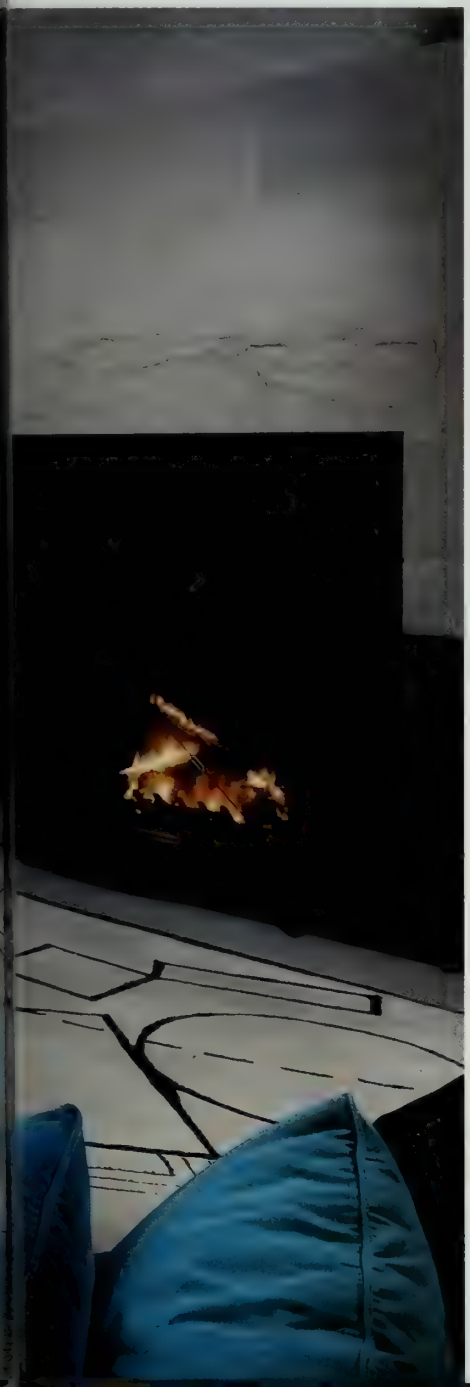
Situated within a large flat-roofed circular drum, the dining room occupies perhaps the most prominent po-



The interior rooms, demarcated by changes in material and pattern, are connected by a "meandering street, whose functions are organized like a village," McCurry points out. ABOVE: The oak-floored dining room is ringed by silver-painted columns.



ABOVE: "On the exterior, each building is presented in its own color and roof form," explains Tigerman. The square, hip-roofed living room, topped with a light monitor and colored in oyster, contrasts with the gray, circular dining room nearby.



LEFT: The living room features furniture selected or created by the architects, and a custom-designed rug that is an abstract depiction of the house's floor plan.



Owners' and guest garages flanking the motor court give access to the residence's public and private sections. A cylindrical sewing room, left, is off the kitchen; guest suites are at right. "Each form is disassembled from the rest," notes Tigerman, "creating a new 'antiwhole.'"

sition within the house. The room, ringed by a circular colonnade, almost has the feeling of a gazebo. "I wanted a large room since the family often comes over for dinner, especially on holidays," the wife says. Adjoining the dining room is the cubiform living room, which in turn opens onto the pool area through tall French doors and receives daylight from a light monitor surmounting a hip roof. "We wanted lots of natural light," the wife comments. Grafted onto another side of the living room is a small wedge-shaped media room where the family sometimes gathers at night. Even the telephone has its own space—a miniature cylindrical structure near the entrance hall. The kitchen, a square volume next to the dining room, is linked to a squat tower that was designed for sewing. On the other side of the house, a winglike assemblage of buildings contains the guest suites, which look like gable-roofed cabins. "We placed the private wing here so that guests could come and go from the garage without having to enter the public section of the house," the wife points out.

Tigerman, McCurry and their staff also designed or selected the furnishings, fabrics, colors and lighting for the interiors. "Each room has not only its own form but its own character," McCurry explains. "The clients really liked that idea. Every time we relaxed and were about to use the same object



"Each room has not only its own form but its own character."

for two rooms, the wife would remind us to make it different." McCurry points to the changes in the flooring and the lighting in each room; Tigerman shows how the stucco surfaces of the exterior have been nuanced with shades of beige, oyster, gray, white and cream. "I thought different roof materials might be good too," Tigerman says. "But we decided that was too much."

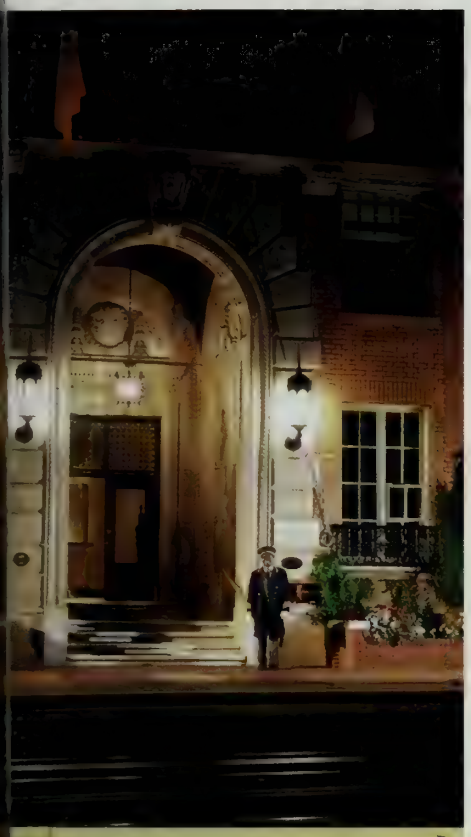
Recently an art historian gazing at the outside of the house was reminded of *Ideal City*, a late-fifteenth-century painting by an anonymous Italian artist depicting buildings around a piazza, which is rendered in painstaking perspective. While the architectural emphasis in the picture is on various geometric forms, the Tigerman McCurry house looks more like the ideal city after the tide has unmoored its structures so that they have drifted and collided together. That image is very intentional. It is, after all, the late twentieth century, and Tigerman views the world as being no longer the serene, orderly place it might once have been. "I rotated each of the volumes off the center of the house," he says. "But they couldn't be put back into order again." This kind of "rotation," or seemingly casual way in which the rooms are clustered, he maintains, is meant to "activate the architecture to overcome the stasis common to building." Or, as the wife puts it, "The house is unusual-looking, but it really works." □

The Huntington Hotel

Renewed Grandeur for a Fixture on San Francisco's Nob Hill

INTERIOR DESIGN BY CHARLES GRUWELL, ASID TEXT BY SUSAN CHEEVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN VAUGHAN









Located in San Francisco's Nob Hill district, the 12-story Huntington Hotel was completed in 1924. Its lobby and some of its rooms were recently renovated by Santa Monica designer Charles Gruwell. INSET: The discreet entrance has welcomed such guests as Archbishop Desmond Tutu, Robert Redford and Paloma Picasso. ABOVE: "In its heyday, the Huntington was touted as having one of the city's most beautiful hotel lobbies," says Gruwell. Two Regency-style chairs and a *bureau plat* make up the concierge's area. The painting, *Yosemite*, is by J. E. Stuart. LEFT: Another part of the lobby includes two lounge chairs, a carved Italian table and a Gothic Revival tall case clock.

NOB HILL IN San Francisco is old money's testament to the privileges of old money. Nineteenth-century railroad and silver barons crowded its small summit with residential palaces, and their twentieth-century counterparts have added ritzy apartment houses and discreet condos. Called Nob after the New World nabobs who still walk their dogs in the gardens of Huntington Park, go to church at Grace Cathedral, schmooze and snooze in the big chairs at the Pacific Union Club after lunch and occasionally descend from their Olympian promontory to pick up something at Neiman Marcus on Union Square, the hill juts above the city, its steep slopes accessible only to the well shod and the well heeled.

The epitome of this epitome is the Huntington Hotel, a Moorish-style brick pile at the corner of California Street opposite the park. "It feels as if you are in a private club," says John Cope, a member of the third generation of his family to own and run the hotel. "The staff remembers your name, and we lock the doors at midnight. You can always spend money, you can always marbleize things, but you can't buy atmosphere." Built as an apartment house on the site of a banker's mansion in 1924, the Huntington is a stately dowager with an entrance so restrained that some people can't find it, and there are no commercial stores in its public spaces. The name of its restaurant—the Big Four—refers not to local ball teams but to nineteenth-century railroad tycoons: Crocker, Stanford, Hopkins and, of course, Huntington.



"When I was growing up, if anyone mentioned old money, I would imagine lots of carved furniture, French chairs, rich colors, marble and European stuff," says Charles Gruwell, the thirty-nine-year-old designer who recently renovated the Huntington's venerable lobby and fifteen of the hotel's rooms and suites. As the son of a commercial fisherman, Gruwell didn't see much old money firsthand. But growing up on the Monterey Peninsula, one of the world's most spectacularly beautiful natural settings, Gruwell was a little kid with big dreams. "Interior design was perfect for me," the former art teacher remembers. "It used psychology in dealing with people, and it used art, art on the walls and art in the design." After a meteoric apprenticeship, he started his own firm in 1981. Then, in 1985, at a party in a house on the eleventh green of the Pebble Beach golf course, Gruwell recognized John Cope. He wangled an invitation and told Cope that he would be honored to work on the Huntington. Cope demurred; Gruwell bombarded him with press releases, phone calls and news clippings. In 1989 John Cope finally called him back.

The centerpiece of Gruwell's renovation is the lobby, expanded from a windowless space to its original 1920s basilica-shaped grandeur, complete

"It feels as if you are in a private club."



with a view of California Street and its passing cable cars. The lobby had to be new, but it couldn't look new. "The Copes knew it had to be renovated," explains the Huntington's general manager, Micarl Hill. "But they didn't want it to be different." John Cope reminded Gruwell that the hotel wasn't out to "reinvent the wheel." The Huntington's old-guard customers, Gruwell knew, liked to feel that they were returning to a familiar place. But with its monochromatic red rugs and furniture, stark white walls and high-backed chairs, the old lobby suggested that if the rich are different from you and me, it's not because they have more money but because they have less fun. Gruwell's job was to transform the headmaster's-office décor into something fresh, welcoming and playful—without disturbing the headmaster.

He achieved the required magic of





ABOVE: "In Suite 404, we created a contemporary penthouse space that combined modern furniture with classical styling," says Gruwell. Two striped club chairs flank a low table; the brass table lamps are from Frederick Cooper. Drapery fabric is from Clarence House.

ABOVE RIGHT: The bedroom of Suite 404 faces Huntington Park. A custom Empire-style armoire and night table are accented by the slipper chair fabric from J. Robert Scott.

RIGHT: "The size of a typical room is far from typical," says Gruwell of 905. "We wanted these generously scaled spaces to feel like small luxury suites." The room features Brunschwig & Fils bedcovering and drapery fabrics, a Stiffel bedside lamp and a Frederick Cooper table lamp.

change-without-change by keeping the room's principal focal points intact. A huge breakfront filled with leather-bound sets of Scott and Twain dating back to the hotel's beginning still fills one wall. A gleaming Gothic Revival clock keeps time. There's lots of red damask, and the room is still dominated by five huge nineteenth-century American oils from the Cope collection, including J. E. Stuart's landscape *Yosemite* and Charles Austin Needham's *Union Square at Early Candlelight*.

Around these central visual poles Gruwell spun a subtle web of alteration, mixing gold damask with the red, replacing the rugs with Aubusson wreaths of flowers, softening the corners with huge potted palms and redoing the walls in three shades of creamy off-white to accentuate the elaborate moldings and dentils. At the center of all this lighthearted opulence, a sparkly crystal chandelier hangs so low that it almost brushes the top sprays of a huge flower arrangement on the dappled marble top of a heavily carved Italian table. The window is swathed in yards of woven fabric, reducing the view of the real world to a muted tableau that has more in common with the paintings on the walls than with the rest of the city. The only reminders of the outside are the bells: the clang of the ca-



ble car as it's pulled along up California Street and the musical peal of the carillon from Grace Cathedral when it tolls the hours.

Each room at the Huntington is unlike the others. There are rooms designed by Anthony Hail, Elizabeth Bernhardt and Annie Bowman. "Once visitors find the room they like, they're hooked," Hill says. "It's home to them." Celebrities from Princess Grace to Robert Redford and Robin Williams have succumbed to the Huntington's endearing old charms, and Alistair Cooke stays there so often that a suite is named after him. "You have a good chance of getting in the elevator and riding down with Joel Grey or Pavarotti or someone," Cope says. "We're very low-key about it." Hill remembers his first visit to the hotel, when he stood stiffly at the front desk nervously fondling his chin. He noticed a dark-haired man next to him, comically imitating his movements. It was Jonathan Winters, just practicing.

Gruwell himself, aided by Yoko Whitaker, has designed very different rooms. "One of the good things about Charles is that there is no 'Charles Gruwell look,'" Cope says. "If you want something done a certain way, he'll do it for you." Cope asked for a suite that would look like a New York

continued on page 202





ABOVE: "The feeling of Suite 501 is of opulence, richness, heightened by a deeper color palette," notes Gruwell. In the bedroom, Empire-style night tables topped with Stiffel table lamps bracket the bed. Drapery fabric from Clarence House.

LEFT: In Suite 501's living room, which mixes Far Eastern and 20th-century styles, are French-style lounge chairs, an Oriental-style low table and Japanese *tansu* chests on either side of the Syrie Maugham–inspired sofa. The diverse fabrics—sofa and tufted ottoman upholstery from Brunschwig & Fils, J. Robert Scott red accent pillows and a leopard-print pillow—complement the furnishings.



Emilio Carcano drew upon Italian examples in designing the Paris apartment of Antoine and Danièle Cattan. The Italian mood is apparent in the entrance hall, where a trompe-l'oeil urn and an idealized scene are offset by low-relief pilasters and an arch. The patterned floor is marble.

Italian Spirit on the Right Bank

Old World Traditions Inspire the Design of a Paris Apartment

INTERIOR DESIGN BY EMILIO CARCANO
TEXT BY CHARLOTTE AILLAUD PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARINA FAUST

"I CAME TO LIVE IN PARIS in 1968," says Danièle Cattan. "Since then I've lived in [illegible] apartments decorated by my friends [illegible] Jacques Grange, but I've always dreamed of an Italian-style residence. Italy fascinates me. I love the aesthetic outlook of the Italians [illegible] kind of existence I happen to lead."

Lebanese-born Danièle Cattan is probably one of the most Parisian foreigners in the French capital. Though the Right Bank apartment she shares with her husband, Antoine, was clearly inspired by Italy, the objects within—from Russian chairs to Chinese porcelain—testify to her wide-ranging interests and her fondness for the antiques shops of Paris.

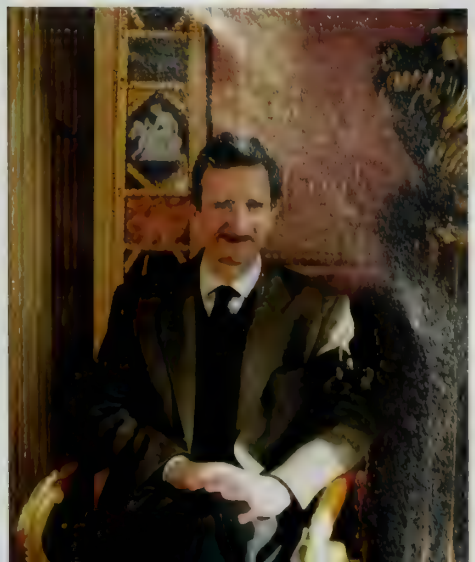
When it came time to decorate, she sought advice from another friend, Italian designer Renzo Mongiardino. "I had long consultations with him about what to do," she recalls. "It didn't take us long to re-



In the library, *faux-marbre* details and trompe-l'oeil-coffered coving contrast with deep-toned fabrics. The ma- [illegible] by the couple. The candelabra are 18th-century French.

ABOVE: Carcano (below) gave the bookcases in the library an architectural emphasis, with pedimented tops and *faux-marbre* decoration. Ebonized cube tables flank the sofa, which is covered in a patchwork fabric. The needlepoint carpet dates from the early 19th century. Lace sheers hang at the windows. "My main concern was to capture the essence of Italy," says the designer.

alize I needed an architect to handle the various problems posed by the layout. Our first consideration was to make a distinction between my husband's rooms and mine, while keeping the reception areas, library and dining room as common ground. I called in Emilio Carcano to oversee the design; I felt he had exactly the breadth of culture and sure sense of space to overcome the difficulties." Carcano, who worked with Mongiardino for ten years before establishing his own firm some twenty-four years ago, has a highly developed sense of drama, having designed movie and theater sets as well as residences for such clients as Rudolf Nureyev (see *Architectural Digest*, September 1985).



Danièle Cattan understood exactly what she wanted to avoid. "As a rule, designers show you what they're going to do in advance. There will be certain colors, certain fabrics or objects. You can feel powerless confronted with all these absolutes. You may even feel cheated of your fun, since the form your future residence is to take remains completely beyond your control. All the decisions are being made by someone else, somewhere else.

"With Emilio Carcano there were no such problems. First of all, we went out and bought the furniture, the carpets and the objects. We put everything

OPPOSITE: Michelangelo's Laurentian Library in Florence provided the model for the walls in the salon, while the pilasters were influenced by those Raphael created at the Vatican. The parcel-gilt armchairs are 19th-century Russian. Chinese porcelain rests on the French mahogany table.



together little by little. In Italy, for example, we came across some fabulous Venetian mirrors that everyone told us would be far too big for the dining room but that actually give it a mysterious poetry.

"For the salon, Emilio was inspired by a collection of Chinese powder-blue porcelain; then we went hunting for a carpet with a sienna-and-blue background, which I finally discovered in Bordeaux. I think the only piece I had before we started was a beautiful Russian desk, which fitted in perfectly with our concept for the décor."

For his part, Carcano points out: "If I'm to see a project through to completion, it must remain coherent. In this case, I was able to do so with the help of the client. I could rely on her strong support, for example, if I made a highly unconventional choice."

The astonishing amount of marble he installed was one such choice. "The most striking thing about Italian décor is the tradition of the fresco, the refinement that is produced by the sheer skill of the painter," Carcano says. He envisioned, for instance, a strongly architectural entrance that would lead to the salon, which is separated from the library by a screen wall and four columns. The patterned marble floors throughout maintain a sense of unity. For the walls of the salon, the designer used a trompe-l'oeil technique to recall Michelangelo's Laurentian Library in Florence, and the pilasters were inspired by those Raphael designed for the Vatican. "I wanted the pilasters, like the ceilings, to be as carefully worked as the originals so they would contrast vividly with the simplicity of the walls," he explains.

The shape of the library, which in part forms a hexagon, dictated the arrangement of the furniture. The walls were finished with a simple oil paint, while the *faux-marbre* details were treated in the traditional Italian style—polished with agate and stabilized with a light varnish. "The effect is like a fresco," says Carcano. "It's painstaking, specialized work.

"With the exception of the dining room, which is a kind of Venetian gilded cage with walls covered in *faux*–cordovan leather, I kept the fabrics to a minimum," he notes. "Instead of making the draperies a primary feature, I treated them as simple colored frames for the windows and emphasized the lace sheers." Indeed, the use of elaborately patterned marble and rich materials imbues the apartment with a warm, intimate feeling. Each room is a vital component of the general plan, and though the rooms differ in how they were put together, the spirit remains the same throughout.

"There's nothing more tiresome than repeating oneself," says Carcano. "That's why I do my utmost to make each project completely different. I also try to see things from the point of view of my clients, which is easier if they have clear, strong ideas of their own. That was the case with Danièle Cattan."



ABOVE: Rich colors and textures characterize the salon, where eglomise and mirror panels are set into the pilasters. Over the English gilt console is an 18th-century Venetian mirror. Danièle Cattan found the Savonnerie carpet in Bordeaux.

His client agrees. "I really couldn't see myself living in a classic eighteenth- or nineteenth-century-style Paris apartment," she says. "That's not me at all. As much as I admire these periods, I find them a bit cold. My preference is always for a welcoming atmosphere. For example, we paid particular attention to making the sofas in the library extremely comfortable; Emilio had them made in Italy."

Other elements in the apartment are also from Italy, such as the doors, which were crafted in Milan. Danièle Cattan, who travels a great deal, rates Paris among the finest cities for antiques in the world. Her latest discovery is an exquisite set of cups that she found at a flea market and now uses to serve tea.

The Cattans' apartment reflects the combination of careful research and instinctive choices on the part of designer and residents. As Emilio Carcano says, "It's a pleasure to start a project with a client and finish it with a friend." □

OPPOSITE: For the dining room, Emilio Carcano was inspired by the japanned and gilded 18th-century Venetian chairs owned by the residents. The [illegible]-woven leather wallcovering was designed by Ratijslav Doboujinsky and Sabine Duthil. The painted-metal chandelier is 18th-century Italian, as are the torchères, which feature girandoles mounted atop chinoiserie vases.



New England Collection

A Polished White Envelope for Contemporary Art

INTERIOR DESIGN BY
THOMAS BRITT, ASID
TEXT BY JANE HOLTZ KAY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAIME ARDILES-ARCE



THE CROWNING virtue of Thomas Britt's recent decoration and refurbishment of a New England house is the enhancement of art by interior design. This congenial deference of design to art comes from a designer who's adept at showmanship but also willing to downplay the dramatic for domestic ease. Britt's monochrome backdrop demonstrates that accommodation can be the sincerest form of flattery.

"I tried to keep it simple," says Britt. "The clients have an extensive art collection. I really designed the house to accommodate it." A generation of contemporary masters—Milton Avery, Jules Olitski, Frank Stella—sit within these whitewashed walls.

The interior—which Britt originally designed some twenty years ago—was a challenge: It took some doing to transform a rather predictable suburban house into a receptacle for the couple's growing collection. Conventional rooms had to be reshaped to create a space that would serve both as family dwelling and as a modest *Kunsthalle*.

In his first remodeling and reconstruction, Britt turned the traditional spaces into a "very chic, simple background," he says, "simple and luxurious." To open and enhance the house, he painted most of the walls white, covered the floors with patterned off-white carpeting and filled the rooms with overstuffed white furniture. "I like white," comments Britt. "My own apartment was slipcovered in white." It is a look that has held up over time, as the couple's two children grew and the clients added more purchases—a Donald Judd, an Ed Ruscha—to their earliest selections. For his recent redesign, Britt primarily updated the white interior to give it a more polished and contemporary look.

The art installed in this neutral environment is eclectic but reflects the husband's intense involvement. "He's one of the few people around whom I would classify as a collector," says Boston dealer Barbara Krakow. "Not



"We wanted to create an interior that would highlight their extensive art collection—a very good representation of twentieth-century contemporary and abstract paintings," says New York–based interior designer Thomas Britt of his recent redesign of a house in New England for longtime clients. OPPOSITE: Displayed in the living room are Picasso's 1952 lithograph *Bound Hands*, left, and *Chien Electrique* by COBRA artist Pierre Alechinsky, right. The cachepot on the low table is Qing Dynasty. Fabric on the sofa and ottomans is from Brunschwig & Fils. The carpet is from Stark. ABOVE: *Still Life With Windmill*, 1974, by Roy Lichtenstein hangs over the 18th-century French marble mantel in the study. To the right of the doorway are a Federal eglomise mirror, an 18th-century Chinese jardiniere and a Roman glass bottle. Kreiss sofa fabric.





The living room features a large canvas by Jack Youngerman, left; next to it is a gouache by Fernand Léger. An acrylic by Alechinsky is above the mantel, and to its left is a work by Frank Stella. In foreground, Mark di Suvero's steel mobile and Ernest Trova's encased figure.





ABOVE: Over the Sheraton sideboard in the dining room are two prints from Jasper Johns's 1987 series *The Seasons*. The set of painted shield-back chairs and the double-pedestal dining table are George III style. Silver flatware and wine coolers are English. OPPOSITE: Covering almost an entire wall is an acrylic on canvas, *New Love's Walk*, 1971, by Jules Olitski.

The low ceilings of the rooms actually work to the art's advantage.





many people have his genuine passion to really look at the work rather than just install it."

The pieces range widely, from the vivid and frenzied expressionism of the COBRA group to the cool Pop aesthetic of six Campbell soup cans by Andy Warhol. An early Stella acrylic painting of concentric squares and a more baroque later Stella print are compatible in the neutral envelope of the living room.

Upstairs and down, the low ceilings of the rooms actually work to the art's advantage. "The ceilings are not overly high, so some of the paintings go from the ceiling to the floor," Britt points out. A painting by Jules Olitski, for example, overwhelms a dining room wall, becoming a virtual mural. Artworks of the last quarter-century or so have commonly taken on the sweep and size of the lofts in which they were created, only to be dwarfed by the soaring museum chambers that subsequently display them. In these smaller rooms, large-scale pieces take possession of the space; they speak in full voice. While the atmospheric glow of the Olitski fills the dining room wall, Jack Youngerman's *White Open* dominates the living room. "I absolutely adore it," says Britt. "Because if you're familiar with my work, you're familiar with scale." Smaller works, such as prints by Picasso and Johns, hold their own, too, as do sculptures by Mark di Suvero, Ernest Trova and Jean Dubuffet.

It is a tribute to both designer and client that, after twenty years, these rooms offer a consistent and quiet reminder of their intent, an affirmation of the enduring qualities of art. To their owners, they have also provided a constant—indeed a comfort—in this century of flux and fashion. □

As part of his recent refreshening of the master bedroom, Britt has added interest to the simply furnished space by flanking a 1976 untitled lithograph by Ellsworth Kelly with two late-18th-century eglomise Federal mirrors. Donald Judd's 1989 horizontal anodized-aluminum sculpture spans the wall above an 18th-century Welsh dresser. Fabric on bed and chairs is from Brunschwig & Fils. Stark carpet.

California Dreaming



A Fairy-Tale Environment for Singer Chynna Phillips

INTERIOR DESIGN BY ALLAN WARNICK
TEXT BY HUNTER DROHOJOWSKA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY E. NICHOLS



Allan Warnick says he balanced her "strong personality" with a feminine design in the Santa Monica apartment. Most of the furnishings—including the hand-hooked rugs, the circa 1860 Pennsylvania cabinet and the painted low table in the living room—are from Richard Mulligan Antiques. Fabric on hearth chairs, Ralph Lauren.



"This is my first place, and I thought it had to be very adult and very sophisticated with nothing childlike. But I love this. It's like a fairy tale," says singer Chynna Phillips (above).

CHYNNA PHILLIPS wistfully recalls that throughout her childhood she was always traveling. "Mom was a chameleon and I never had a place I could call home. This is my first real home."

Phillips is the daughter of Michelle and John Phillips, cofounders of the group The Mamas and the Papas, who divorced in 1969. Last year Chynna became a pop star in her own right with the group Wilson Phillips, whose debut album went platinum. Her partners in song, Wendy and Carnie Wilson, are the daughters of Brian Wilson, the genius behind the Beach Boys. The three girls grew up together in Los Angeles, scions of a privileged yet turbulent rock-and-roll lifestyle. The success of their first record, however, did allow the pur-



Warnick found a late-19th-century carved wood angel in Maine that "softens the contemporary look of the fireplace," he says. "It was one of the first things we wanted but one of the last things to arrive." On either side of the living room niche are circa 1880 flower-and-ivy sconces. By the French windows are a 1920s iron floor lamp, an 1820s whirligig and a chaise upholstered in Manuel Canovas fabric.

chase of some stability—they all bought new homes.

Phillips, twenty-four, chose a 1,500-square-foot apartment in Santa Monica with an unobstructed view of the ocean. Among the many elaborate thanks given to musicians, producers and engineers on the album, there is also thanks to Allan Warnick, her interior designer.

Warnick was an old family friend, having first met Michelle Phillips when she was pregnant with Chyna. As the younger Phillips's singing career began to take off, he suggested that she come up with a more striking personal image by adopting the smart blond bob that has become her stylistic trademark. She welcomed the advice, and when he offered to design her new apartment, Phillips replied, "Definitely."

Warnick looked beyond the somewhat sterile contemporary architecture of the apartment and created a welcoming, cozy and frankly feminine series of rooms. He started by asking what colors she liked. "I was confused at first," she says. "I thought color was uncool and that everything had to be black. I didn't know how different colors could work together." After getting Phillips to admit that she was fond of mauve, rose, lilac, sea green and sky blue, Warnick presented his client with a variety of patterned fabrics and said, "Trust me."

They also went shopping—and bought nearly all the furniture—at Richard Mulligan Sunset Cottage Antiques & Design in Los Angeles. "Everything there was so unique and beautiful," Phillips remembers. A one-hundred-and-fifty-year-old hand-hooked rug in tones of mauve, ivory

and pink sparked her interest in collecting early Americana. It now rests on the living room floor, surrounded by a sofa covered in a floral linen, a pair of pink dining chairs with rush seats and backs and floral cushions, and another pair of hearth chairs that appear deceptively small, as though waiting for visiting elves.

The room is centered around a wood table painted pale rose and covered with knickknacks that Phillips either bought with Warnick, collected on tour or culled from her childhood. Roseville ceramic vases from a shop in her neighborhood, a nineteenth-century Lalique glass vase from London and an old abacus and spelling book are arrayed on the table with rag yarn and turn-of-the-century children's slippers. Rising above a cloud of dried flowers in the alcove over the fireplace and casting a benevolent gaze over the scene is a late-nineteenth-century carved wood angel from Maine. A "chain" cutout wood-framed mirror on the opposite wall expands and reflects the long, narrow dimensions of the room.



"There is a childlike theme to this house," says Phillips. "The small chairs, the dolls, the stuffed animals. I love it." Opening the glass-paned door of a circa 1860 Pennsylvania wall cupboard lined in wallpaper—the first piece to be brought home from Richard Mulligan—she lifts down a china doll with glass eyes and real hair. "My mother gave this to me in London when I was eight. I call her Sweetheart." The playful medley of furniture and toys continues in the bedroom. A stuffed doll and bear recline on the bed. Story lamps on end tables are made from a chalkware sailor and an English ceramic biscuit box. Unsightly reminders of contemporary hustle, such as the television, VCR and stereo, are tucked away in painted wood consoles specially designed by Warnick and Mulligan. Draped across the end of the bed is an early American quilt in shades of ivory, sage, mauve and blue.

"Chynna is so strong, I wanted the house to enable her to indulge her more passive, gentle side. It lets peo-

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ABOVE: Photographs of Carnie and Wendy Wilson, the other members of the group Wilson Phillips, are framed in her office along with gold and platinum records from their debut album.

BELOW LEFT: Notes from her first hit song, "Hold On," decorate the head of the sleigh bed. BELOW RIGHT: The mirror is draped with 1860s lace. On the vanity are silver-framed family photos.





Antiques: Japanese Cloisonné

Ultimate Refinements in the Art of Enameling



RIGHT: *Covered Box*, Namikawa Sōsuke, Tokyo, circa 1895. Cloisonné with *shakudō* mounts; 1¼" x 3⅜". The celebrated Namikawa Sōsuke, who, like his contemporary Namikawa Yasuyuki, received imperial recognition for his accomplishments in cloisonné, is credited with developing a technique for wireless cloisonné. Objects decorated with this method would become virtual brush paintings in enamel. Barry Davies Oriental Art, London.



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TEXT BY AVIS BERMAN

IN JAPAN, cloisonné was such a jealously guarded art that it had to be invented not once but twice. The secrets of its manufacture were as tightly held as the minute wires, fine as tracery, fired into the surfaces of the objects themselves. The making of cloisonné was confined to a few favored artisans whose descendants lost the technique but not the right to produce it. This dichotomy between practice and control led to the near extinction of the craft in Japan until the nineteenth century, when, after years of experiments, it was miraculously reborn. Cloisonné became that ultimate oxymoron, a new tradition.

But reincarnation was only the first of the paradoxes surrounding the appreciation of this art form. Cloisonné must be the only Japanese art that reached its apex during the Meiji period (1868–1912), an era that connoisseurs have looked on with suspicion

LEFT: The samurai Namikawa Yasuyuki resigned from the service of Prince Fushimi to pursue the path of the artisan and became the renowned master of cloisonné during the "golden age" of enameling—an interval from 1880 to 1912 that spanned the majority of the Meiji period. *Covered Jar*, Namikawa Yasuyuki, Kyoto, circa 1895. Cloisonné; 6½" high. *Pair of Covered Jars*, Namikawa Yasuyuki, Kyoto, circa 1890. Cloisonné on copper; 4" high each. All, Barry Davies Oriental Art, London.



OPPOSITE: *Covered Incense Burner*, Namikawa Yasuyuki, Kyoto, late 19th century. Cloisonné with *shakudō* rim and mounts and gold wire; 5½" high. A serene and highly refined landscape reminiscent of many traditional Japanese paintings adorns a koro. The works of Namikawa were exceeded by none in "delicacy of craftsmanship and perfection of technique [and] in purity of design," wrote a contemporary observer. Spink & Son Ltd., London.

or disdain. Equally astonishing is the inspirational effect that Western enthusiasm had on the flowering of cloisonné. In their book, *Japanese Cloisonné: History, Technique, and Appreciation*, Lawrence A. Coben and Dorothy C. Ferster write that foreign sales transformed cloisonné from "an obscure art...[of] a few pioneers" into "a recognized industry" driven by ever-greater improvements in refinement and quality.

Cloisonné, the process of applying enamel (a glassy paste) to metal, was known to ancient Greece and China. Pieces were made in France as early as the tenth century, which is why Westerners rely on French terminology. *Cloisonné* means partitioned or divided into cells, and the surfaces of cloisonné wares are partitioned into discrete areas by wire fillets (cloisons). Around 1611 the shogun appointed Hirata Dōnin as his cloisonné artisan; Dōnin fashioned medallions, sword fittings and other small objects. His descendants inherited the appointment and kept the exclusive knowledge of the craft to themselves for over two hundred years. They continued to apply cloisonné as a subsidiary decoration and did not create freestanding articles. By the early 1800s the Hirata family's work was static, and its trade secrets were so well protected that they had disappeared. Cloisonné had evolved into a lost art.

In 1830 Kaji Tsunekichi (1802–1883), a samurai studying enameling, read a sixteenth-century description of cloisonné and attempted to make some



FELICIANO

ABOVE: *Tray*, Namikawa Sōsuke, Tokyo, Meiji period (1868–1912). Wireless cloisonné with *shakudō* rim; 11¾" in diameter. A fan-shaped tray exemplifies the art of wireless enameling perfected by the artist. For his contribution to the cloisonné art form he was appointed an officer of the Imperial Art Commission. *Vase*, Namikawa Yasuyuki, Kyoto, Meiji period. Cloisonné; 7½" high. Namikawa is said to have given his pieces "the last incomparable polish, after his men [had] rubbed away for weeks." A similar vase is in the Tokyo National Museum. Both, Flying Cranes Antiques Ltd., New York.



Vase, Andō Jūbei, Japan, circa 1880. Cloisonné with silver mounts; 12⅛" high. Andō, who established himself as perhaps the best-known cloisonné manufacturer in Nagoya, founded the Andō Company around 1880. Years later his chief artisan, Kawade Shibatarō, invented a variety of enamel colors and produced the first Japanese plique-a-jour. Ban-lao, Paris.

pieces of his own. He struggled unsuccessfully because he was working blind—he had never seen an actual example of cloisonné. Two years later he was able to buy a Chinese cloisonné plate from a dealer. Kaji promptly broke the plate to determine how it was made; he discovered that wires were attached to the metal base and that the spaces between the wires were filled with enamel pastes. In 1838 Kaji executed his first piece of cloisonné. He had worked on his own without the advantage of following past masters or written instructions.

Kaji's labors were arduous, because cloisonné is notoriously difficult to perfect. A metal base in the form of, say, a vase or a bowl is hammered and smoothed into the desired shape, and a design is traced on it in ink. Thin wire ribbons of gold, silver or copper are cut into sections of varying widths to match the outlines of the drawing. In the finest pieces the wires are not only bent but beaten with a hammer to obtain a range of thicknesses, and the ends of the wires are filed so that they meet exactly. The wires are then glued to the base with temporary adhesives. More than one hundred fillets can be found within one square inch of an intricate design. After the cloisons are soldered with gentle heat, pulverized enamel pastes are tamped into the interstices in preparation for firing. Since some enamels do not fuse as easily as others, each color may need a separate firing. Once a piece leaves the kiln, it is polished with softer and softer materials until its full glow and pattern emerge.

Kaji's contemporaries were encouraged to extend his discoveries, and during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, different types of cloisonné were introduced. In *moriage* ("heaped or piled up" in Japanese) cloisonné, extra layers of enamel are added to certain areas of the foreground; these raised portions have a sculptural quality akin to bas-relief. Plique-a-jour ("daylight glimpsed through a skein of hair") cloisonné is made by removing the metal foundation. The remaining shell of vitrified enamel is transparent and looks like stained glass.

The most innovative enamelware pioneered by the Japanese is said to be wireless cloisonné, in which the wires are pulled out before the enameled form is fired. The impetus among cloisonné artists was toward a more painterly, more spontaneous rendering of nature, and this dream was out of reach unless they were freed from the constraints of the wires. Scholars believe that wireless cloisonné achieves a brilliant synthesis of the two main currents of Japanese art. One authority, Jirō Harada, defined these principles as "endless patience in the execution of minute detail... [and] a momentary conception of some fleeting idea carried out with boldness and freedom of expression in form and line—profuse complexity and extreme simplicity."

Though the revival of cloisonné thrived among artists, the commercial demand for cloisonné was small until the 1870s and 1880s, when it be-

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Pair of Vases, Andō Company, Nagoya, Taishō period (1912–26) . *Moriage* cloisonné with silver mounts and gold wire; 18" high each. During the years that followed the Meiji period, the Andō Company produced the highest-quality cloisonné, including a pair of imperial vases that were presented to a shrine on a visit by the emperor. Each vase bears the imperial chrysanthemum crest. Flying Cranes Antiques Ltd., New York.

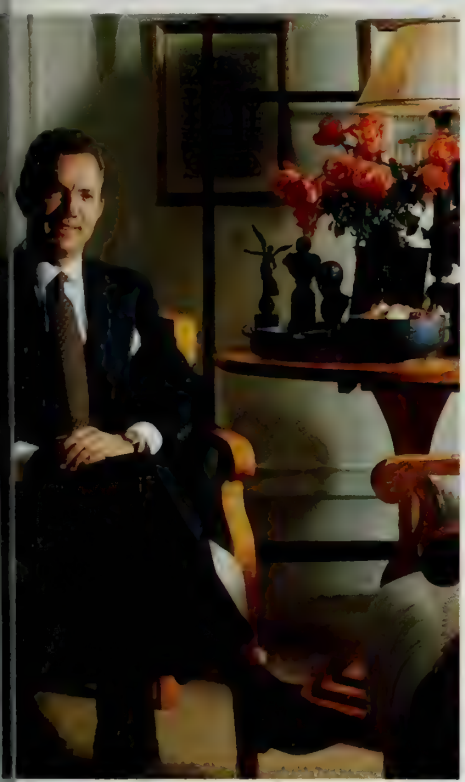


A Neoclassical Refrain

Biedermeier Fil[illegible]ner's Manhattan Town House

INTERIOR DESIGN BY
BILLY W. FRANCIS, ISID
TEXT BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY E. NICHOLS

"My objective was to modernize the apartment while retaining as much of its original elegance as possible," says interior designer Billy W. Francis (below) of his residence situated on the parlor floor of an early-1900s town house on Manhattan's Upper East Side. "Into this setting I placed an extensive collection of antiques." He receives clients in the office he created on the street-level floor.





"In addition to being a living room, the area must also do double duty as a dining room for entertaining my friends," says Francis. OPPOSITE: A vignette showcases Neoclassical architectural engravings and marble candlesticks, and a Biedermeier table against the wall. ABOVE RIGHT: A pair of Russian Biedermeier chairs are upholstered in Scalamandré silk. Philippe Farley 19th-century Italian busts.

IN THE SALON OF a turn-of-the-century town house apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side, much has been gathered, and from it even more can be gleaned. There is understatement and austerity here, and richness and plenty all at the same time. And over and above everything, an incontestable elegance, each warm-hued surface—be it pearwood, cherry, ash, birch, burl elm, walnut or mahogany—fairly rippling with grained veneers. This is furniture that for all its massive volume has not a superfluous line to it. Assembled over the years by an interior designer who possesses the unfading, discriminating passion of the true collector, these pieces manifest their long-ago makers' way of living and thinking; taken together, they eloquently express—for things, too, have tongues—nothing less than the philosophy of their time and place.

The room belongs to designer Billy W. Francis, the furniture and the philosophy to the Biedermeier era, that period of happy domesticity and cultural life that flowered after the Napoleonic Wars. Between 1815 and 1848, mostly Austria and Germany but Italy, Scandinavia and Russia, too, produced—looking all the way back to Greek and Roman classicism as well as to French Empire and English Regency—household furnishings of a refreshing, and even voluptuous, cleanliness of design. "Twenty years ago in Houston, where I'm from, when I didn't know what anything was, an older woman who had a showroom introduced me to Biedermeier," Francis recalls. "I was attracted to its strength, to its simple, uninterrupted lines—to what today I would call its architectural aura." Indeed, Francis has never looked back; the first piece he bought was just short of modest—a pristine 1820s book cabinet with glass and wood-fronted doors. "I got the bug gradual-

"For the living room, I wanted to create a serene and comfortable space while incorporating antiques and contemporary upholstered furnishings against a classical background." The Biedermeier mirror is walnut. Tapestry pillow fabric and velvet on sofa at rear, Brunschwig & Fils. Stark sea-grass floor matting throughout.





ly—the next year, I bought another small cabinet." Then came an 1820 straight-legged wing chair that, recovered in black gabardine, sits today—looking as if it had been sitting for generations—before the living room window. (Needless to say, after these first small purchases the Biedermeier furnishings continued to come, if not fast and furious, then collected and composed.)

Billy Francis moved his main office to New York four years ago—"after Texas stopped," he laughs. Far more at home in this Manhattan apartment with its high ceilings and Adamesque architectural detailing than it can ever have been in the designer's Houston high-rise condominium—although there, too, like any immigrant wishing to succeed in a new world, it adapted handsomely to its surroundings (see *Architectural Digest*, May 1988)—is Francis's signature showpiece: a Biedermeier drop-front secretary, *faux*-painted and inlaid to resemble a classical temple, that opens to myriad compartments. "It's not opulent," Francis insists. "It says, 'I'm a secretary and here I am: I'm made of pretty woods and I'm functional.'

"The scale of the living room handles my things beautifully," the designer points out. A small round Regency tripod mahogany table in front of the sofa, a Charles X mahogany pedestal center table purchased in Paris and two Russian Biedermeier chairs purchased in London all reach for—indeed, assert their height of claim to—what Francis airily calls "the Neoclassical sensibility." The chairs were the personal property of the owner of the London shop where Francis first saw them. "They were on their way to the upholsterer's when I talked him out of them, one after the other," he chuckles.

When Francis entertains for dinner, it's always at the center table, with a fire usually blazing in the hearth beneath the eighteenth-century marble mantel carved with grapevines; on these occasions, two 1820 German Biedermeier chairs from his office on the floor below are pulled up, along with the two 1820 Austrian Biedermeier benches, their tapered legs and black finials covered in leather and detailed with nailheads, that languished at the foot of his bed in long-gone Houston. Overhead the late-nineteenth-century Regency chandelier from his Houston dining room swells and sways.

Another table, sitting in a corner of the living room on a lyre-style base and sporting paw feet, is "as pure classical Biedermeier as you can get," Francis maintains. Nor is it the only thing in the apartment with paws—as witness several nineteenth-century bronze lions, not to mention B.J., the designer's miniature schnauzer. Roman antiquities, bronze busts of multiple unbridled Caesars, an early-nineteenth-century bronze Mercury, late-eighteenth-century Italian obelisks, and bronze-and-marble artifacts of Roman ruins, each of them implicit with the drama of the whole antique world, daily await Billy Francis's re-



BILLY CUNNINGHAM

Elsewhere in the living room, a circa 1820 German Biedermeier secretary provides a backdrop for a Charles X center table that Francis uses for small dinner parties. Ornamenting the table are a pair of patinated and gilded 19th-century French candelabra from Philippe Farley, china from Richard Ginori and Buccellati flatware.



"The master bedroom has a decidedly masculine feeling," says Francis. At right is a framed collection of circa 1825 engravings depicting pieces from William Hamilton's noted collection of red-figure vases. Completing the design are a Charles X upholstered armchair, a Biedermeier chest of drawers and an Italian painted urn lamp.

arranging hand. "I love making compositions out of my classical and Empire accessories—I can't resist regrouping and reclassifying them," the designer confesses. "I spend every vacation hunting for these pieces, usually in France, Italy and England—let's face it, I'm a workaholic," he sighs, adding, "When you love something, I guess you do it all the time." One can see at a half-glance that the person who lives here loves what he collects.

Nineteenth-century architectural drawings and Italian nude studies abound, some of them poised above one or another of Francis's intricate arrangements. The living room itself holds so many surprises (the longer one lingers there, the more one notices) that it becomes not only the sum but an extension of all the architectural objects and elements in it—columns and capitals, pediments and pilasters, candlesticks and obelisks, stygian busts and callipygian torsos.

"Although I'm also perfectly happy in my work doing a soft contemporary look or a contemporary look with accents of antiques, I do bring most of my clients home so they can experience what *I'm* all about," Francis explains. "I say, 'Tell me what you like here, what you don't like—I can't be offended.' The apartment makes some people nervous—they say, 'Too many grand things,' and I say, 'Grand compared to what? Put them beside a

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East Coast Ethos in Malibu

INTERIOR DESIGN BY KARIN BLAKE
TEXT BY IRENE BORGER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY E. NICHOLS

FOR LONGTIME Malibu residents interior designer Karin Blake and her husband, William Levine, "home" means back East. While their previous residence at the beach looked like Nantucket, all beams and shingles, their present house, a "modern barn" in the foothills, speaks with the gift of New England simplicity.

To fully imagine a geography is to begin to reclaim it. When the Levines appropriated the one-story redwood structure with its requisite orange trees and barbecue pit, the California ideal yielded to a sensibility that is purely eastern.

"I'd actually never been inside a modern house until I came West in my early twenties," Blake says. "It was like learning a new vocabulary." Born in a seventeenth-century house on Cape Cod, she spent her childhood in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in a Quaker community. "I lived in old houses filled with painted pieces and antiques, as did all of my friends. On class trips we'd visit William Penn's house and Amish communities. What we live with now is what I saw around me then."

A rangy 6,000-square-foot structure built in the 1960s might seem at odds with an educated East Coast ruralism, but it had the spare, clean lines that the Levines prefer. And the pleasantly ascetic open spaces turned out to be perfect for displaying the couple's collection of American folk art. "We were immediately attracted by the breadth of the rooms, which creates a gallery effect. It makes the antiques stand out," Blake says.

More than anything else, it is func-



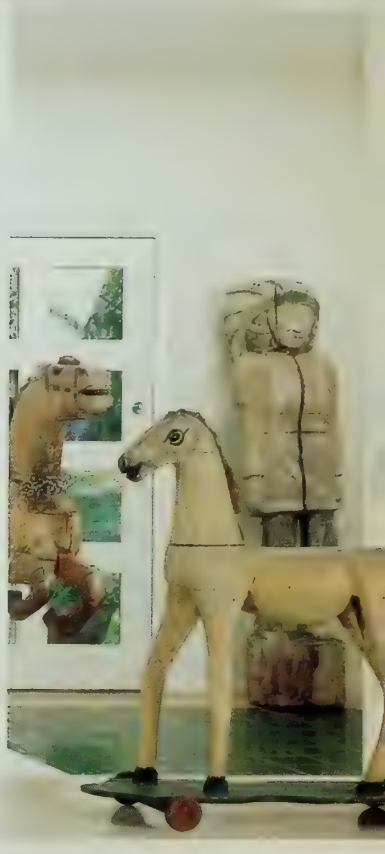


For interior designer Karin Blake and her husband, William Levine, a 1960s Malibu house provided a lofty setting for a collection of folk art. RIGHT: A cutout wall off the living area forms a sculptural backdrop for two 15th-century Portuguese mannequins. Beyond the stack of Shaker boxes are a 19th-century weathervane and a circa 1850 Amish game board

Shaping a Clean-Lined Background for a Collection of American Folk Art









A circa 1800 figure thought to be from a minstrel show or a carousel and a circa 1890 horse trade sign are displayed in the living area, where Blake painted the woodwork white and left the bleached-oak floors unadorned. The 19th-century French table holds a circa 1870 weathervane and a circa 1900 carved swan. The English settle is circa 1850. New Mexico artist Felipe Archuleta made the painted pigs.

tion that underlies the Levines' aesthetic and guided the renovation. Months before the art was installed, well before every surface—both inside and out—was painted white and the bleached-oak flooring was refinished, the surrounding landscape was complete[illegible]ned. "The outdoors wa[illegible]ity," Blake says. "It's the [illegible]ase what one looks at [illegible] needed chang[illegible]

The Levine[illegible] so deciduous [illegible] throughout the pr[illegible] woman who can't [illegible] she thought of cutting off the legs of a single harvest table, wouldn't hear of felling the orange, lemon, apricot, nectarine and plum trees that grew outside the living and dining areas. What to do? Blake had most of the trees replanted away from the house and put in brilliantly colored silver maples, liquidambars, oaks and sycamores up front. She added rose and vegetable gardens and a lush meadow to complete the bucolic tone. In case one forgets that the ocean—the Pacific Ocean, that is—is five minutes away, two palm trees punctuate the view.

How does the product of a Quaker school determine her design direction? Blake laughs and says, "I live in a space and wait." Whether she's working on her own house or on a residential project for a client, she never comes in and "just does it." "I always advise people to live in a house for six months to a year before doing anything. While some solutions are obvious, others only emerge over time."

Blake sought unambiguous spareness—she wanted windows without draperies and pristine floors without rugs. "I don't enjoy extras," she says, "or the sheerly decorative." Nor did she want color. "I prefer the freedom



"I love to go antiquing, to explore," says Blake. "Being a designer lets me do professionally what I've done all my life." An apple-picking ladder rests against the windowed wall between the living and dining areas, which open onto the pool and tennis court. Windsor chairs from the 19th century surround an English farm table of the same era. Blake found the black goose decoy by the windows on Nantucket.

of white. In this house it keeps one's eyes focused on form and on the art."

Even the Levines' art collection isn't simply decorative. The game boards, signposts and mannequins, the weathervanes, rocking horses and decoys, are hand-hewn implements of rural American life. Still, as with the best crafts, the proportions and surfaces of the pieces render pure delight.

Blake first began amassing her finds when she was a girl. "I'd discover fifty-cent silver pocket watches and leather-bound books for ten cents apiece at local auctions," she remembers. "Even now I'm always lugging strange things onto planes."

While her allegiance is to authentic pieces, she's not against buying a wonderful reproduction. "But history pleases me," she says. And though the house exhibits an American feel, the Levines are hardly New World purists. "I find that some early American furniture is a little too delicate and small for this space," Blake says. So, for their rich surfaces as well as their comfortable scale, she selected English pine and French cherry tables and traditional Adirondack and Kentucky-made chairs.

Blake is positively curatorial in her juxtaposition of objects. "Changing pieces around is what I do when I can't sleep." She enjoys the warmth of painted cupboards and chests but prefers mixing painted and unpainted furniture, or what she calls "some and some." "Though I grew up with painted pieces in Bucks County, I also like scrub-top tables and the look of raw wood. Having all painted things is a little too 'cottagey' for my taste," she explains.

The most striking architectural feature in the house, the great cutout slab wall that separates the living

Even the art collection isn't simply decorative. The weathervanes and rocking horses are hand-hewn implements of American rural life.



BELOW: The study is highlighted by wood horse figures from the 19th and early 20th centuries and a circa 1920 birdhouse. The cupboard is Canadian pine; the round fruitwood table is 19th-century French. A circa 1890 architectural relief hangs over the door. "I was influenced by Pennsylvania Dutch country," explains Blake, who grew up in Bucks County. "There was a lot of folk art, hex signs on the barns and so many painted pieces." The floral upholstery fabric is from Sanderson.





ABOVE: In the master bedroom, Blake combined such pieces as an Adirondack chair and footstool and a 19th-century bench. The headboard was taken from an 18th-century armoire. On the wall is a painted tin flag by New Mexico artist Bruce Sprinkle. Hooked rug is circa 1930. Bedcovering and floral pillowcases, Ralph Lauren. Floral fabric on chaise, Cowtan & Tout.

area from the kitchen, a hall and the breakfast room, is one hundred and eighty degrees from "cottagey." As massive and geometric as a Minimalist sculpture, it simultaneously offers privacy, links separate spaces and dramatically frames prime pieces from the collection, particularly when lit by small ceiling spots at night.

Regional references underscore most everything. The white-painted stretch of the living area evokes a barn in Bucks County. The atrium carries a trace of a New England mudroom. Chairs hung on the walls speak Shaker. Even the sprightly upholstery and proportions of the study look decidedly eastern. "When I go back to New England I'm always struck by how very small the rooms are in the houses I love," Blake says. "I wanted the study to have that same warm feeling."

The shingled mailbox in front of the house was copied from one on Martha's Vineyard, and the wide-plank gate was once part of an old Pennsylvania farmhouse. Even color, when it does appear, suggests an alternate landscape. The forest-green fan vents and blue-painted chests look as though they'd endured seasons of weathering.

For the Levines, the point of simplicity is tranquillity. All is pacific except for one cacophonous place in the rose garden. Blake laughs as she points to the two-story shingled antique birdhouse. "Ah," she says, "our bird hotel for martins." □



JIM McHUGH

RIGHT: "This valley is an old riverbed, so I have incredible soil," says Blake. "Every summer we share the fruit in the garden with the birds." Behind her is a shingled "bird hotel."


MCINTOSH
APPLES



OPPOSITE: Popcorn, a Siamese, lounges in the atrium, which serves as a mudroom. On the pine table at right is a toy livery stable. The settle is Canadian pine. "It turns out to be a very convenient room," Blake says. "I aged it a little, put cobblestones on the floor and painted the redwood white. It's amazing what hanging things on the walls and adding old pieces will do to give more character." ABOVE: Roses bloom on the trellis over the door to the atrium. The goat cart dates from the 19th century.



Regional references underscore most everything.

Before a backdrop of the Santa Monica Mountains is a potting shed overhung with wisteria and Cécile Brünner roses. Vegetable and fruit signs contribute to the country atmosphere. The wheelbarrow holds more wisteria. Foxglove grows at left, near the Adirondack chair.

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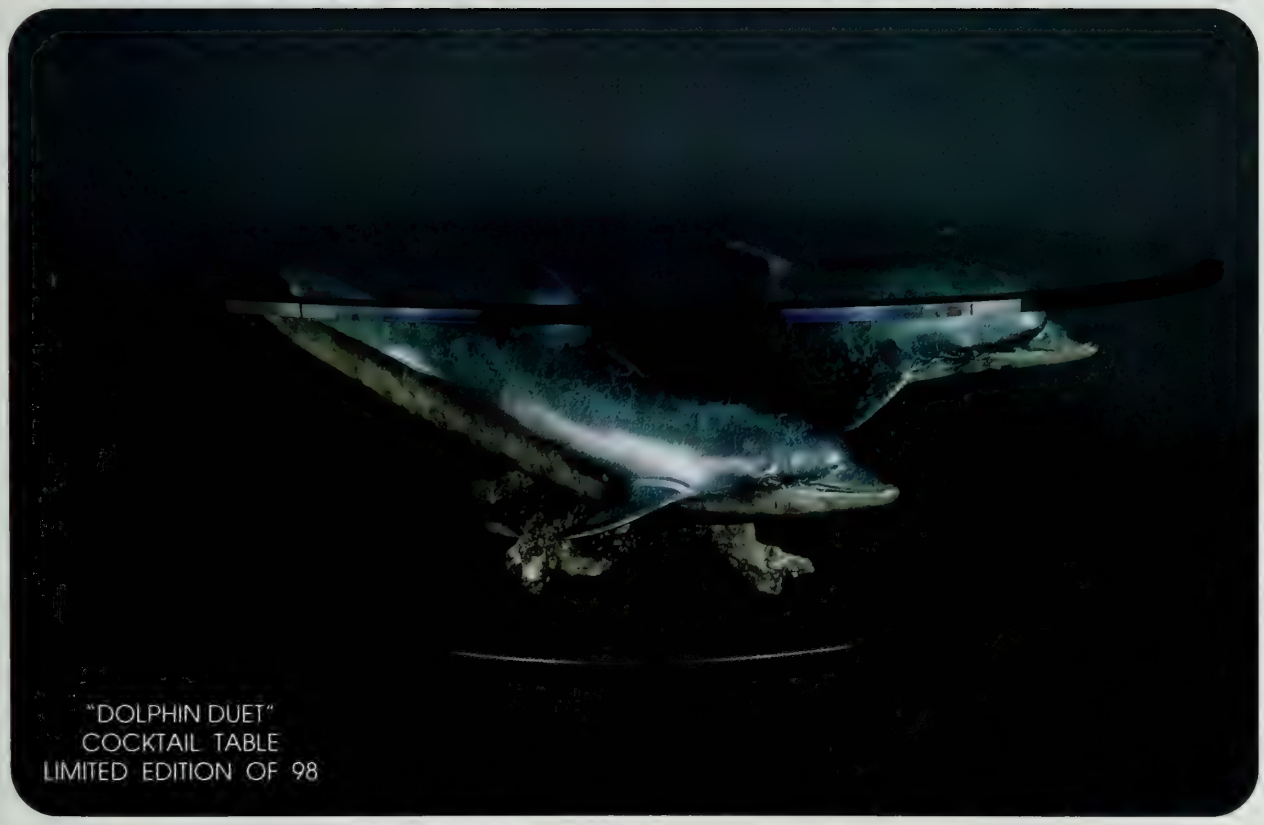
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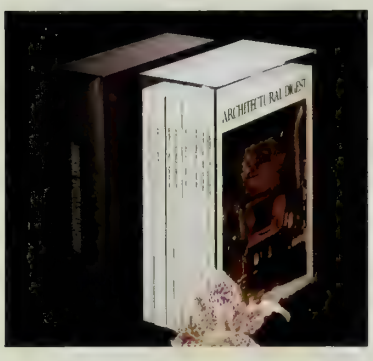
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THE HUNTINGTON HOTEL

Renewed Grandeur for a Fixture on Nob Hill
continued from page 159

penthouse. Gruwell used mirrored walls, a huge leather sofa, marble-and-steel tables and black and tan tones to create a masculine, urban mood. The only patterns in the room are regimental stripes on the clean lines of two tub chairs and a *faux*-leopard-skin hassock. "I always like to throw in something extra," Gruwell explains, "that little twist."

At the opposite corner of the hotel, Suite 501 is the most sumptuous pair of rooms in the building and Gruwell's personal masterpiece. Here, his Spanish and Sicilian ancestry and his force-five energy created a mood dense with sensuality and romance. With its throbbing claret and cognac colors and swags of heavy fabric, the suite is an upscale update of the old San Francisco days when the Barbary Coast was in full swing and the best restaurants kept private rooms upstairs for after-dinner dalliances. In the living room, a velvet sofa is placed across a low table from a fringed, tufted hassock. The voluptuous shapes of

"Once visitors find the room they like, they're hooked. It's home to them."

fruit in the painting over the sofa are reflected in swirls of Oriental damask on the side chairs. The lights are low. In the bedroom, a red-on-red satin Rose Cumming leopard-print bedcovering is framed by lifted draperies of red and gold. "It's so seductive, the colors are just dripping with richness," Gruwell says. John Cope calls it the honeymoon room.

Cope stayed at the Huntington as a child and still brings his family for occasional overnights. "There aren't very many things in this world that are one of a kind," he says. "This hotel is one of them." □

CALIFORNIA DREAMING

Fairy-Tale Environment for Chynna Phillips
continued from page 177

ple see that gentleness as opposed to her assertiveness and her strength," says Warnick. Adds Phillips, "The rooms are extremely feminine. Guys walk in and just laugh."

The layout of the living room allows for a dining table, but Warnick has put an armchair in that area near the windows so Phillips can watch the sunset over the Pacific. "I like to think of things the client is actually going to use," he says.

The adjacent kitchen, with its granite counters and gleaming fixtures, looks untouched. "I'm not a dinner party person yet," says Phillips, somewhat apologetically. "I plan on being that kind of person in a few years." At the entrance to the living room, a round wood dining table with red legs and pink ladderback chairs are for informal meals.

The office, which seems well used, is equipped with a broad table doubling as a desk and a 1930s Windsor chair. The walls are hung with evidence of Phillips's success—gold and platinum records and framed photographs of the group. Another wall bears three photographs of Phillips, aged six, wearing studio headphones and singing into a microphone, a real rock-and-roll baby.

"Ever since we were children, Wendy, Carnie and I sang and put on shows for our parents. About five years ago we decided to get serious about it," she explains. "And I love this life. But when I'm touring day in and day out, those sterile hotel atmospheres make me feel cold and distant. I bring my framed pictures and my quilt to try to warm it up, to make it as much like home as possible.

"I was recently in a hotel in Hawaii, but I missed my house," Phillips adds. "The color, the personalness of it. I feel so comfortable here where I can light my candles, run my own bath and relax. This is the first thing I've put my heart and soul into," she concludes. "Even if I move in the future, I think I'll always keep this apartment, with all of its furniture in place, as a sort of retreat. It's special." □

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ANTIQUES: JAPANESE CLOISONNE

Ultimate Refinements in the Art of Enameling
continued from page 182

came a flourishing export business. The upswing in European patronage, rather than domestic consumption, fueled the establishment of enamel work studios throughout Japan. Cloisonné making spread from Nagoya (where Kaji lived and worked) to Yokohama, Kyoto and Tokyo. Late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century cloisonné set new standards for excellence: The most successful works were aesthetically elegant and technically flawless.

During this time, several master artisans dramatically extended the boundaries of their craft. In 1880 or 1881 the entrepreneur Andō Jūbei opened a factory in Nagoya and hired the most distinguished experts on enamel. Andō's studio was tireless in advancing new colors, glosses and processes. The firm is frequently credited with the invention of *moriage* in addition to the production of the first Japanese plique-a-jour. An object from the Andō Company is often characterized by its bravura mingling of techniques and effects.

Namikawa Yasuyuki (1845–1927) of Kyoto was acclaimed for his meticulous detailing and vibrant, luminous glazes. His wares were often embellished with growing plants, flowers, birds, butterflies, fishes and mythological beasts placed against richly colored and elaborately patterned backgrounds reminiscent of ancient brocades. The workmanship was so extraordinary that visitors from all over the world made pilgrimages to Namikawa's studio.

One of them was Rudyard Kipling, who was awed by the craft involved. He observed a man "working out a pattern of sprigs and butterflies on a plate about ten inches in diameter...pinching the wire into tendrils and the serrated outlines of leaves with infinite patience," he wrote. "A rough touch on the raw copper-plate would have sent the pattern flying into a thousand disconnected threads....It may take a month to put a pattern on the plate in outline, another month to fill in the enamel, but the real expenditure of time does not commence until the polishing....[A worker] rubs for a month, three months, or a year. He rubs lovingly, with his soul in his finger-ends, and little by little the efflorescence of the fired enamel gives way,...and the pattern in all its glory is there waiting for him."

While Namikawa Yasuyuki was elevating standard cloisonné to unequaled heights, Namikawa Sōsuke (1847–1910) was perfecting wireless cloisonné. Working in Tokyo, he hoped to simulate in enamel the softer, more fluent touch of classic brush painting. If the cloisons were eliminated or hidden, great open spaces and hazier outlines were possible. The result would be an impressionistic, poetic rendering of nature comparable to that evoked in Japanese landscape art. Notwithstanding the difficulties in controlling the placement and flow of the enamels without the restraining fillets, Sōsuke exhibited his first piece of wireless cloisonné around 1889. From then on, he created a body of objects remarkable for their depth of perspective, delicately nuanced color and economy of means. He and his fellow artists left an unrivaled bounty of masterworks, ensuring that cloisonné would never have to be invented again. □

While Namikawa Yasuyuki was elevating standard cloisonné to unequaled heights, Namikawa Sōsuke was perfecting wireless cloisonné.

A NEOCLASSICAL REFRAIN

Biedermeier Fills a Manhattan Town House
continued from page 189

Louis XIV something-or-other and see how grand they are.'" Lofty, if not grand, are the living room's silk Austrian balloon-style draperies. Behind them are woven grass shades; and the rug is companionably of woven sea grass from China. "I wanted to play the nubby textures against the elegant fine silks, to use the grasses to pull it all down, because," he says with a laugh, "I'm a very down-to-earth person."

Billy Francis moved his main office to New York a couple of years ago—"after Texas stopped."

Just off the living room is a niche dominated by a 1920 French Déco pearwood cabinet with bronze hardware. "It was a gentleman's cabinet," Francis notes. "I bought it in Paris and I use it as a bar." On top of it, caught in a gilt Regency mirror, a pair of late-eighteenth-century bronze Romans wrestle strategically.

The classical motif in this apartment, announced as early as the wallcovering in the entrance hall, carries right on into the master bedroom. Over the bed are English engravings of designs from classical red-figure vases; even the black shades are Roman. Here are also to be found bronzes on marble bases; a Charles X table, warriors locked in mortal combat on it; a pair of Charles X armchairs; nineteenth-century Italian painted urn lamps; a German Biedermeier cabinet by the bed—"one of the earlier pieces in my collection"; and at the foot of the bed an Art Déco bench. In the Biedermeier design philosophy it was the living room on which all the important pieces and souvenirs were lavished, with the bedrooms the runner-up. This bedroom, however, is no also-ran. It is, as Billy Francis himself happily describes it, "an extension of my Neoclassical parlor." □

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Collecting Cloisonné

Only during the last 20 years has Japanese cloisonné from the golden age—about 1880 to 1910—blossomed as a collector's item (see Antiques feature, p. 178), commanding more than $100,000 for a top-quality vase signed by one of the handful of enamel masters.

"A parallel can be made with the Art Nouveau period," says Malcolm Fairley of **Barry Davies Oriental Art** in London. "Twenty years ago it was seen as just a pretty, decorative period, and most people thought of cloisonné as Export ware. But cloisonné was taken very seriously when it was made—you could have bought a house in England for the price of one of those vases."



COURTESY FLYING CRANES ANTIQUES



COURTESY ORIENTATIONS GALLERY

Orientations Gallery in New York, owned by Eugene and Susan Tosk, has possibly the biggest group of signed cloisonné pieces from that period. The gallery recently had one of a pair of the largest known vases (its mate is in the Tokyo National Museum) by Namikawa Yasuyuki, the imperial court enamelist whom Eugene Tosk refers to as the Tiffany or Fabergé of Oriental cloisonné. A ca. 1900 double-gourd vase (right) is a prime example of Yasuyuki's mastery of enamel—both his ability to mix the purest, most vivid colors and his finesse in sculpting various thicknesses of gold and silver wire, Tosk says. They also have the work of another imperial court enamelist, Namikawa Sōsuke, who perfected the wireless technique (*musen-jippō*) in his quest to immortalize Japanese painting in cloisonné. One example of Sōsuke's talent in *musen-jippō* is a 23-inch beige baluster vase decorated with a rooster, hen and chicks taking shelter from the sun under large banana leaves, priced at $450,000.

Since their output was limited—some pieces took six months to create—most signed Sōsuke pieces range from $15,000 to $150,000, and Yasuyuki works from $10,000 to $60,000, with only the rarer pieces heading toward the seven figures, Tosk says. But he notes that aside from Yasuyuki there were two cloisonné artists in the Kyoto school, Hayashi Kodenji and Inaba Nanaho, whose best works often are indistinguishable from Yasuyuki's and sell for a fraction of the cost. Tosk also recommends some of the work of two other cloisonné artists of the golden age: Kawade Shibatarō, chief enamelist for the Andō workshop, which is credited with developing *moriage*, a process in which extra layers of enamel would be added to raise some designs in relief; and Kumeno Teitarō, who discovered how to apply enamel to silver without it cracking later. Orientations Gallery, Place des Antiquaires, 125 E. 57th St., Gallery 22, New York 10022; 212-371-9006.

Barry Davies's stock of major cloisonné artists' work, usually numbering about 30 pieces, contains a variety of shapes and sizes, from a four-inch-high Yasuyuki jar or a small Sōsuke enamel box to a pair of unsigned chargers 34 inches in diameter. "These were good enough for the imperial family, who kept them to give as gifts to foreign dignitaries," Malcolm Fairley says. In the collection is a pair of 37-inch-high Shibatarō cloisonné vases, priced at about $200,000, that show an egret and sparrow in a lush assortment of garden flowers set between borders of butterflies. Barry Davies Oriental Art, 1 Davies St., London W1Y 1LL; 71-408-0207.

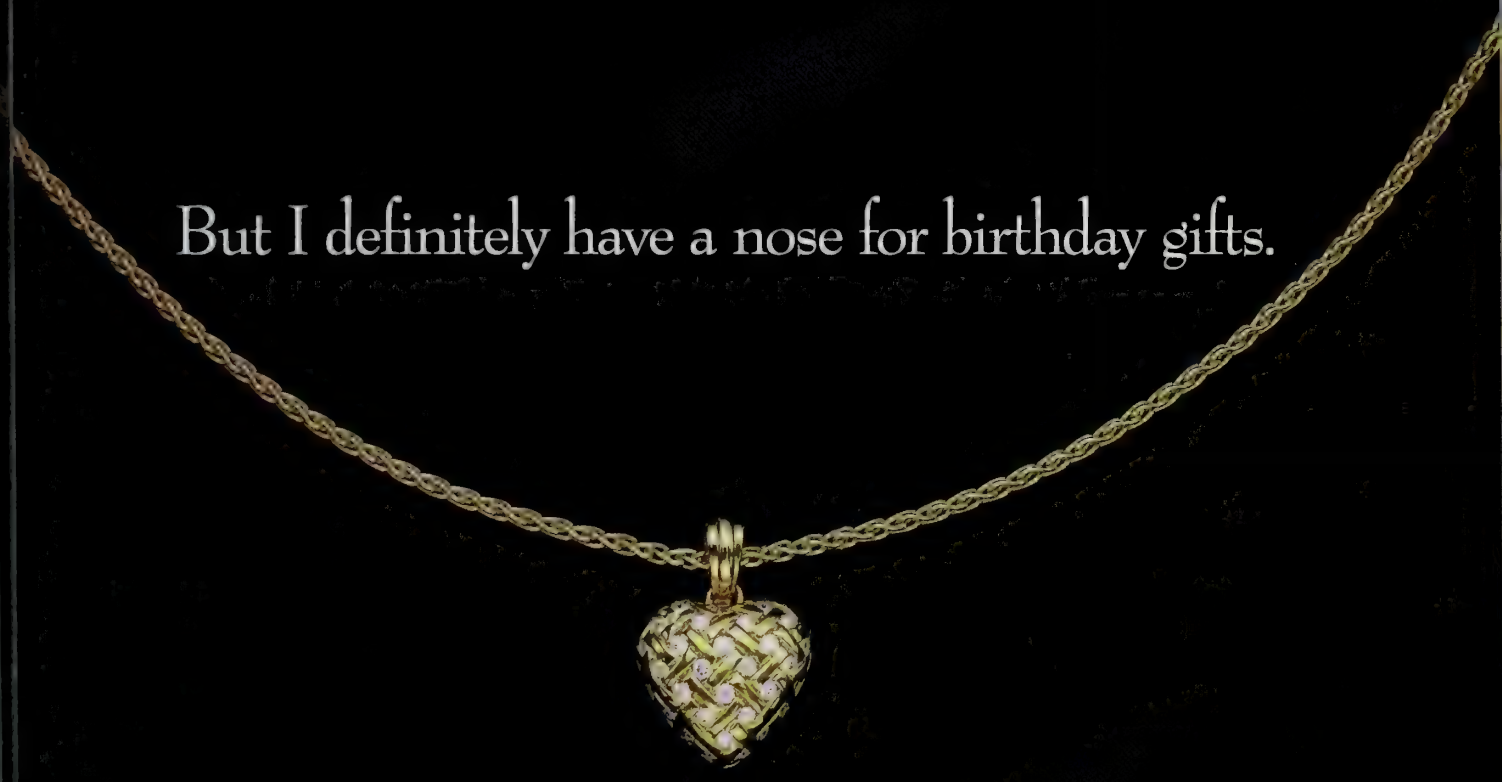
Flying Cranes Antiques' selection of some 30 cloisonné pieces also centers on the key artists of the Meiji period. Prominent among the cloisonné at the New York–based Japanese art and antiques gallery is a global incense burner (top) by Yasuyuki. The piece shows two encircling dragons on a mottled green background between stylized cloud borders. Flying Cranes Antiques, Manhattan Art and Antiques Center, 1050 Second Ave., New York 10022; 212-223-4600.

Designers' Find

Sam Botero and some designers from McMillen have already discovered **Paris To Province Antiques,** a new shop tucked away in New York. Looming among many small side tables ("Always useful," the designers agree) are such pieces as an Irish Chippendale console table with a marble top and a William and Mary–style highboy. Botero particularly appreciates owner Sally Husk's ability to create custom-made, glass-shelved console tables in a variety of wood finishes and sizes. Paris To Province Antiques, 210 E. 60th St., New York 10022; 212-750-0037.

continued on page 208

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The Halls Are Alive...

This year, for the first time, the **Stately Homes Music Festival** is venturing outside England. Château de Ferrières near Paris will appropriately be the site of a concert entitled Fêtes de Rossini on Oct. 3; Rossini, whose bicentennial is this year, often wrote music for his patron Baron James de Rothschild, former owner of the château.

Also of interest this year are concerts at two houses not open to the public. On May 8 and 9, Charlotte de Rothschild will sing at Exbury House, her father's estate in Hampshire. In Ringwood, the earl and countess of Normanton will open the doors of Somerley on July 10. Ticket holders may view the state rooms of the houses one hour before the 8 p.m. concerts. Other intriguing locations are the library at Highclere Castle (left) in Newbury, where some of the finds of the fifth earl of Carnarvon, discoverer of Tutankhamen's tomb, are on display; and the Medieval Great Hall at Penshurst Place in Kent.



COURTESY HIGHCLERE CASTLE

Next year the festival may have more surprise locations in store as director Douglas Reed considers venturing into new territory with the Los Angeles–based Chamber Music in Historic Sites. Stately Homes Music Festival, Box 43, London WC2N 4NX; 71-413-3323.

Edifying Edifices

On the weekend of May 8, **Architectural Tours** is offering passage to Sir Edwin Lutyens's world, with visits to Munstead Wood, Folly Farm, Clinthurst Hill and other English country houses under the escort of Mervyn Miller, an architect with the Lutyens Trust. It's on to Hollywood and Taliesin West in September and Vienna in October. A Sept. 12 visit to London's John Soane house museum is after hours, by candlelight, when the South Drawing Room, restored to a shocking yellow, might look more subdued. The company has organized excursions to the most prominent buildings, sometimes to places where the public has no access, always with an architect as a guide. Other noteworthy tours are to the Midwest to view Frank Lloyd Wright's architectural legacy (May 16–25); to Osaka, Tokyo and the country towns of Kanazawa and Takayama (June 7–22); and to the private homes of contemporary British architects (June 27, Sept. 5 and Dec. 7). Architectural Tours, 90–92 Parkway, London NW1 7AN; 71-267-6497.

Paper Mates

During the 1950s a treasure trove was discovered above a stable in Massachusetts —the entire wallpaper stock that belonged to **Davenport and Company**, a Boston firm that had been involved in the McKim, Mead & White redecoration of the White House in 1903. More than 800 rolls of wallpaper were unearthed, including original William Morris designs, work done in the Arts and Crafts style by other artists such as Walter Crane for William Morris, embossed paper from Japan intended to imitate stamped leather, Zuber wallpaper from France, and many American Arts and Crafts and Art Nouveau designs.

Arlene Ellis bought the collection over a decade ago and has donated representative pieces to the Cooper-Hewitt Museum and the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, among other institutions. She is now offering to sell pieces of the collection. Almost all of the 800 rolls remain, many in pristine condition, never having been unrolled from their original wrapping. The prices are high—a set of 19 rolls of a silver floral-leaf pattern printed in Europe costs $100,000; and the William Morris *Vine* (near right) and *Sunflower* (far right), at 14 rolls and 10 rolls respectively, are $80,000 per set. Ellis has compiled a thorough catalogue, with no pictures but with detailed specific descriptions of the condition of each roll in each set. Arlene Ellis, Box 180, East Sandwich, MA 02537, 508 888-4885.



continued on page 210



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In the Showrooms

Schumacher has created *L'Isle de Montserrat* (right), a glazed chintz in the style of early-19th-century painted wallpaper with two galleons and a trio of damsels in classical attire, as well as islands, ocean and palm trees. Named for one of Columbus's stops in the Caribbean, the fabric represents Schumacher's bow to the quincentenary of the explorer's first voyage. With this very strong pattern there's a very muted *Spitalfield's Dot*, a part-silk, part-cotton fabric named for the London district where silk weaving was begun in the 18th century. There is also a taffeta called *Lucca Stripe* with olive, brown, amber and cream stripes on a mustard background that complements the other fabrics. In a bold play on tradition, Schumacher presents *Jardin Botanique*. Realistically rendered narcissus, irises and other blossoms in red and yellow are on a separate grid, with each grid in turn part of a larger pattern of squares divided by plaid lines in red, yellow and white.



COURTESY PATTERSON, FLYNN, MARTIN & MANGES

New in vigor and style but pleasantly familiar in content are two carpet collections at **Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges**. One, which is simply called Scotch Carpet, comes in 12 wool tartans woven in Scotland. PFM&M has also imported Le Jardin Français (above), a collection of carpets from France that have the dense patterns and bright colors that are popular right now. *Bergerac* has a background of mustard yellow with a close pattern of roses, bunches of grapes, vines and grape leaves. *Vizille* has sprigs of flowers—roses, carnations, tulips—in red, enclosed in an interlocking pattern of delicate leaves on a green background. *Dampierre* shows geometric star bursts of red, white and blue and octagonal medallions of pink with roses in the center, all circled with garlands of roses on a white background. And *Bagatelle*, looking like an Expressionist drawing of a garden from some turn-of-the-century book of fairy tales, has an allover pattern of blossoms in white, red, purple, salmon and yellow. Each carpet comes with a complementary border and corner panels. Carrying through the fairy-tale theme, the border for *Bagatelle* is a white stone balustrade, and the corner panels have a carved satyr's mask.

Gracie, long known for its Asian imports and Oriental-style painted wallpaper, is ringing certain changes on these themes. The company has done some European-style hand-painted wallpaper in the mode of the early-19th-century views of cities and landscapes. One that has just been completed shows a hunting scene and another a pastoral idyll with people strolling in a garden complete with a domed and columned pavilion (right). These are hand-painted, but the backgrounds are sponged to resemble the hand-block-printing techniques used in the early-19th-century originals.

A small delight at Gracie is low





COURTESY SCHUMACHER

tables gleaming with a thick coat of what the company calls cashew lacquer—a deep glowing finish as rich-looking as amber. Inspired by an antique screen that the Gracie restorers were working on for Blair House (*AD*, Oct. 1988), the tables have varied images—a pattern of fans, ink brushes and scrolls in black on a red background; a large peacock with pink lotus blossoms on green; and a pattern of flowers and leaves in gold on brown (below left).



COURTESY GRACIE

continued on page 212

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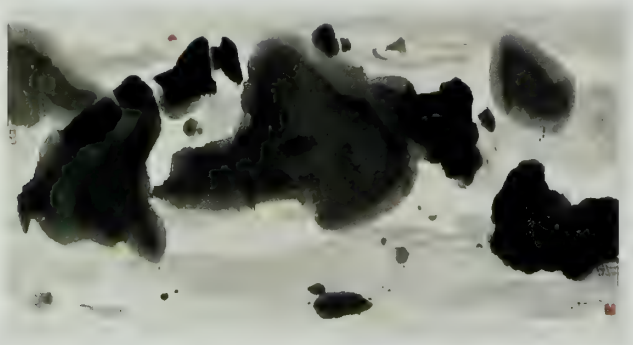
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Stencil Them In

One-of-a-kind theorem paintings and fireboards have been created by Fred and Hope Angier in the 200-year-old house they rebuilt and restored near Wiscasset, Maine. At their atelier the Angiers also have a thriving business called **Sheepscot Stenciling** in which they create stencils in the 18th- and early-19th-century mode and incorporate them into rooms as part of their interior design consulting business. The theorem paintings (below right)—decorative still lifes usually done with stencils on velvet in the 1830s—were the Angiers' first effort; then they expanded to fireboards, mostly of ships, primitively painted villages or trompe-l'oeil views of fireplaces (below). Recently they have drawn on formal 18th-century traditions and created a series of chinoiserie and japanned fireboards in either black or red with the design in gold and silver. The Angiers employ the gold and silver powders characteristic of 18th-century work, which is very much in line with their use of such period techniques as color-washing, *faux*-graining and mixing paints by hand. Sheepscot Stenciling, Fred and Hope Angier, RFD Box 613, Wiscasset, ME; 207-586-5692.







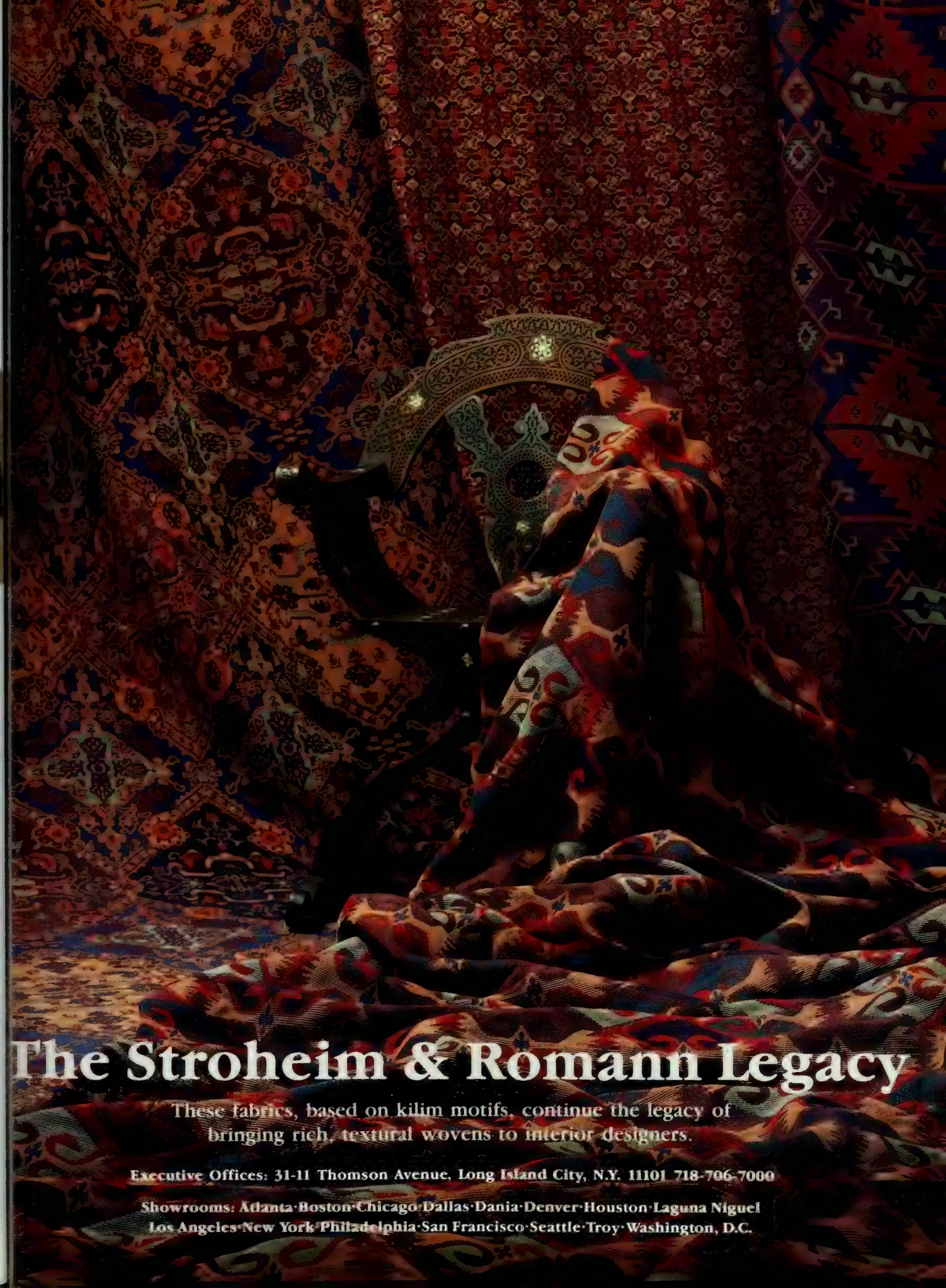
Nature Painter

A show of contemporary nature painter **Wu Guanzhong**'s work is the first the British Museum has organized for a living Chinese artist. The exhibition, which runs through May 10, will show 44 of the septuagenarian artist's works, including his earlier Western-style oil paintings, his return in the 1970s to the traditional Chinese brush-and-ink medium, *guohua*, and his development of a new brush-and-ink style of painting Chinese landscapes in the 1980s (*Mountains in the Clouds*, above). Wu is best known for paintings in a configuration of long, sinuous brushstrokes, washes and small splashes of primary colors, and his sceneries range from China to California. British Museum, Great Russell St., London WC1B 3DG; 71-636-1555.

Friendly Furniture

It's nice to know that sitting in your garden can be ecologically responsible and stylish at the same time. **Barlow Tyrie**, the English firm that manufactures teak garden furniture, has won the Good Wood Seal of Approval from the environmental organization Friends of the Earth because of its use of plantation teak only in its chic seats. Besides chairs, tables and a bench with a scrolled back adapted from a design of Edwin Lutyens, the company makes Glenham (left), a round bench meant to encircle a tree (it comes in two pieces) and Commodore Recliner, a deck chair. Landscape architect Nancy McCabe is among the designers who use the furniture, which is made with wood planted in Java in 1920 for this express purpose. Barlow Tyrie, 1263/230 Glen Ave., Morristown, NJ 08057; 609-273-7878. □





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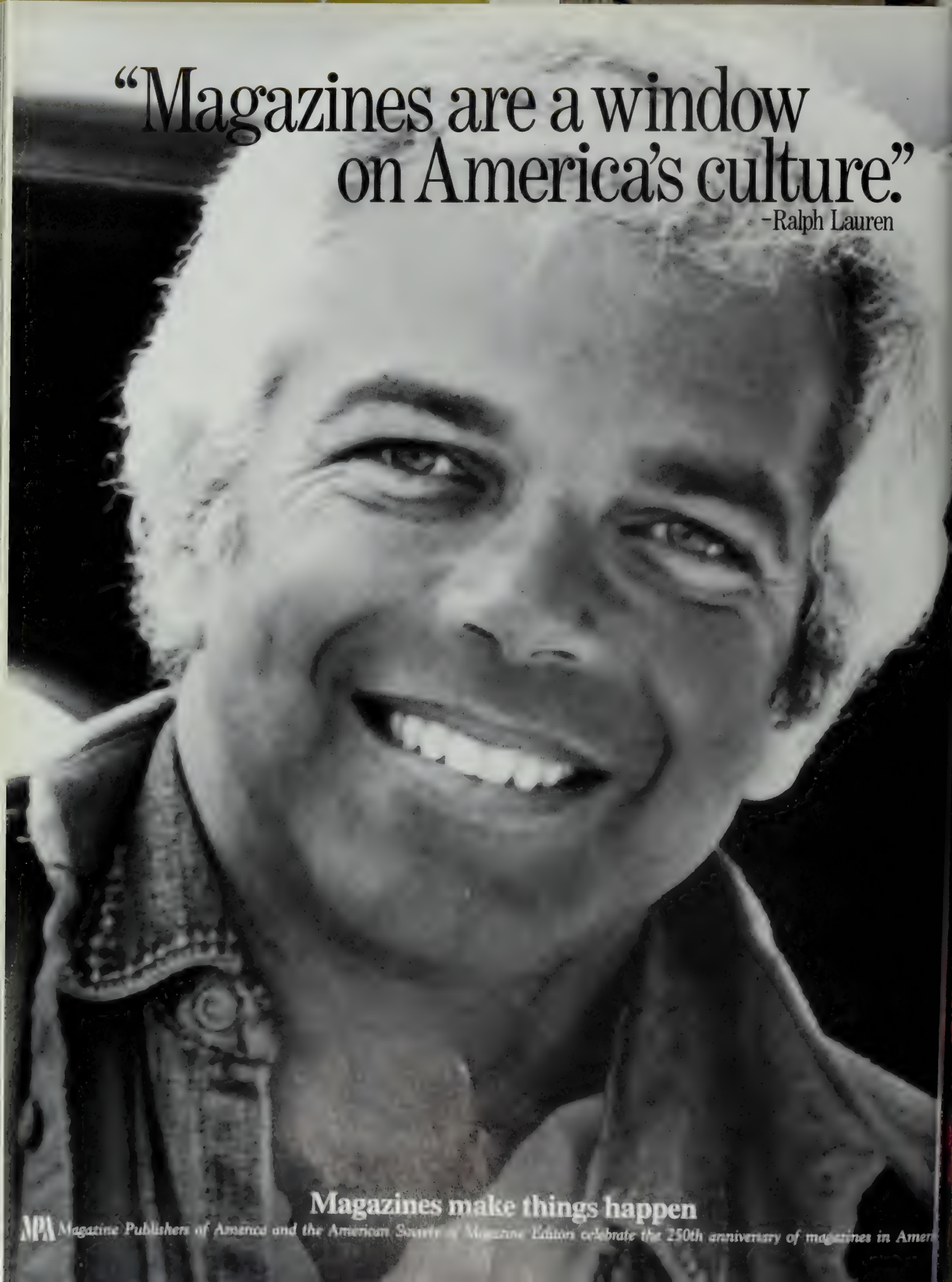


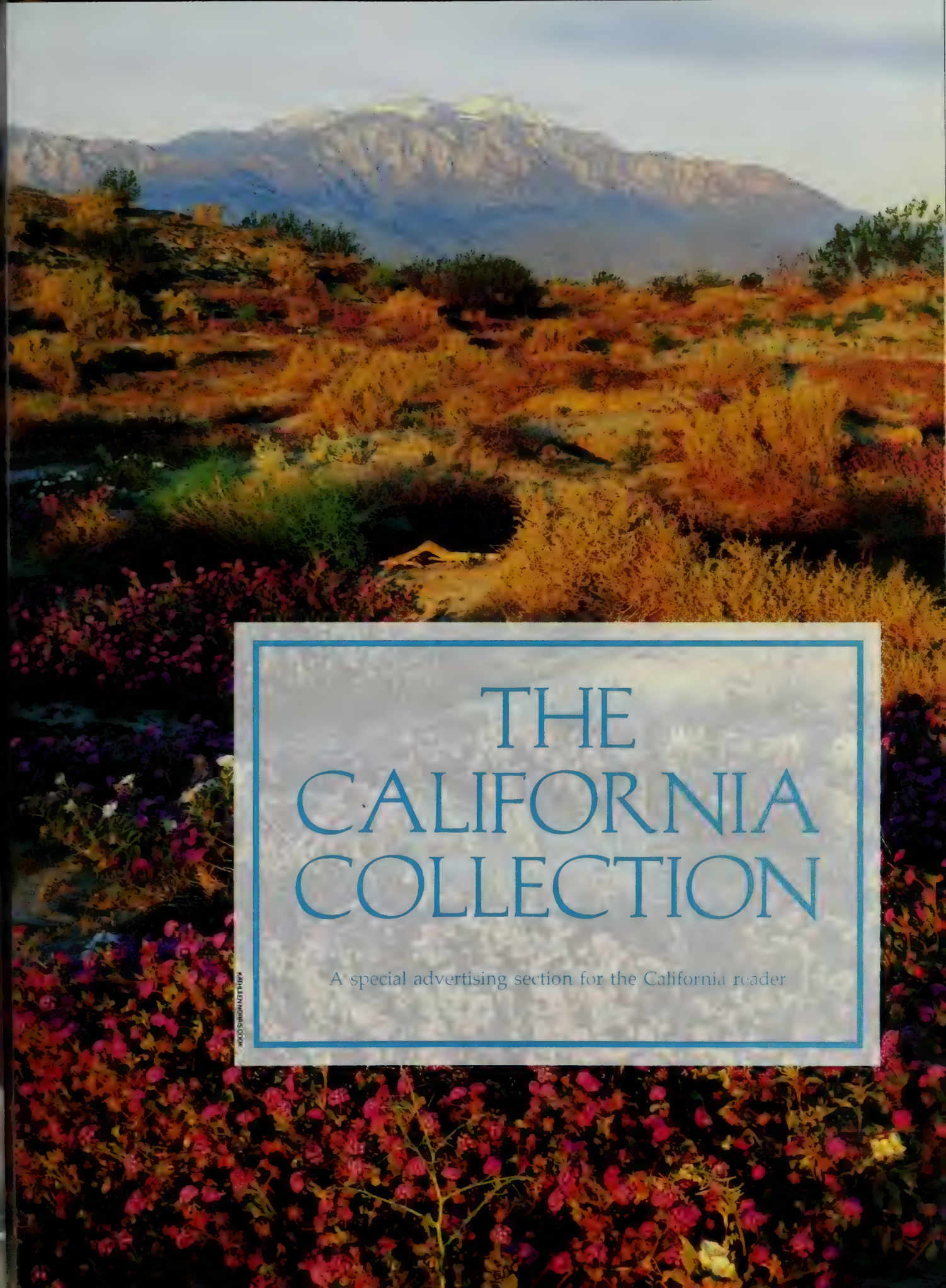
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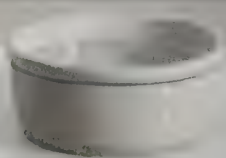
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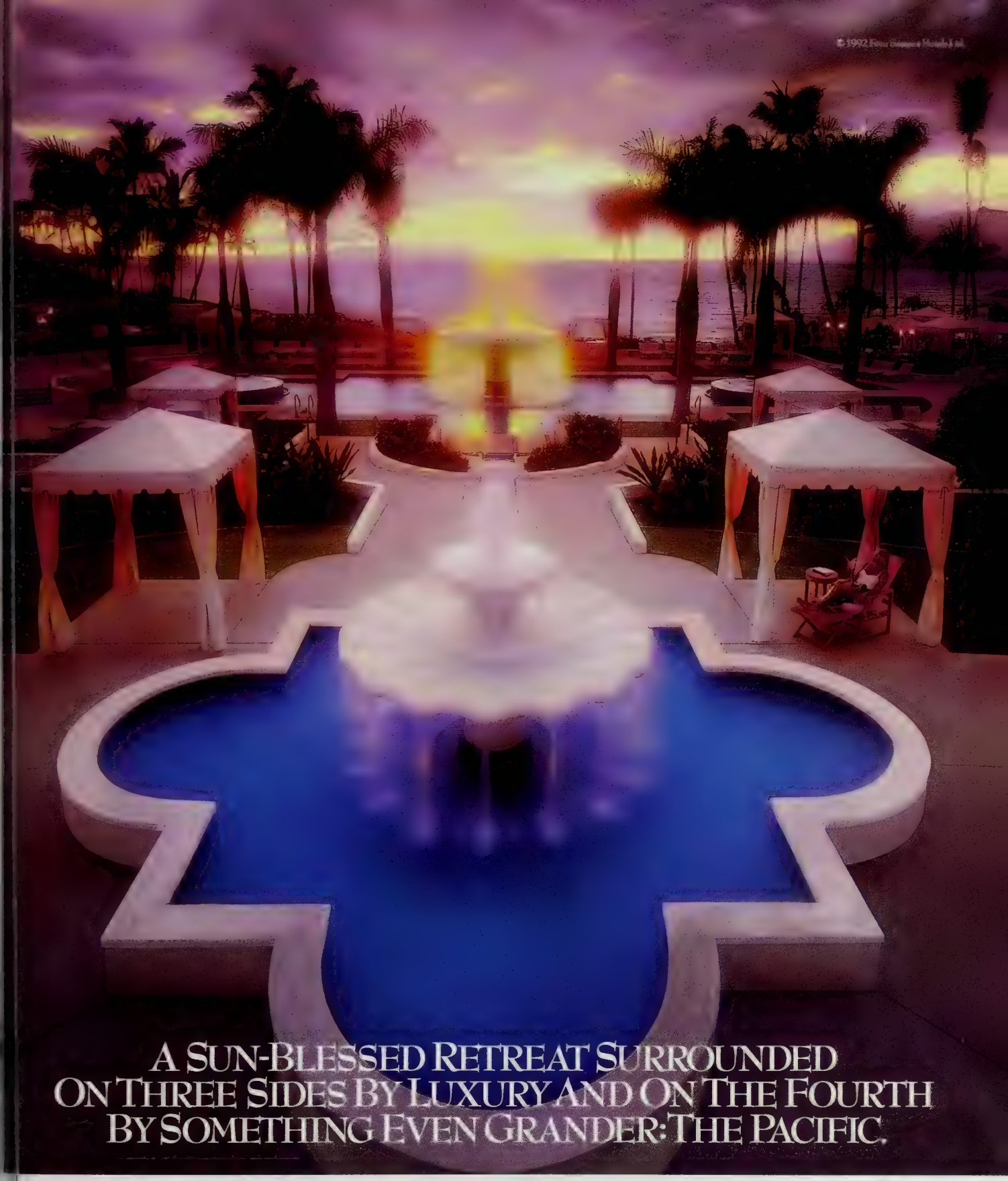
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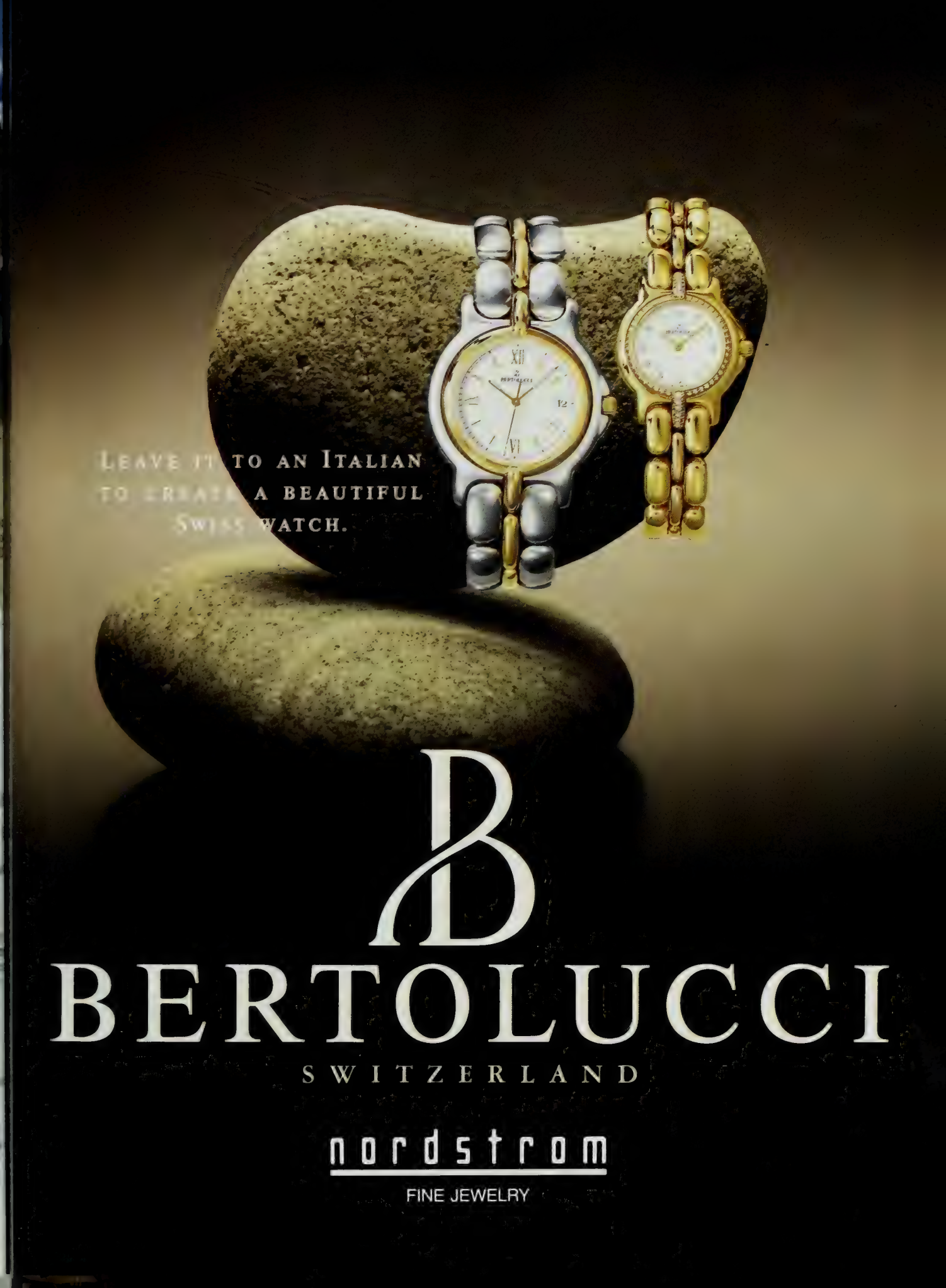
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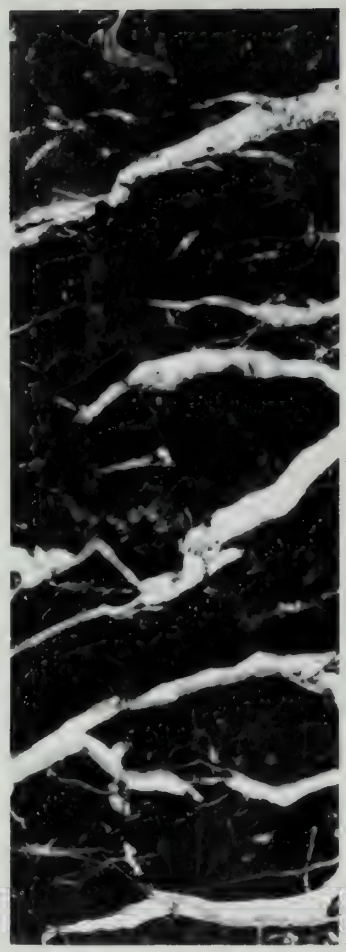
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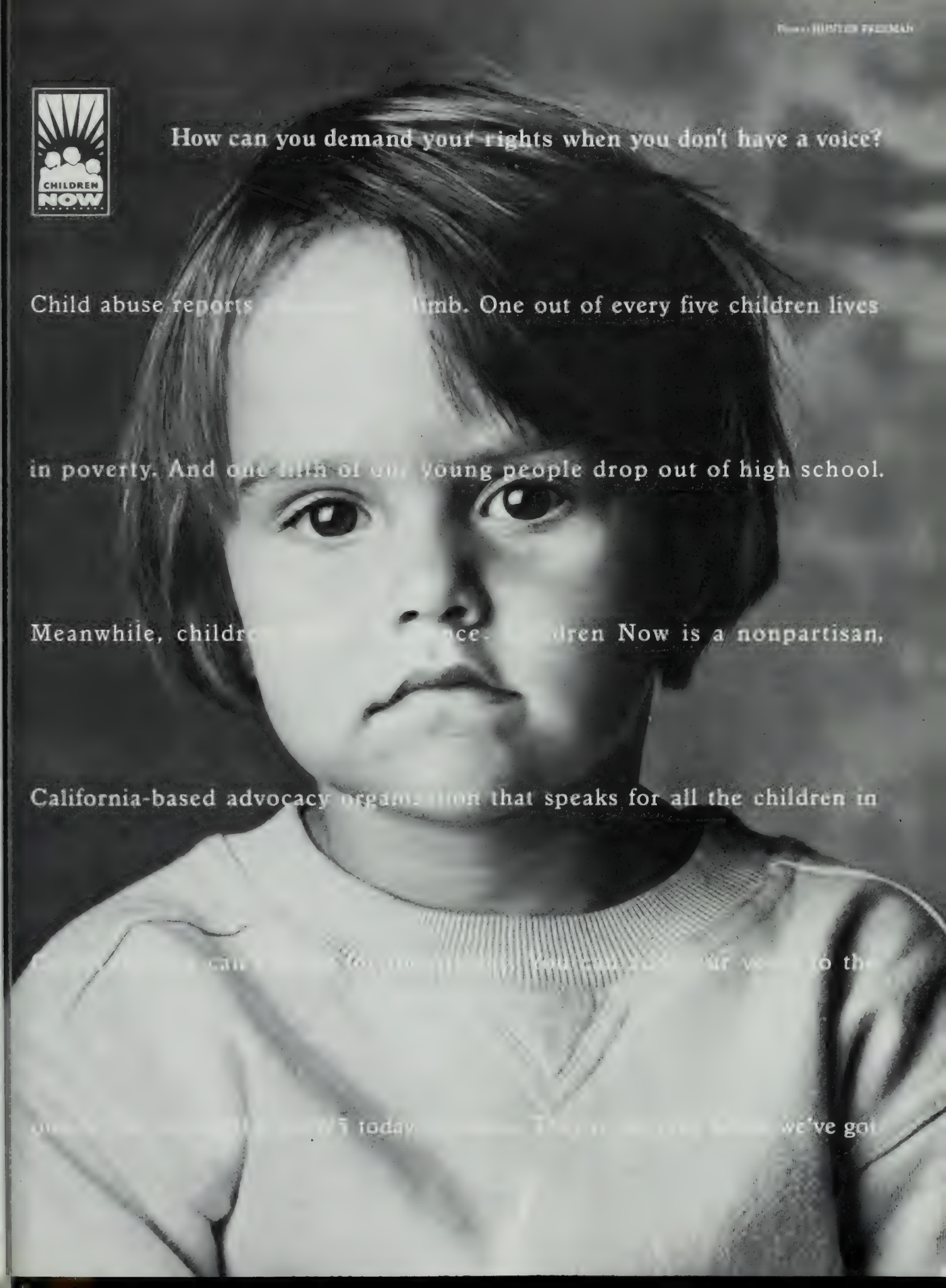
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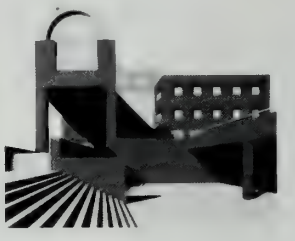
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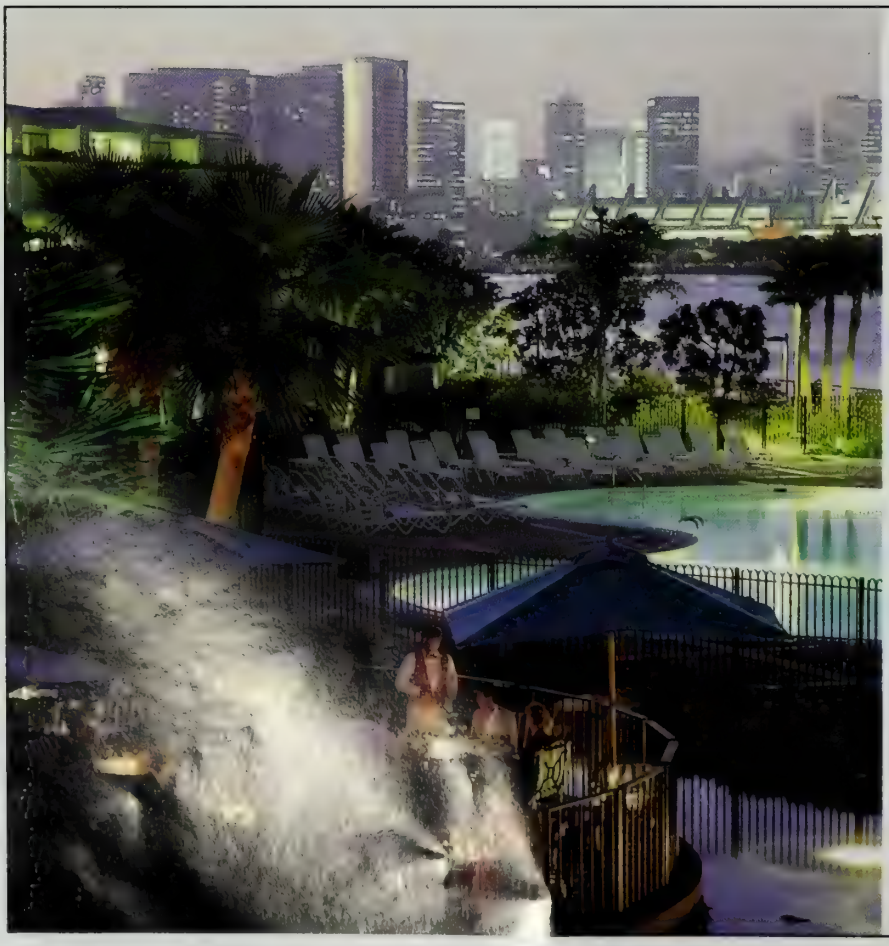
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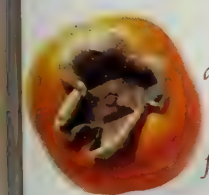


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COVER: A lodgepole-pine-and-rawhide chair, with cowboy gear belonging to a visiting guest, sits on the porch of a cabin at Lost Creek Ranch, the Jackson Hole, Wyoming, resort. Photography by John Vaughan. See page 138.

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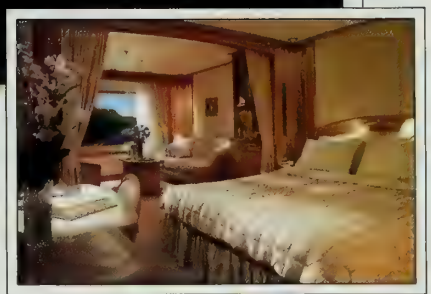
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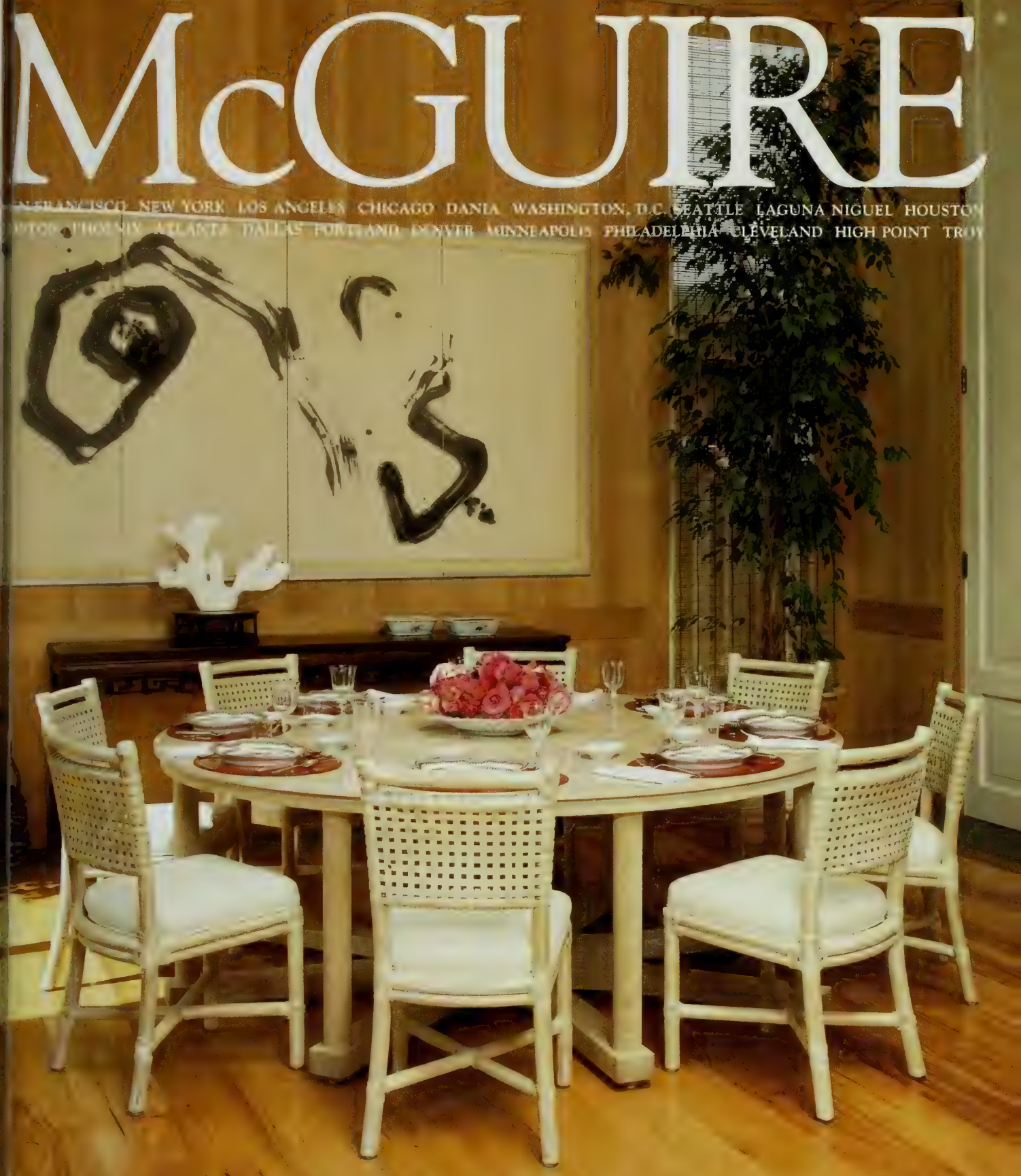
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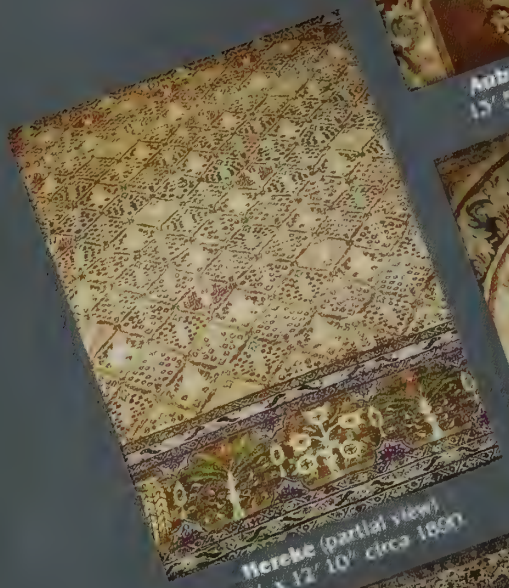
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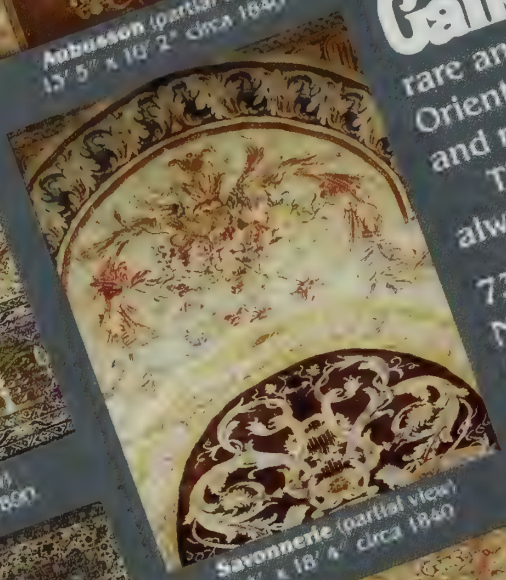

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Aubusson (partial view)
13' 5" x 10' 2" circa 1840



Bereke (partial view)
18' x 12' 10" circa 1890



Savonnerie (partial view)
24' x 18' 4" circa 1840

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Bessarabian (partial view)
16' x 11' 4" circa 1860



Lavar Kerman (partial view)
16' x 9' circa 1880



Sultanabad (partial view)
13' 2" x 10' 9" circa 1840



Amir
12'

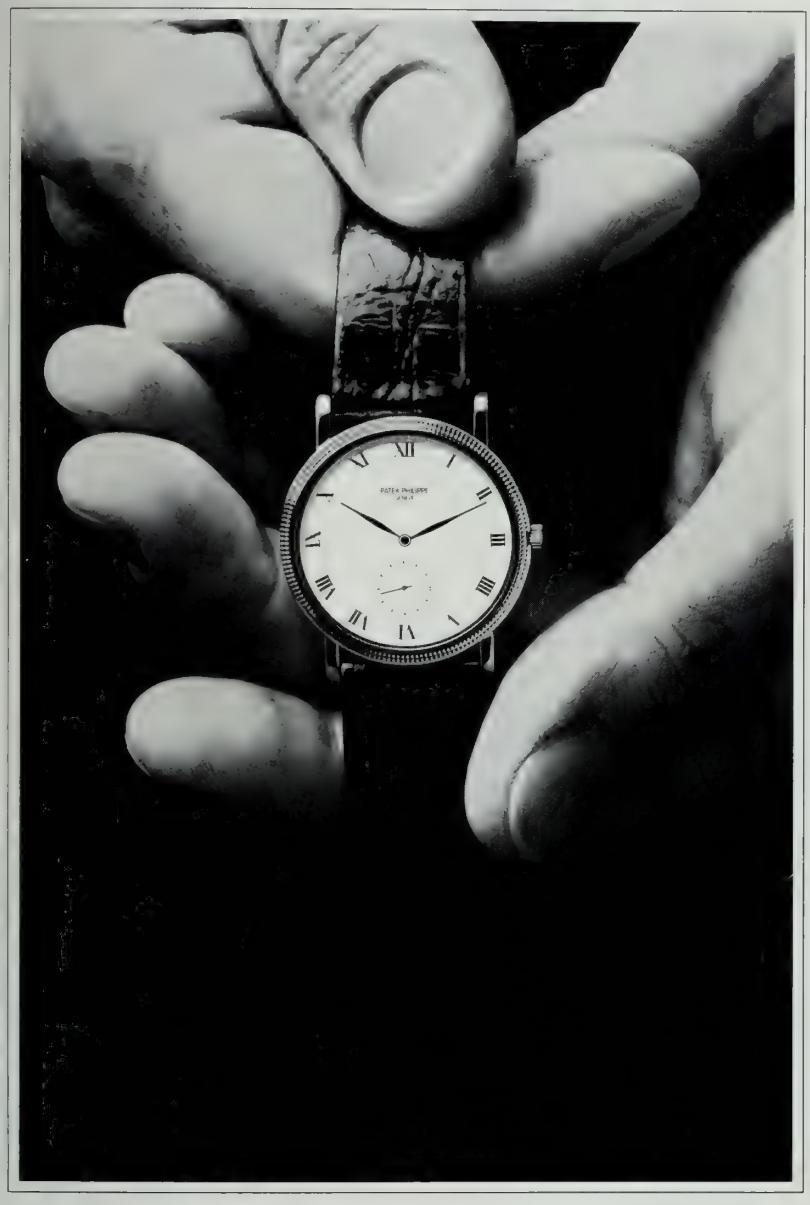


Ashkhabjeeh (partial view)
11' 2" x 11' circa 1880



Oushag (partial view)
14' x 10' 2" circa 1870

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Just when the magazine industry seems to have lost its voice, *Architectural Digest* brings out its Before and After edition (February 1992) and challenges us all over again.

Geoffrey N. Bradfield
Jay Spectre, Inc.
New York, New York

I thought your February 1992 issue was excellent, and as a former chairman of the Janesville Historic Commission, I found it very pertinent to the preservation efforts that are taking place in America. I hope we can see more of the same.

Thomas M. Jeffris
Janesville, Wisconsin

What a delightfully well written article by Stanley Barrows in your February 1992 issue (Guest Speaker). I felt as though we were sitting and conversing. He has been on the inside track of a very fascinating period in decorating and design.

James Tarantino
Concord, California

I have just finished reading the February 1992 issue of *Architectural Digest* for the third time. I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed the Before and After features, and now a full issue. Each article is truly a feast for the eye.

Frank M. Parrilli
Skokie, Illinois

I have read your magazine for seventeen years and continue to get great pleasure entering your pages each month, thereby entering the spectacular homes and gardens within. I hope you do not intend to continue the Before and After format shown in your recent issue. I want to lose myself in the elegance and perfection of each page; I really don't care what it used to look like.

Kristina Sheridan
San Diego, California

Congratulations on your February 1992 Before and After issue! I have never before felt that a magazine issue has been addressed directly to my needs. I am just beginning formal studies in interior design, and I am also the owner of a ninety-year-old house in the midst of renovation. Each page of this issue held something for me, especially the sitting room by Timothy Macdonald ("Urban Evolution"). Prior to this issue, my modus operandi had been to cut pictures from *Architectural Digest* and make notes from the text, before recycling the rest. I shall be forced, however, to save this entire issue.

Jeanne Gropp Wedig
Woodstock, Illinois

Your photography for "New York Renaissance" in the February 1992 issue shows the most perfect rooms I've seen in a magazine. The master bedroom and bath are truly beautiful. If I were granted one wish, it would be that Wolfgang Neumann and Thomas Britt would do my home.

Priscilla Newton
Winterville, North Carolina

It was a seven-year wait to see the work of Thomas Britt ("New York Renaissance"), Michael de Santis ("High-Rise Revamping") and Jay Spectre ("Metamorphosis in Manhattan") in the same issue (November 1985 and February 1992). Look how they have grown: Britt has honed his use of elongated forms in a rich palette to a fine edge. De Santis appears at home with any palette and is at the peak of his powers in manipulating space into a coherent and classic whole. Spectre has matured to shape modern design at its best; this is seen in his adroit use of curves. They keep getting better, and we all love a good encore. Bravo! Bravo!

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ROB LANG

"Sometimes I wonder if all through my life in Paris I haven't been waiting for this house and this moment," says Emanuel Ungaro in next month's feature on the couturier's new residence in the French capital. Celebrating twenty-five years as the head of his own fashion house, Ungaro has created richly evocative interiors for himself, his wife, Laura, and their two-year-old daughter, Cosima. European Editor Charlotte Aillaud portrays one of fashion's leading talents at the peak of his powers. Also in July, we visit television mastermind Norman Lear in Brentwood, California, where he's hatching new plots for the nineties. "I'm angrier than ever," he says. "There's a lot to be angry about these days. But remember, what most people call anger, I call a celebration of life." Finally, our last page this month (204) is offered in the belief that humor is often most satisfying when unexpected. Let us know!

Paige Rense *Editor-in-Chief*


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Terry Hunziker

Telluride Revisited

The opportunity to build a house in Telluride, Colorado, afforded Daniel Solomon "a chance to revisit an option that I nearly took in my youth but didn't." The San Francisco architect, who "almost became a dropout carpenter-skier-type," found it refreshing to work in a world "where CEOs, movie stars and Ralph Lauren get to meet the Rocky Mountain crazies," as he relates in his forthcoming book, *(Re)building*, to be published by Princeton Architectural Press this summer. Both he and Seattle designer Terry Hunziker drew inspiration from the area's mining structures, which they believe possess the true architectural spirit of the mountains. "You really get the sense that it was a mining town," Hunziker notes, "fewer cowboy hats, more donkeys." And Solomon is most pleased by the observations of the locals who think the house has always been there. *See page 92.*



Liz Claiborne

Tranquillity Ranch in Montana

"When we lived in Chelsea and Greenwich Village, most of our money went toward supporting emerging artists, even though we lived in a half-furnished apartment," recalls fashion designer Liz Claiborne. "I wonder if we did that because there weren't any views," says her husband, Art Ortenberg. "Here, the paintings are nature." "Here" is Montana, where the couple spend half the year at their lakeside Tranquillity Ranch, a former lodge that they have completely refurbished. Instead of supporting artists, they now support environmental and conservation projects through the Liz Claiborne and Art Ortenberg Foundation. "Our organization helps communities assess their natural resources and provides for their economic well-being with long-range planning and reeducation programs," explains Ortenberg. "Our in-depth studies can often find solutions to reconciling human needs with dwindling resources." Since the foundation was established in 1984, the couple have funded research in parts of Indonesia, Madagascar, Africa and Central America. They also pay attention to problem areas closer to home, such as the region around Yellowstone, where the economy is dependent on the timber and mining industries. *See page 98.*


ROBERT RECK

Art Ortenberg


ROBERT RECK

Gerald and Kathleen Peters

The Southwestern Aesthetic

"When I was a kid, I used to go to the Eugene Field Library in Denver and read every book on the history of the West," says Santa Fe gallery owner Gerald Peters. "It became a deep part of my psyche." Since then, Peters and his wife, Kathleen, have become important collectors of painters such as

continued on page 20

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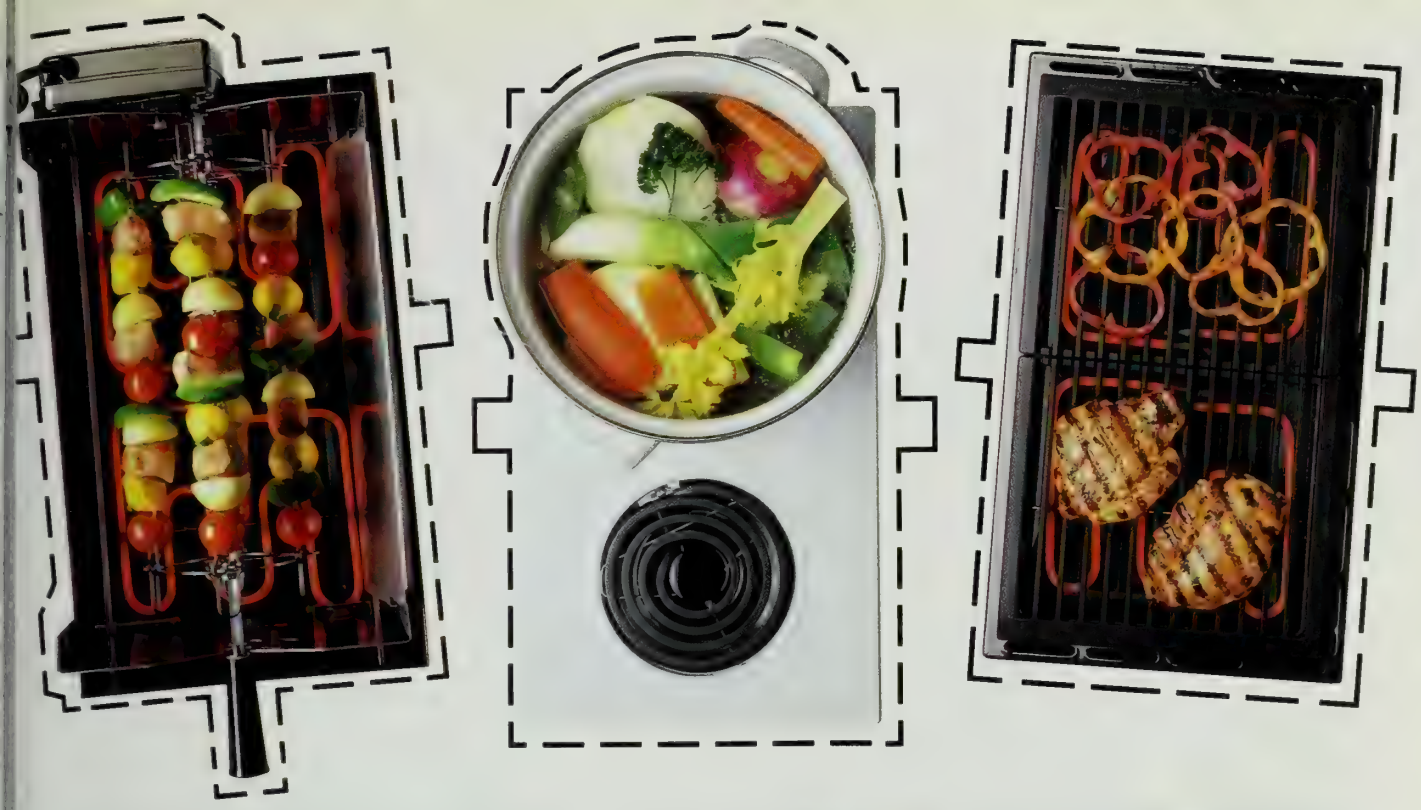
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continued from page 16

Georgia O'Keeffe as well as of native American objects. "There is a specific character to the native Americans' materials, which comes from a sense of place," he explains. "The weavings were blankets, not rugs, made to be worn as symbols of wealth. The indigenous art had a function: Weavings were used for warmth, pots for grain, baskets for storage and jewelry as adornment." Peters contributes to maintaining the region's architectural heritage by restoring Pueblo buildings, often carrying out the work himself. The Peterses' Pueblo-style residence, too, represents a fascination with early American history and their dedication to promoting the local artists and craftsmen of our day. *See page 106.*



ROB LANG

Robert A. M. Stern

Architecture: Robert A. M. Stern

"Most people who have lived in Colorado came from somewhere else," says Robert A. M. Stern, who recently designed a residence on Aspen's Red Mountain. "Because the architecture reflects that migration pattern, there is no real Colorado vernacular." Stern's work for his Aspen clients has also undergone a migration of sorts. "I did a very intricate, sculptural poolhouse for them in Greenwich, Connecticut, about eighteen years ago," he says. "And in 1976 I did one of my earliest Shingle Style houses for them in Maine." Building a ski house, however, posed problems of its own. "People clunk around in bulkier clothes, and the scaling of everything has to be bigger to take into account the terrain," he says. "A ski house is a lot like an ocean liner: It's easy to get cabin fever, so you just sit there and stare at the view." Stern is working on two other houses in Aspen that are stylistically very different, but, as he points out, "I like to think there's a thread of continuity in my work." *See page 116.*



Mimi London

Montana Line Shack

As a child, Mimi London loved to go from her parents' penthouse suite in San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel to spend summers at the family cabin in Montana, where her grandfather had settled after emigrating from Scotland. More than twenty years after London attained design fame with her tree-trunk furniture, her design work continues in that vein, using Brazilian [illegible], black-granite boulders and birch and spruce timber from Montana. It seems that wherever she's working—whether in Japan or her showroom in Los Angeles's Pacific [illegible]—London is attuned to the call of the wild. After [illegible] remote property, she discovered an old line shack [illegible] way in the woods, in the middle of nowhere—in a [illegible]ase, a long way from the St. Francis Hotel. *See page 126.*



TIM STREET-PORTER

Thom von Buelow



TIM STREET-PORTER

Tom Margittai

Seasons in Santa Fe

"Santa Fe has great shopping, which my clients really love, and some wonderful craftsmen and builders," says Thom von Buelow of the New York firm Lerner–von Buelow. Outside of town, the designer recently completed the interiors of an adobe house for restaurateur Tom Margittai, co-owner of The Four Seasons in New York. "Although most of my clients are from the East Coast," von Buelow says, "they find a more comfortable way of life here, and what they want in a house in Santa Fe is local flavor." Margittai and von Buelow achieved that by taking advantage of the area's sources. "Tom loves to shop, and he found most of the art and artifacts himself. The only thing I didn't get locally was the upholstery," says the designer. Von Buelow is spending more and more time in Santa Fe on projects that include a house in the old section of town, La Posada hotel and a 4,000-square-foot addition to Margittai's adobe. *See page 144.*



Steven Conger



Michael Fuller

Raising the Roofbeam in Aspen

"My history is Colorado," says architect Steven Conger, who created a log house in Aspen with his partner Michael Fuller. "I grew up here—my parents had a house in Aspen—and after I attended Yale I came back. Although I do a variety of projects in different states, Aspen is home. It's a little town that has the culture of a large city, so I get the rusticity of a mountain village with the sophistication of an urban setting. But the most important thing that draws me is its overwhelming natural beauty. Not only does it affect me personally, it makes my work a joy too. It's much easier to design a house when you have a dramatic setting with views. When I'm working on a residence that's in a breathtaking environment, I walk the site and listen to it, and it tells me what to do." *See page 150.*



TOM KELLEY

Robert K. Lewis

Old World Wyoming

A European-style house in Wyoming was like nothing Manhattan–based designer Robert K. Lewis had ever done. He met the owners through a New York antiques dealer. "They were leaving the next day for the West and wanted to show me a video of the

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house, which is near their cattle ranch," he remembers. "It was unencouraging, but I decided to go out there and spend a few days." By the end of his stay, Lewis was sold. "I'd never even been to Wyoming before," he says. "For my wife, who grew up there, it was fun to go back. We'd leave New York in the morning and be on a working ranch in the afternoon." To get the background right for the couple's antiques, he brought his own painters and assistants from New York. Lewis, whose current design projects are keeping him on the East Coast, marvels at the couple's decision to move to Wyoming. "Everything the husband likes is there. The cattle ranch is so wild that the land next to it has been set aside for grizzly bears." *See page 156.*



Barbara Windom

New Mexican Vernacular

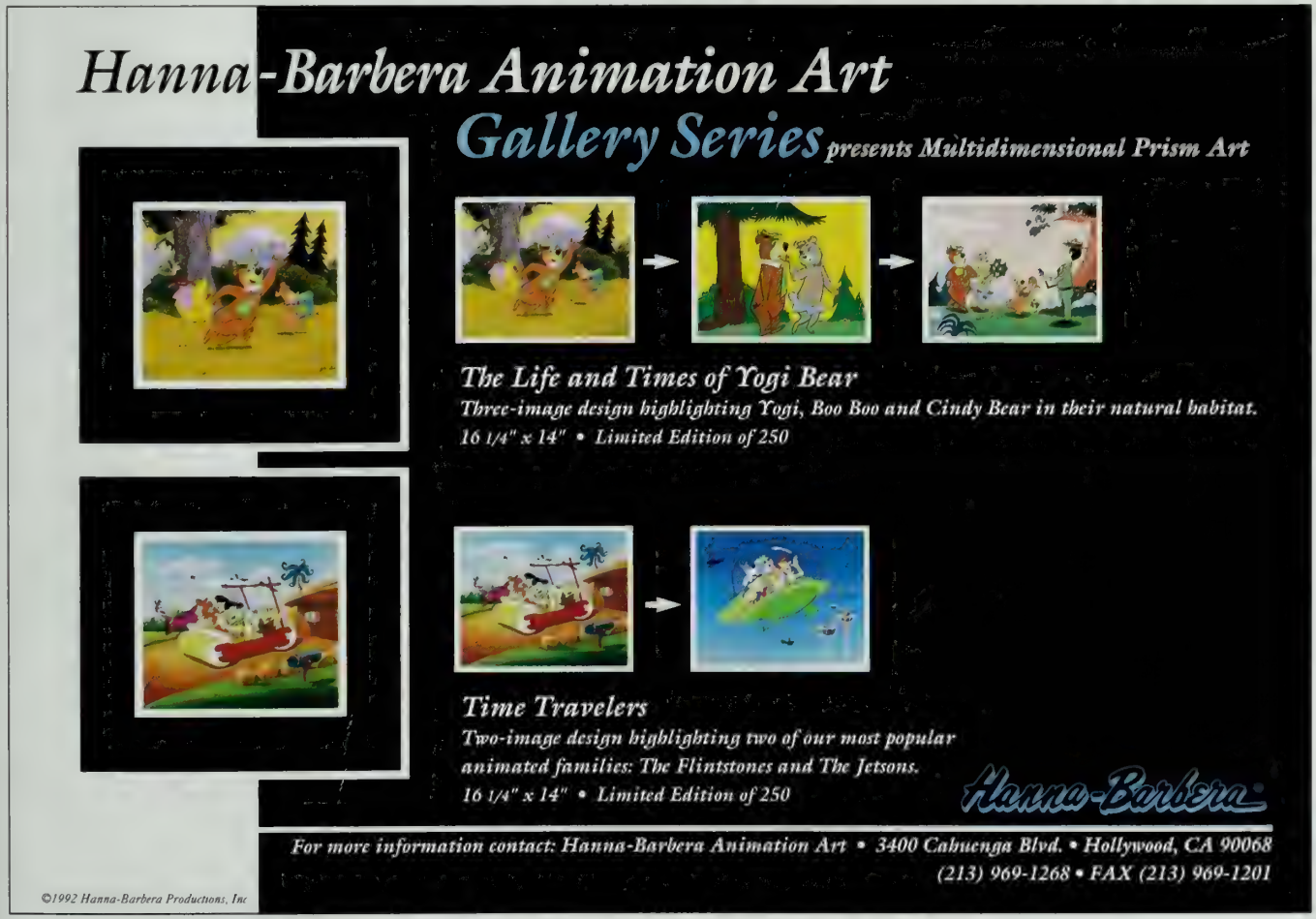
"I'd been coming to Santa Fe for about ten years," says Barbara Windom, who bought an adobe house with Victor di Suvero in the nearby hills. "I didn't want to live in town, and I knew I would have horses, so I looked at properties on the outskirts. I can't really explain why I picked this particular site. It simply felt right. It's away from the crowds and it's peaceful. This is also perfect riding country, rugged and gentle at the same time, with incredible vistas. But my love for the region is not just because of the setting. Santa Fe isn't just a place, it's a lifestyle. In this little area there is such a broad spectrum of interesting people. It's a wonderful way to live—my bit of heaven." *See page 170.*



Joseph Minton
David Corley

Four Sixes Ranch

For Fort Worth interior designers Joseph Minton and David Corley, the challenge of redoing the historic Four Sixes Ranch in West Texas was how to update it while paying tribute to its rich Wild West heritage. The original owner, cattle baron Samuel Burk Burnett, finished building the imposing house in 1917. Today, the Four Sixes is noted for its traditional way of life: While the ranch hands no longer sleep out on the range, they still eat at the chuck wagon during roundups. The original Marlboro Man was even recruited there in the 1950s. The entire Burk Burnett estate, which includes two other ranches and comprises more than half a million acres, has passed on intact, because each generation has produced only one heir. "I think what we've done respects the character of the house," says Minton. "Burk Burnett would be pleased." *See page 180.* □







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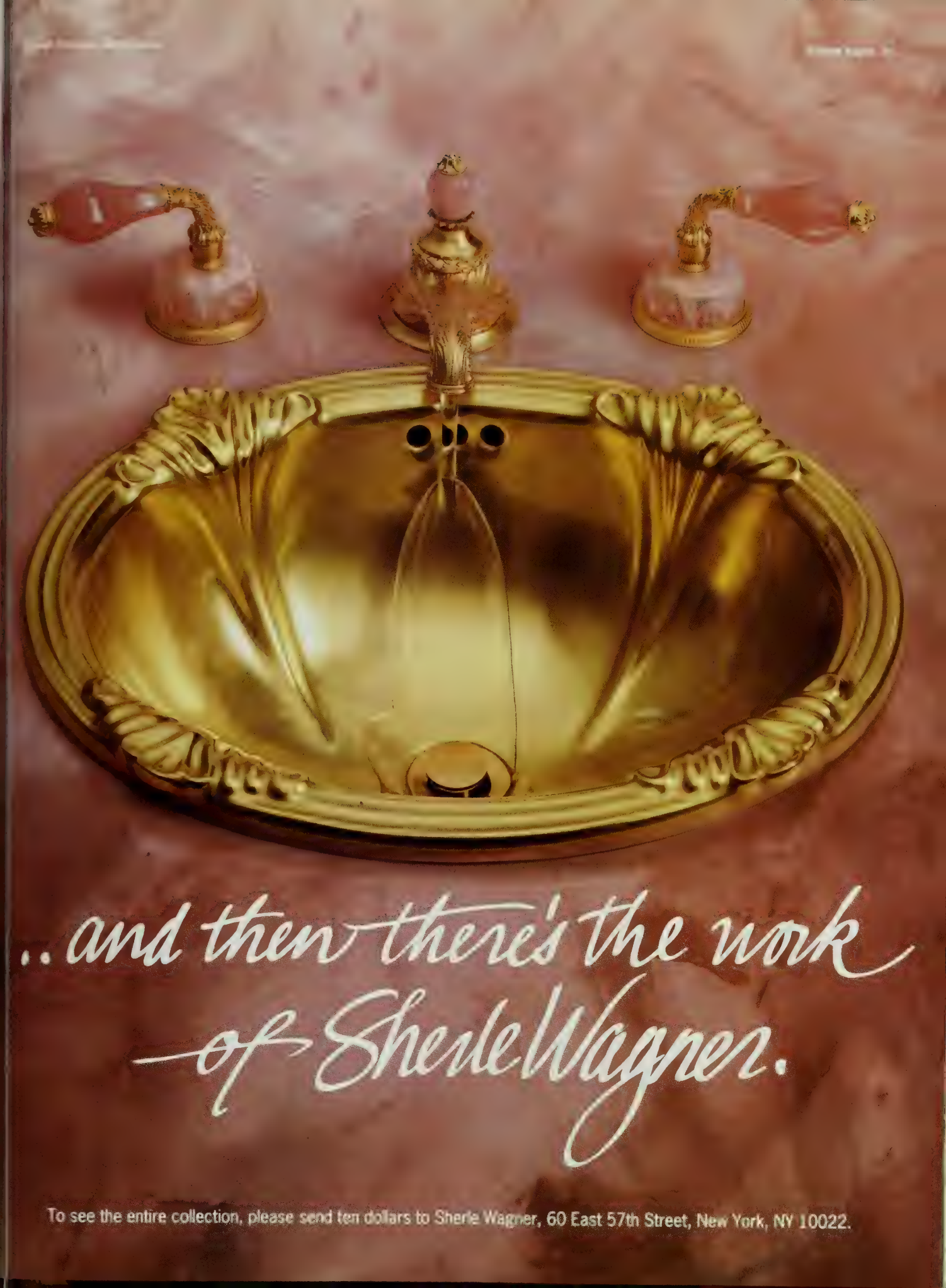
MICHAEL WEBB writes on architecture and is developing a television series on the architecture of Los Angeles. His most recent book, *The City Square*, was published by Whitney Library of Design.

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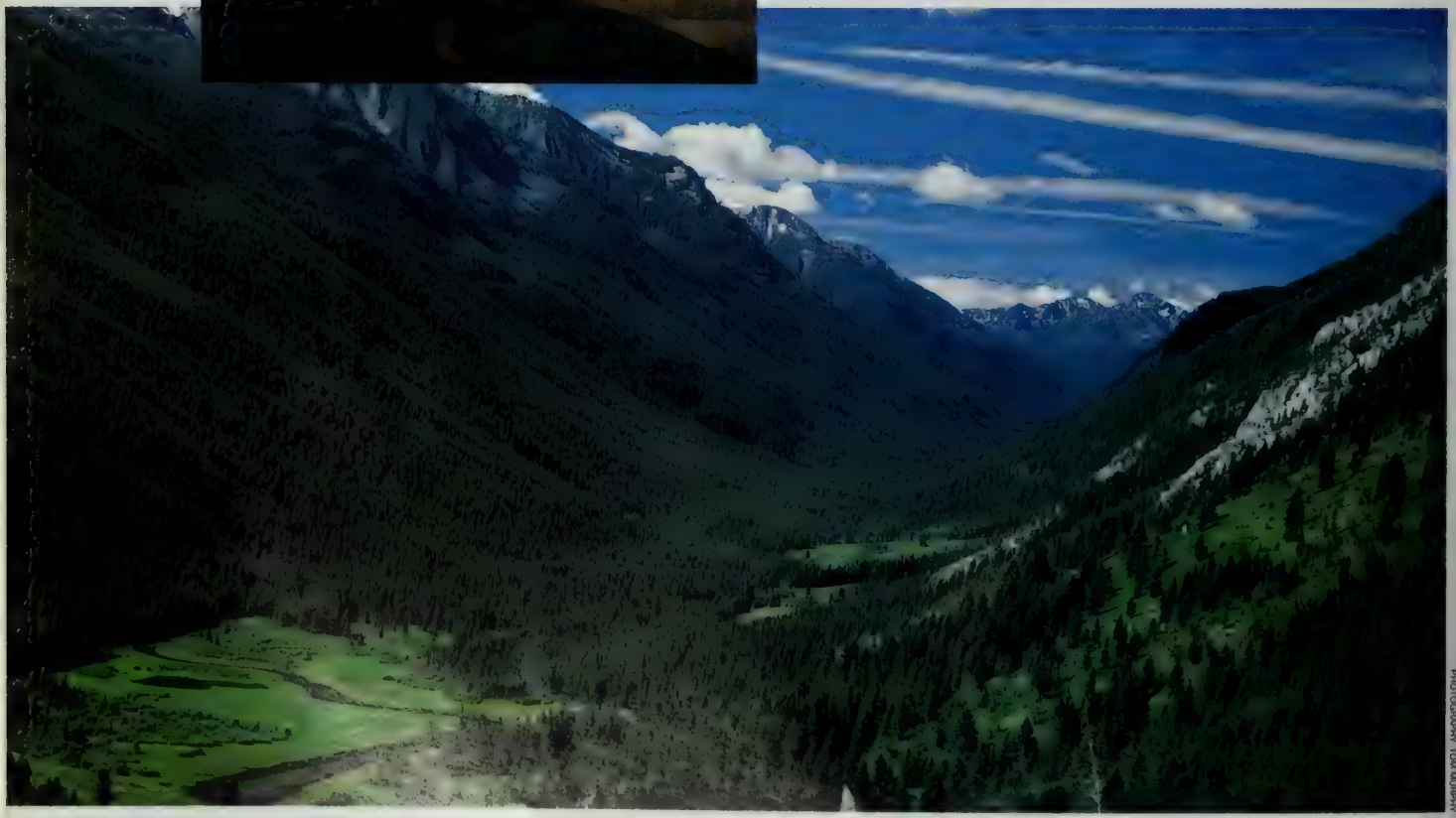
Some Notes on Montana



ROBERT PISANO

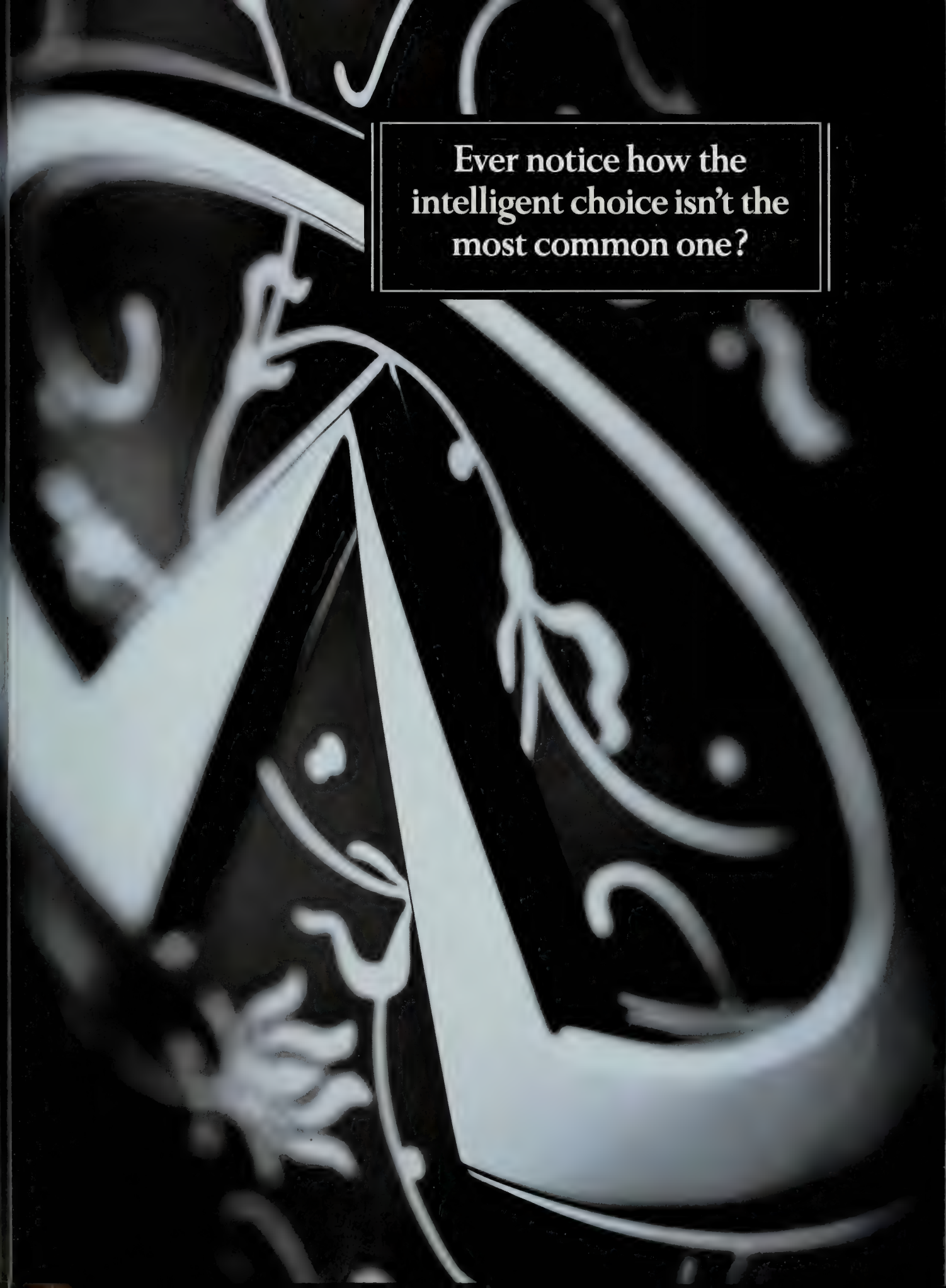
BEING ON THE SPOT during the transformation of a place like Montana has probably been more instructive as to the vagaries of human culture than anything I am ever likely to see. I arrived almost twenty-five years ago on a scene less remarkable for its unchanged land than for its confident citizenry. Newcomers like me were viewed with amiable curiosity. Today, the place is nearly as handsome as ever; but new patterns of ownership, aroused national concern for the environment and reduced federal representation as a result of reapportionment have given Montanans a sense of disenfranchisement. They are discovering that the public lands in the state belong to all Americans rather than to Montanans only, and judgments about how they are to be managed will be made nationally. They are also being reminded, as they were in the days of the copper barons, that they can be buffeted about by economic shenanigans else-

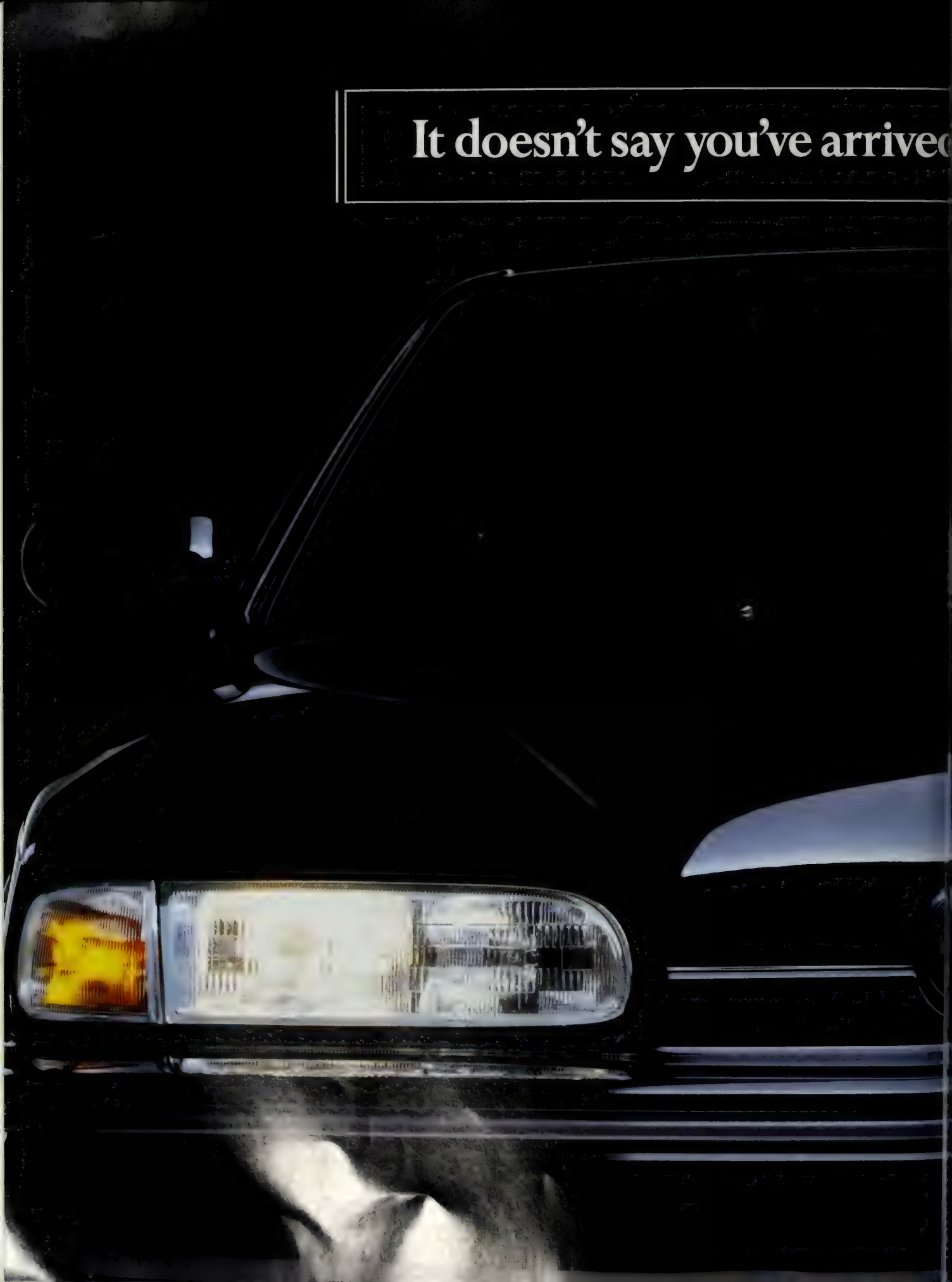
Thomas McGuane, whose books include *The Bushwhacked Piano*, *Ninety-Two in the Shade* and *Panama*, has lived in Montana since 1969. There, he fly-fishes, raises cattle, rides cutting horses and writes. His next novel, *Nothing But Blue Skies*, will be published by Houghton Mifflin this fall.



PHOTOGRAPHY TONI MURPHY

continued on page 36


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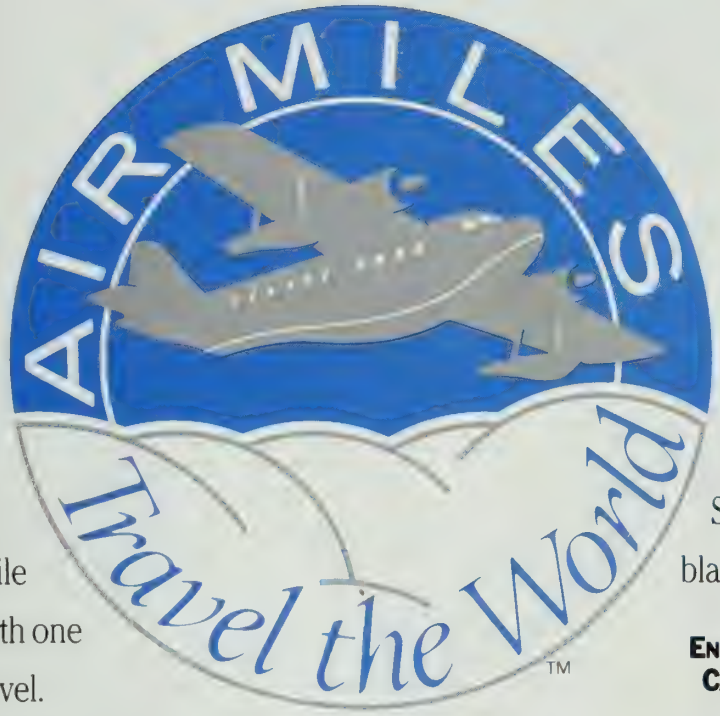
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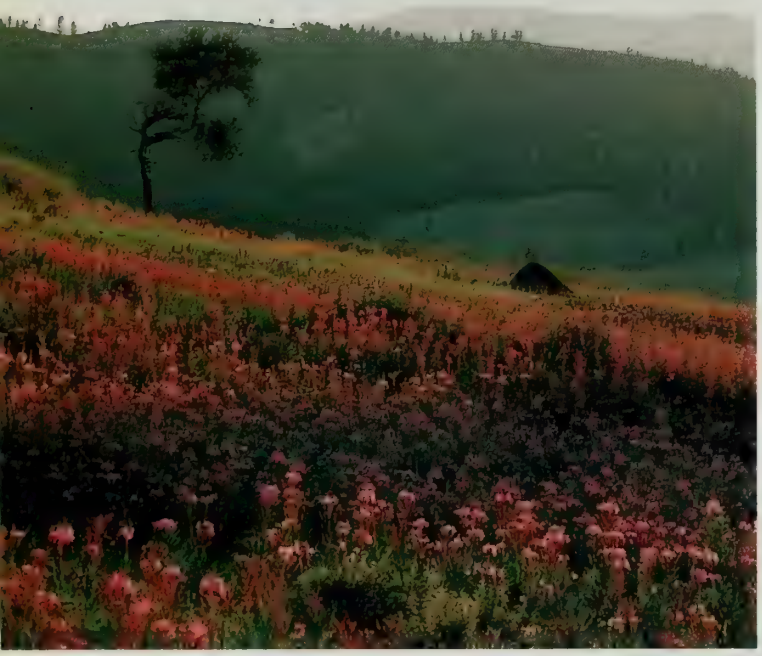
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Some Notes on Montana
continued from page 32



pacity to talk to each other through the exploitative stereotyping of forces outside the state. This is nowhere better illustrated than in Montana's inability to reach agreement on a wilderness bill since the last one was vetoed by celluloid cowpoke Ronald Reagan.

Instead, we have Earth First! marching on the Plum Creek Lumber Company in Halloween costumes while locals scratch their heads and wonder what they had in mind; and People For The West, an organization in which the larger plans of corporate—particularly mining—America exploit the fears and subvert the lives of everyday westerners in the name of multiple use of national lands. Somewhere, the normal people—insiders and outsiders—who commingled so easily twenty years ago are either falling silent or simply locking themselves into political rictus.

Farming and ranching have become subjects of suspicion in the national consciousness. While some of this is fully warranted, it is also time we inventoried the many fine acts of husbandry practiced by ranchers and farmers, instead of judging them by their worst members in a reflexive loathing of their class. Most Americans now are city peo-

In the Montana countryside, the laconic habits of speech reign. You don't notice this until you leave. Then the whole world seems to be on some antic tear.

where. The corporate crime wave of the Reaganomic eighties did inestimable damage even in the Wild West. For example, enormous clear-cuts, which have battered private lands, are often a result of defensive postures against hostile takeovers by corporations eyeing the easily liquidated old-growth timber. You can see the effects of these junk-bond-fueled gyrations when you drive around Montana.

It is not easy to portray the uninterfering kindness of my neighbors during my first years in Montana. I think of the people who barely knew me who brought my son a birthday cake for his first birthday, the benevolent ladies of the Livingston Welcome Wagon who did not, upon seeing the sleeping bags and junk shop card table decorating my otherwise empty apartment, withhold the mouthwash and IGA discount coupons and map of the city. I think of the ranchers in the town of Pray who, knowing the meagerness of my resources, offered, if I would buy the wood, to build me a house; the outfitter who took my friends and me for a long free tour of the Absaroka Wilderness decades ago through the heart of indescribable splendors and earthly satisfactions and told us stories of cowboying, and fighting in Korea, by small fires in the middle of the night. In the years since, these people have been transformed by national agendas into born-again Christians, sagebrush rebellionists, cowboys, antienvironmentalists, hicks or, worse, [illegible] backward and irrelevant past. As in disenfranchis[illegible]re, we have begun to lose the capple, and it is hard for them not to coerce those they so seriously outnumber. The agricultural classes of Montana shrink from the latest wave of settlers not just in predictable xenophobia but in response to being themselves judged so harshly.

The steadying elements in Montana life are still the land and the weather. The land is easily praised—mountains, valleys, pristine rivers and grasslands. The weather, so often accounted the principal negative, has its virtues. Its famous changeability ("Wait five minutes," etc.) is written in such large letters that chronic eventfulness reduces local weathermen to apologetic zombies. The most benighted citizen is thrown upon the evidence of his senses. Even those who can get out during the tough months hate to miss those operatic Arctic Expresses and Alberta Clippers that give people an authentic perspective. There are few so remote from the agricultural life of Montana that they are without gratitude for moisture in whatever form it takes. Everybody has a rain gauge. Everybody knows the moment when their local river crests during spring runoff. Everyone notices a big year for tanagers or yellow warblers or cedar waxwings. Town people go huckleberrying and gathering chokecherries. Most Americans have no idea what hunting, fishing or gardening mean to people who live in places like Montana.

In the Montana countryside, the laconic habits of speech reign. When you live here, you don't really notice this until

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Some Notes on Montana
continued from page 36



The competition for a prevailing idea of land use defines public life in Montana.

you leave. Then the whole world seems to be on some antic tear, chattering and gesticulating as though involved in some grotesque amateur theater production. One tires of ordering one's children to flesh out their thoughts, of explaining that "Yup" and "Nope" are inarticulate replies. When asking one of them to tell you who their new friend is, the answer might well be "Bob." Your expectations of a nuanced prefigurement of "Bob" may hang in the air till hell freezes over. You're going to have to wait until "Bob" comes to the house so that you can judge for yourself. At that time, "Bob" may turn out to be a dog.

As Montana becomes a setting for a drama of natives versus outsiders, hikers versus motorized recreationists, developers versus preservationists, loggers versus wilderness [illegible] hermen versus irrigators and so on, it comes to [illegible] round, then a zone in which a certain spiritual [illegible] alternates its pleasures, especially after Labor Day. [illegible] American residents, while not consigned to [illegible] they were up until recent times in Great Falls, [illegible] acute discomfort. Locally, it must be noted, [illegible] as "native American." In any case, these [illegible] have much to do with a frontier mentality in [illegible] the land but the kind of present and future the [illegible] shall have is in dispute.

Montana has also had a literary flourishing in recent years, prompting a subtle [illegible] turf war mirroring the real struggle for the land. In general, the factions are formed of the writers who look to the regionalist past of Montana for their inspiration, by and large professors, and of the writers whose inspiration comes from contemporary life in Montana and elsewhere. The first group thinks of the second as Hollywood types responding to a vogue for the New Rugged, while the second group sees the first as nostalgic and boring. There are also the adventurer-naturalists, who vary principally in the side of the hyphen on which they place their emphasis. The women perceive the men as a fishing club, while the men, in imitation of national models, search for the wild man within. Out of this rich stew comes a wonderful volume of work, every year. And viewing it at all genially, one must be grateful.

I've been fly-fishing for forty years, and it is too late to become a hang glider; so I have learned to accommodate myself to the new pressure on my home waters. I now fish obscure streams I once considered less than first class, refining the notion that solitude is the quarry. And because the better waters in Montana are now famous, they are more carefully guarded than in the days when they were casually dewatered for irrigation or employed to carry off m[illegible]e tailings. This conflict, of course, represents the two [illegible]ions of what the American land is for; and the antag[illegible]n is hardly over with. In fact, the competition for a [illegible]iling idea of land use defines today's public life in

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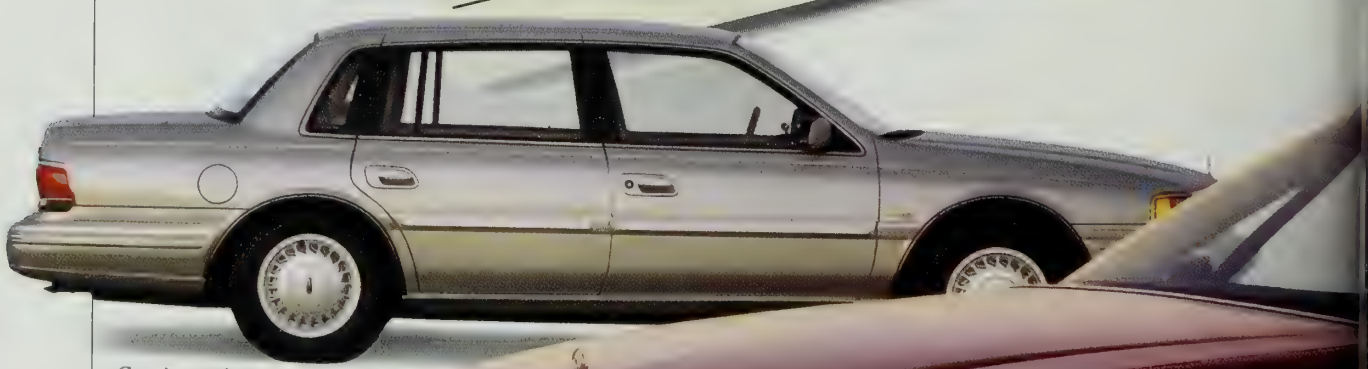
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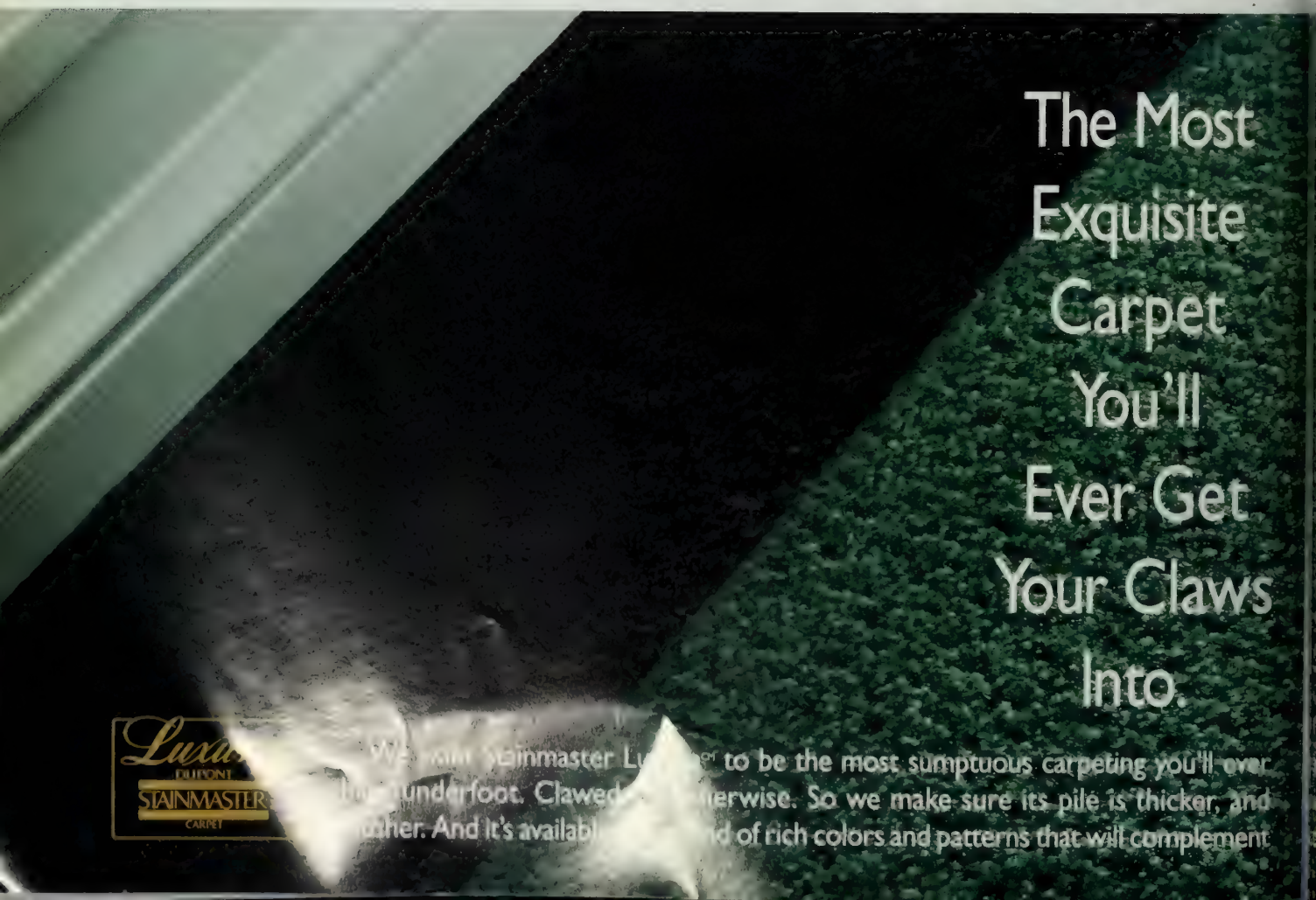


Some Notes on Montana
continued from page 40

Montana. It permeates every community and household and contributes strongly to a stark us-versus-them social fabric apotheosized by proponents and opponents of wilderness. In the eyes of many ordinary Montanans, a proponent of wilderness (and its entails, the Endangered Species Act, the Clean Water Act, etc.) is an outsider, as are the inhabitants of centers for such thinking, the university communities. When organizations representing recreational interests come into conflict with mining, logging and ranching, such things as having a good time outdoors and admiring natural landscapes or even clear skies seem the province of card-carrying interlopers. And as things are exacerbated by a floundering local and national economy, the conciliatory, ordinary people are being marginalized to make room for the stump speakers, the soapbox orators of local television; and a portion of these backyard ward heelers make their way to Congress, where, posing as country boys, they work their polarizing harm.

Relations between longtime locals and the more recently arrived are annually aggravated by the New Yellow journalists in the avidity for what they call "glitz," a faintly moronic word that has lingered for its serviceability in describing states as diverse as Cher's roller skating parties to ocean racing in the Tasman Sea. The struggle of ordinary Montanans to survive the tough economics of their region rarely appears in the national media, whose enthusiasm is reserved for the war between celebrities and ranchers, a war that doesn't exist. It is axiomatic in journalism that if you do not report the displacement of the salt of the earth by frivolous types you will never drive a sports car. Several centers of seasonal "glitz" have been located: the southwestern valleys of the Missouri headwaters and the Flathead and Whitefish lakes. Why? They are wonderful places, and if you can't keep them out of Bhutan, how are you going to keep them out of Montana, even if they do have to change planes in Salt Lake? Though Montana is safeguarded to a degree that can never be enough by its distance from major urban areas and its hard winters, people are coming from the urban areas and staying year round. The condition of America's cities today amounts to a quality of winter that is independent of cold air.

Traveling east or west across the Continental Divide in Montana reveals very different climates and the landscapes that accompany them. These are not stark or sudden changes; but people who live in Montana become attached to one or the other and find themselves anxious to cross the divide to see the familiar landscapes of their home country, or the

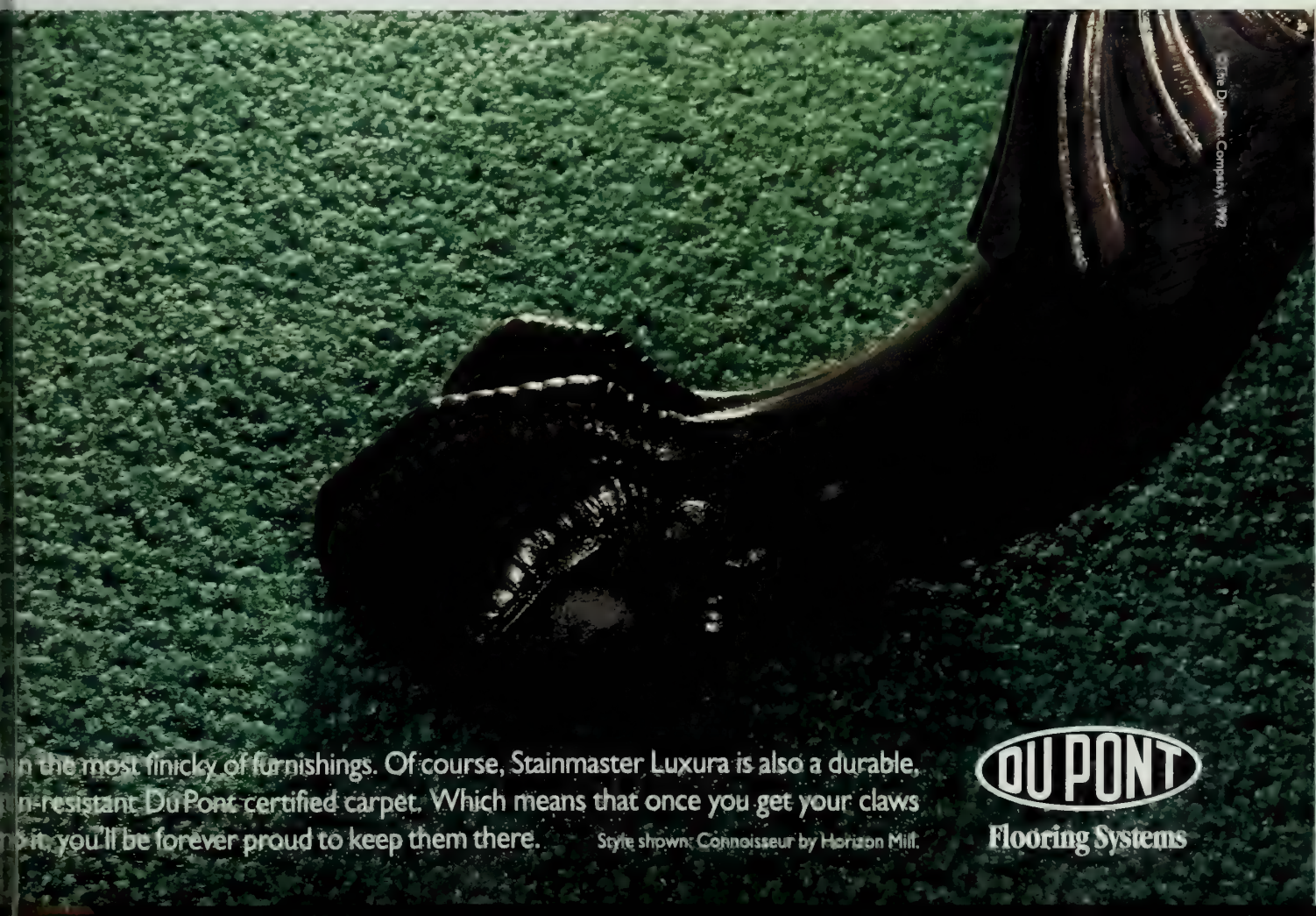


refreshing contrasts of the neighboring country. Western Montana reflects the Pacific weather systems that have rounded its mountains and thickened the forests on their slopes. Western Montana seems to have an older town civilization, particularly in the Bitterroot and Mission valleys. East of the divide, the mountains look indomitable, and many of the waters are wildly fluctuating spate rivers.

Eventually, one runs out of the mountains into true eastern Montana, sagebrush and shortgrass prairie, a few islands of low mountains, and towns that seem widely separated even when you cross the state in an airplane. In the years I've wandered around Montana going to cutting horse contests, I've looked forward to the trips to Jordan and Miles City and Forsyth. These towns lie hundreds of miles from the trails of the celebrity hunters and the subdividers. Here live the Montanans most like the ones I first met, still unangered by the changes to their world, competent, self-sufficient, curious and friendly.

Montana has kept its air of being another country. It is not an enclave within an urban area; its neighbors are Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Idaho and Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. Its history of logging, mining, railroading and ranching has given it an ethnic diversity that has helped it absorb some of its recent changes. And there is an evolved sense that nothing that happens has any final reality unless it happens in Montana. Henry Bugbee, the distinguished professor emeritus of philosophy at the University of Montana and a fishing companion of mine, said, "You don't *exist* until you get to Montana." He meant: according to Montanans. In its worst form this is nothing but the regional chauvinism we have had from Cape Cod, Charleston, etc.; but there is another side of it too, and it is that part that is a residue of discovery, the feeling that civilization is being reinvented and maybe for the better. It is also that which makes one feel that the test is never quite over for the settler, that makes one occasionally pine for a more tumultuous society where such things are not such a constant burden.

If I were asked where to go to get the feeling of Montana today, I would send my inquisitor to Butte to sense the tough, diverse and optimistic spirit that underlies Montana's small cities; then to Gardiner or West Yellowstone for the park-gate milieu with its shopkeepers, guides, sportsmen, hucksters and summer workers; then on to Jordan for good people and unadulterated ranch country in the windy Big Open. Having done that, it would be perfectly all right to rusticate as many of us have along the lakeshores and up the alpine valleys. Good work has been done there too. □



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Vintage Photography of the American West

By Christopher Finch



ABOVE: *Untitled*, Adam Clark Vroman, circa 1901. Silver print; 6" x 8". Vroman found inspiration in the cloud formations above the pueblo landscape, proclaiming them "such beautiful clouds as only the light clear air of the Southwest can produce." Flury and Company, Seattle.





ABOVE: *Range-Land* [illegible] Irwin Smith, circa 1900. Silver print; 9⅞" x 17⅞". A Texan cowboy who spent 25 years on [illegible] Smith chronicled early-20th-century ranch life in the Southwest. ABOVE RIGHT: *Untitled* [illegible] Karl Moon, circa 1914. Silver print; 14" x 9". Moon's celebrated portraits of Indians were exhibited [illegible] Museum of Natural History in New York and—at the request of President Theodore [illegible] White House. Both, Andrew Smith Gallery, Santa Fe.

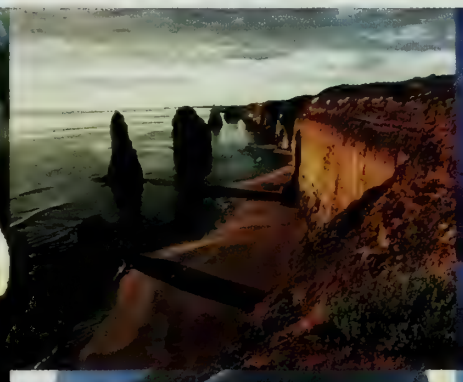
WHEN PHOTOGRAPHY arrived in America, around 1840, California was still a Mexican province and Texas an independent republic. West of the Mississippi, the nation was mostly wilderness, and the first railroad did not reach the great river till 1854. So it was that the camera was on hand to record glimpses, at least, of the final and most volatile phase of westward

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***fair dinkum**/ —*Colloq.* —*adj.* 1: true, genuine, dinkum ‹are you fair dinkum?› —*interj.* 2: assertion of truth or genuineness ‹it's true, mate, fair dinkum› 3: Come have a fair dinkum great time in Australia.

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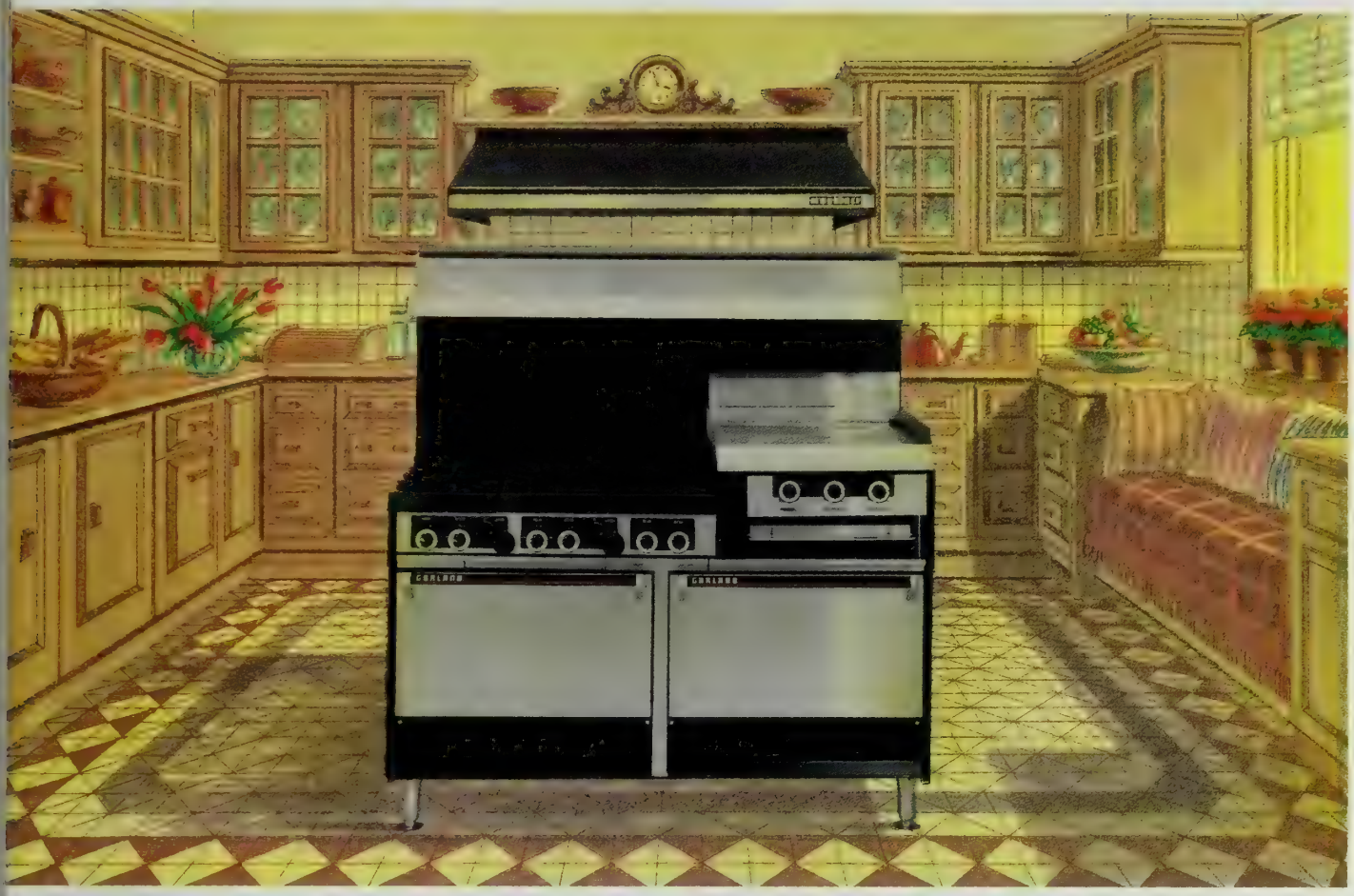


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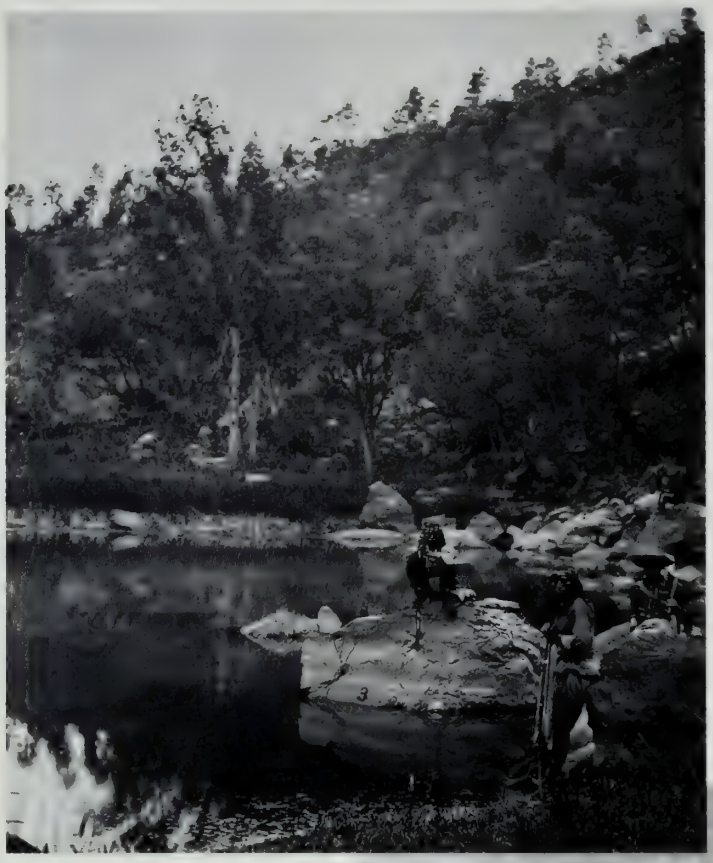
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Vintage Photography of the American West
continued from page 48



This brought photographers to even the remotest outposts, and as they traveled they sometimes took pictures of places and things either for their own interest or because they thought there might be a market for such images.

Certainly the government was interested in obtaining pictorial representations of the many outstanding physical and geological features of the new territories. Thus it was, for instance, that Timothy H. O'Sullivan—one of the best photographers

LEFT: *View on Apache Lake, Sierra Blanca Range, Arizona,* Timothy O'Sullivan, circa 1873. Albumen print; 10¾" x 7⅞". During his tenure as official photographer for the Army Corps of Engineers, O'Sullivan recorded the region's native American inhabitants. Fraenkel Gallery, San Francisco. BELOW: *Paguate Watchtower,* Edward S. Curtis, 1925. Photogravure; 5½" x 7". With his mammoth 20-volume study, Curtis immortalized the vanishing culture of the North American Indians. Ledel Gallery, New York.



expansion, while the buffalo still roamed the prairies and native American nations fought to preserve their traditional ways of life.

It was also on hand to provide a record of the sod huts built by settlers in Nebraska and of the boomtowns that accompanied the discovery of precious metals in Nevada. It was there to take portraits of prosperous burghers and petty bandits, of mule skinners and gandy dancers, of Sioux chiefs and Apache warriors. It provided the homebodies back East with stereoscopic views of the Badlands and the Rockies, of rapids and mesas, of bustlin[illegible] camps and abandoned c[illegible]

The photo[illegible] that have come down to us fr[illegible] era—daguerreotypes, tint[illegible] gold-tones, silver and platinu[illegible] fold fascinati[illegible] The best of th[illegible] ic weight that [illegible] the photographers' or[illegible]

(photography was not yet looked on as a real art form), and all of them are packed with historical information.

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of the frontier—first traveled West to take part in the Fortieth Parallel Survey led, from 1867 to 1869, by the young writer and geologist Clarence King. In the early 1870s, O'Sullivan took part in another government-sponsored survey, this time under the leadership of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler of the Army Corps of Engineers, during which he made spectac-

continued on page 56



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Vintage Photography of the American West
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ABOVE: *First Load Express, Guthrie I.T.*, Mitchell & DeGroff Studios, circa 1889. Albumen print; 4 7/16" x 7½". An image depicting the settlement of Guthrie, Oklahoma, is among a group of photographs documenting the city from its inception. Robert Koch Gallery, San Francisco. RIGHT: *Pulpit Rock, Utah*, Carleton Watkins, circa 1873. Albumen print; 5" x 6⅝". Watkins, who was fascinated with unusual rock formations, captured the drama of a stark Utah vista while on a photographic expedition along the route of the Central Pacific Railroad. Ledel Gallery, New York.

ular photographs of the canyons of the Colorado River and valuable studies of native American life.

Other photographers were employed by the railroads to keep a visual log of the progress of their enterprises. So it was that A. J. Russell—like O'Sullivan a former Civil War photographer—became the official photographer for the Western Division of the Union Pacific, which gave him the opportunity to preserve the appearance of frontier towns like Laramie, Wyoming, and to photograph the Golden Spike ceremony at Promontory, Utah, that marked the comple-



The best photographs carry an aesthetic weight that often goes beyond the photographers' original intentions.

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Vintage Photography of the American West
continued from page 56

tion of the transcontinental railroad.

It was a railroad mogul, J. P. Morgan, who provided the seed money for Edward S. Curtis's monumental *The North American Indian*—a photographic study of the surviving Indian nations consisting of more than fifteen hundred images, which, though suspect from a scholarly point of view, are often strikingly handsome.

Key patrons of the frontier photographers were the various publishers who issued photogravures, stereo cards and other mass-produced versions of views taken by the adventurers who explored the West with heavy cameras strapped to the backs of mules. Unfortunately, the city folk who bought these products quickly displayed a taste for a limited repertoire of views that with amazing rapidity became all too familiar. These customers wanted more shots of Yosemite Falls and El Capitan, and of giant sequoias and rock formations that resembled human skulls.

Still, with all the constraints placed on them, photographers like Russell and O'Sullivan, and other pioneers like Carleton E. Watkins, William Henry Jackson and Eadweard Muybridge, managed to make superb landscape photographs and invaluable documentary studies of the opening up of the frontier. Alongside these masters, scores—if not hundreds—of lesser figures contributed to the photographic record of the Old West that has come down to us, and often the images th
packed with memo
and loaded with poignancy

Happily, most of these photographs are still relatively afford
and it is quite possible, accord
Lois Flury of Flury & Company in Seattle, to purchase a small photogravure made from an original by a well-known photographer of the Old West for as little as $100. At the other end of the scale, she reports, rare prints by Curtis, in excellent condition, can sell for as much as $35,000, occasionally even more. Alongside the major figures, however, Flury finds a growing interest in the work of lesser-known figures such as Laton Huffman, who worked in Montana in the 1870s and 1880s; Charles Lummis, who made early pictures of Apache and Navajo life; and Christian Barthelmess, who traveled extensively in the Southwest in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

According to Flury, photography in general is holding up very well in an otherwise soft art market, and this is especially true of photographs of the Old West. She attributes this to the fact that, despite steady growth, photography has never been subject to the extreme inflation that afflicted other areas of collecting in the 1980s.

"There are more new collectors in the last year or so," she observes, "and established buyers with resources—individuals, institutions and corporate clients—are continuing their acquisitions. Most are interested in very good to fine examples of work by top photographers. The market for Curtis is broadening, both here and abroad, with strong interest from Europe and some from Japan." Another trend she notes is a crossover of collectors from other areas—such as Amer
paintings, Americana and native American artifacts—into the field of vintage American photography.

ke Flury, Robert Koch o the

With all the constraints placed on them, photographers still managed to make superb landscape photographs and invaluable documentary studies of the opening up of the frontier.

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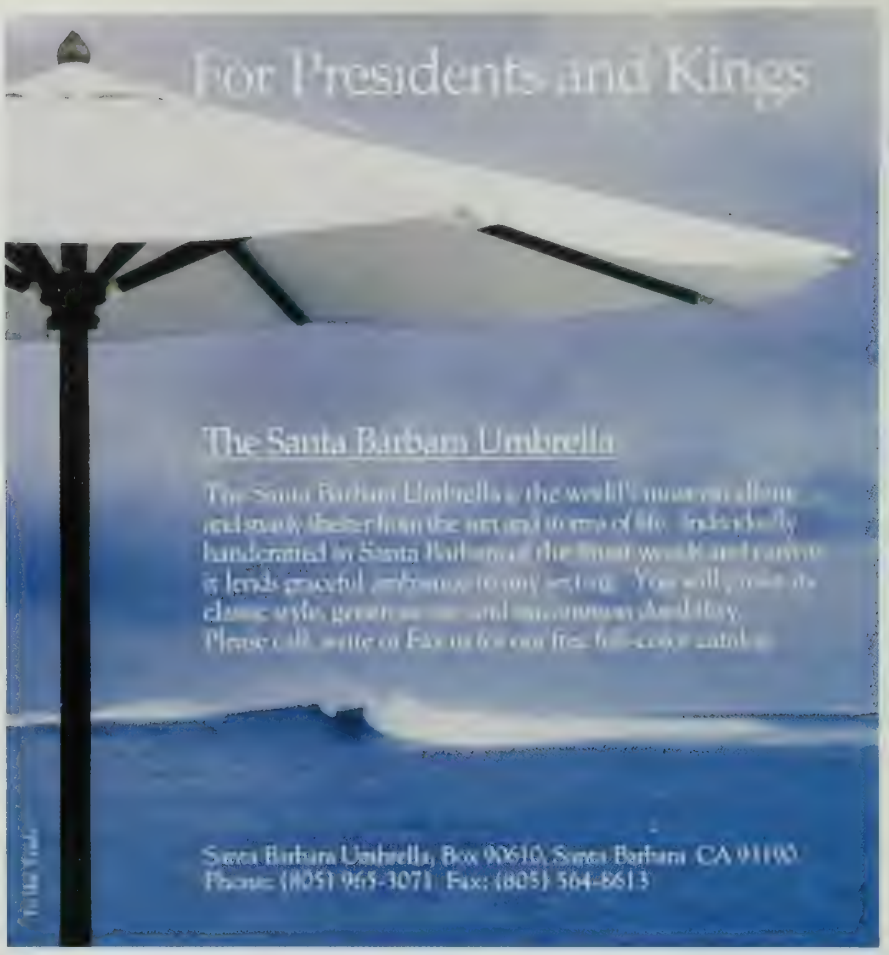
Vintage Photography of the American West
continued from page 58

Robert Koch Gallery in San Francisco finds that the market for photographs of the Old West, and for photographs in general, is holding up very strongly. "There was a falloff for a few months," he says, "but lately it has come back solidly." He also believes this is because photographs have never been overpriced.

"In reality, they are still undervalued," Koch reports. "Fine prints by somebody like Timothy O'Sullivan can be had for two thousand to three thousand dollars. Some of George Robinson Fardon's views of San Francisco—published around 1856—can be found in the same range. He made the first known photographic essay on paper of an American city."

The collecting of photography is, relatively speaking, in its infancy, Koch emphasizes. Because it's a form that hasn't been collected seriously for a long period of time, prices have remained stable. One can still purchase important photographic works for less than great works in other fields, he adds. He too sees a heightened interest in less widely known photographers and cites the example of Richard Throstle, a part-Indian assistant of Curtis's who took notable pictures, including night scenes of the campfire life of the Crow and Cheyenne nations.

John Boland of the Andrew Smith Gallery in Santa Fe also notes that photography is a comparatively new field and believes that this contributes to its accessibility. "New collectors can read a few books and catalogues and get a grasp of the whole history of photography quite quickly," he says. "There's nothing very complicated about it. And the collector can see something on the wall of a museum, then go to a gallery and buy a print of the same photograph for his own collection. There's something satisfying about that. For the price of one important American painting you can build a major collection of American photographs. The entry-level collector can acquire major works of art from the very outset." □







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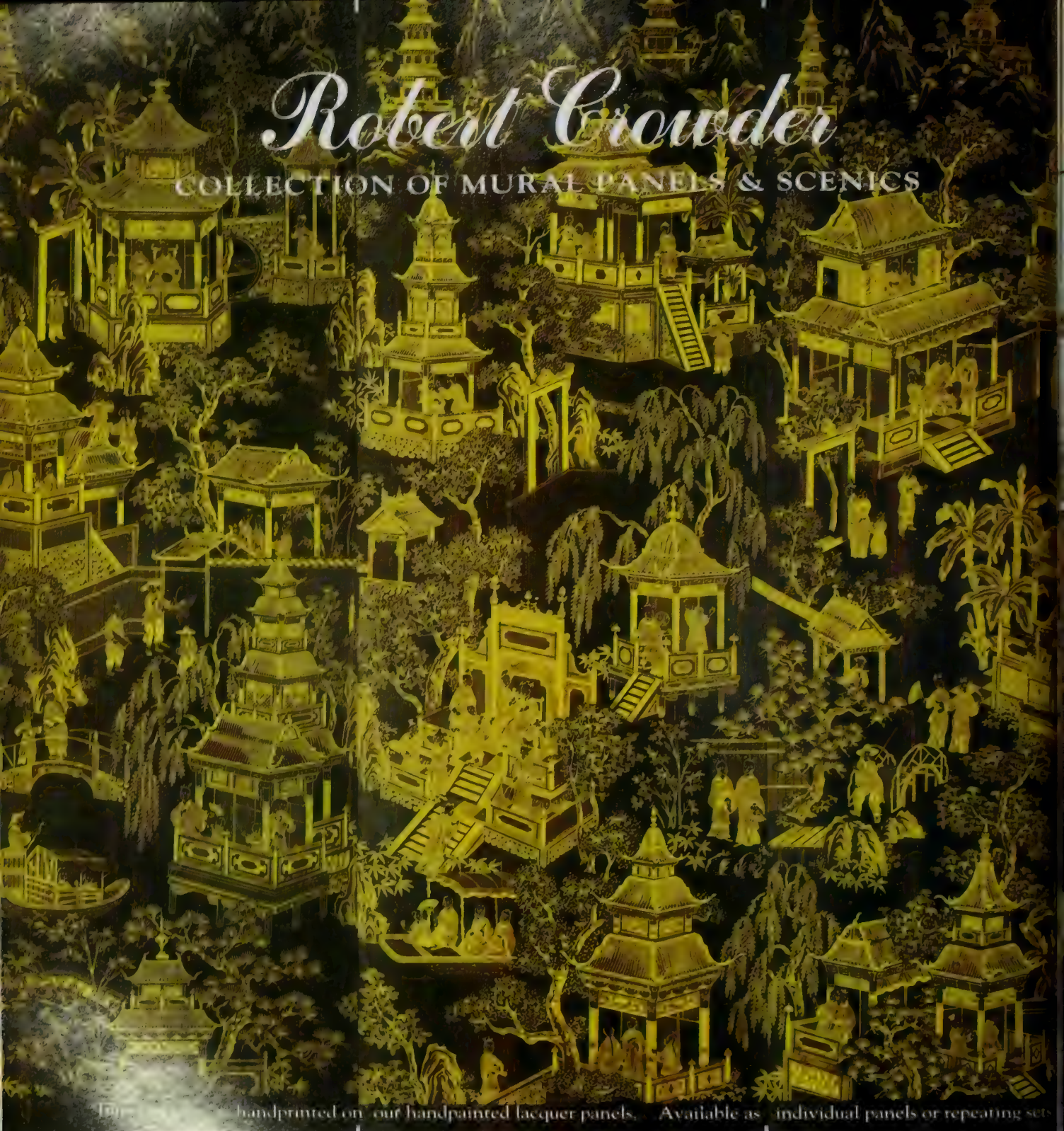
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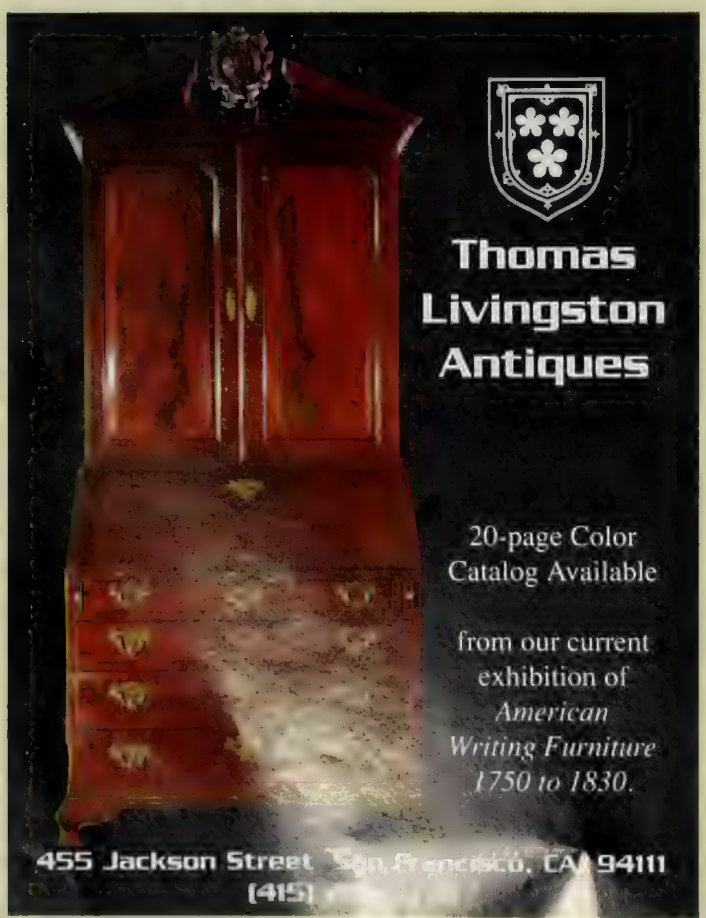


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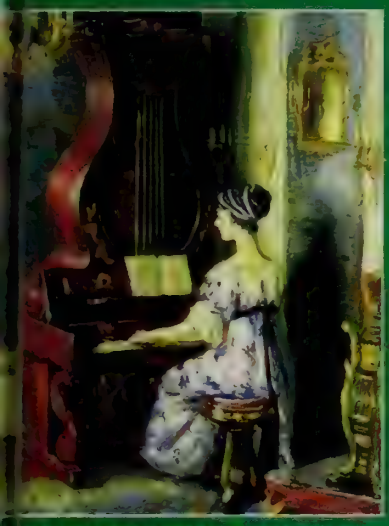


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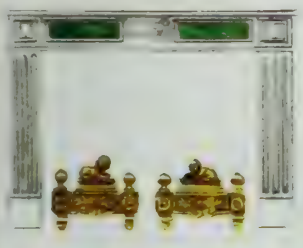
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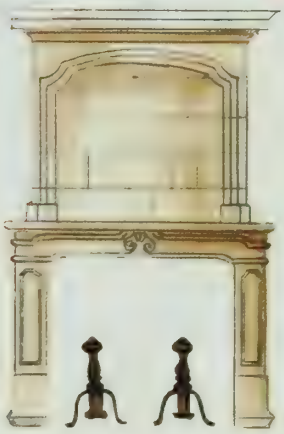


Charles William Gaylord

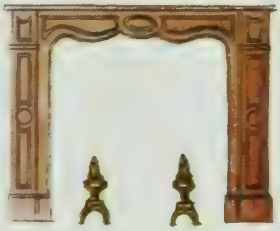
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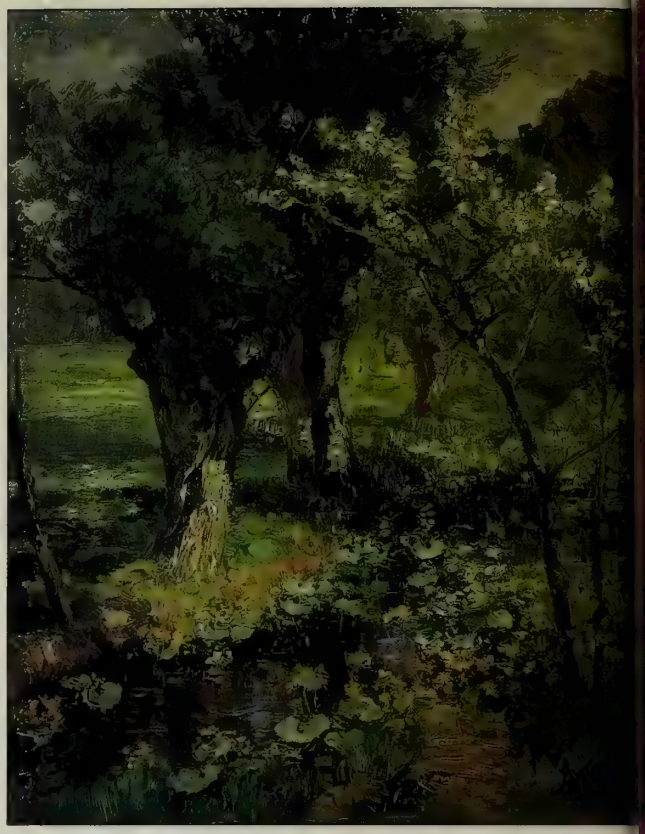






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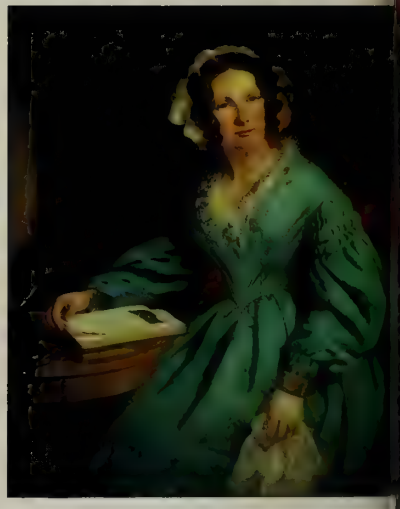


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Shown at Top: 18th century sofa, 19th century Bibliotheque, set of four signed 19th century oils on canvas, 19th century Bergere.

Shown at Center: 18th century marble mantle, 19th century signed oil on canvas, 18th century fruitwood column, 19th century writing desk, 19th century Bouillotte table.

Shown At Right: 19th century Aubusson tapestry, pair 18th century oil on canvas, 19th century Bibliotheque desk, 18th century Fauteul, 19th century carved console marble top.


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Dong Kingman, "Two Artists at Work", 15 x 22 inches, 1989 watercolor

Dong Kingman

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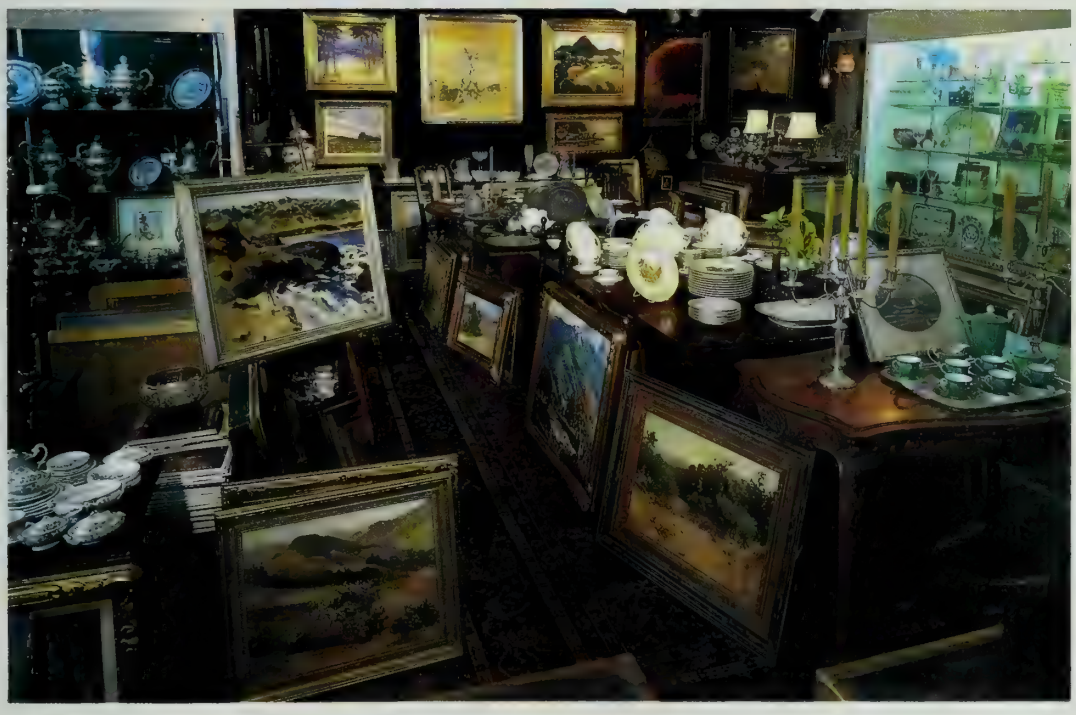
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Aristocratic Dudes



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After the early-19th-century explorations of Lewis and Clark, many European aristocrats were inspired to launch their own expeditions to experience the wilderness of the Far West. One such traveler was the earl of Dunraven, who commissioned artist Albert Bierstadt to paint the natural wonders of Colorado. *Estes Park* was done in 1877.

IN THE DECADES that followed the initial explorations of Lewis and Clark to the Pacific Northwest (1803–06), a variety of nomadic pioneers crisscrossed the Great Plains: hunters, trappers, cattlemen, missionaries, outlaws. Also present were surprisingly large numbers of European aristocrats who journeyed across the Atlantic in order to encounter, each in his own way, the wonders of the New World. Some of these titled personages, usually described in the press as sportsmen, were bent upon slaughtering as many living creatures as possible; others were amateurs of science, seeking to identify hitherto unknown species of flora and fauna; still others, having read in the cozy comfort of their libraries about cowboys and Indians, stampeding buffalo, and desperadoes as likely to shoot a stranger dead as say good-day to him, were eager to test their mettle against hardships and hazards no longer available to them in the Old World. They were gently mocked as dudes—a derogatory slang term of unknown origin, then coming into common use.

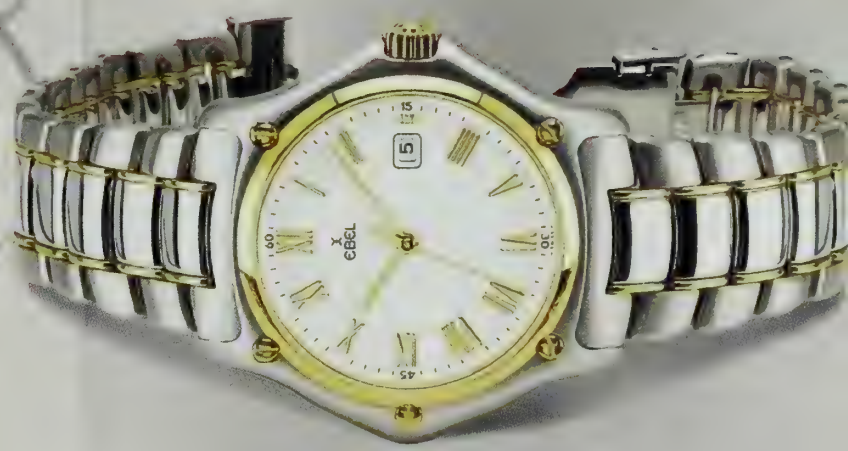
Throughout most of the nineteenth century, the hardships and hazards of life in the Far West were real enough; plenty of adventures were to be had by a brave tenderfoot. Of the tens of millions of acres that the United States acquired from France in the Louisiana Purchase, a large portion had not yet been carved up into states; squatters having settled down wherever they chose, title to property was often established at gunpoint. The many differing tribes of Plains Indians, threatened with annihilation by the invading white man, understandably responded now with passive docility, now with murderous fury. To cross the Great Plains and surmount the jagged, snowy heights of the Rocky Mountains, railroads gradually took the place of the old wagon trails leading out from St. Louis, Kansas City and other bustling frontier towns, but in the days before the Civil War, aristocratic dudes would either pay a fee to join fur traders making their regular rounds or, failing that, would assemble their own overland packtrains, with guides, cooks, valets and ample stores of foodstuffs,

continued on page 70

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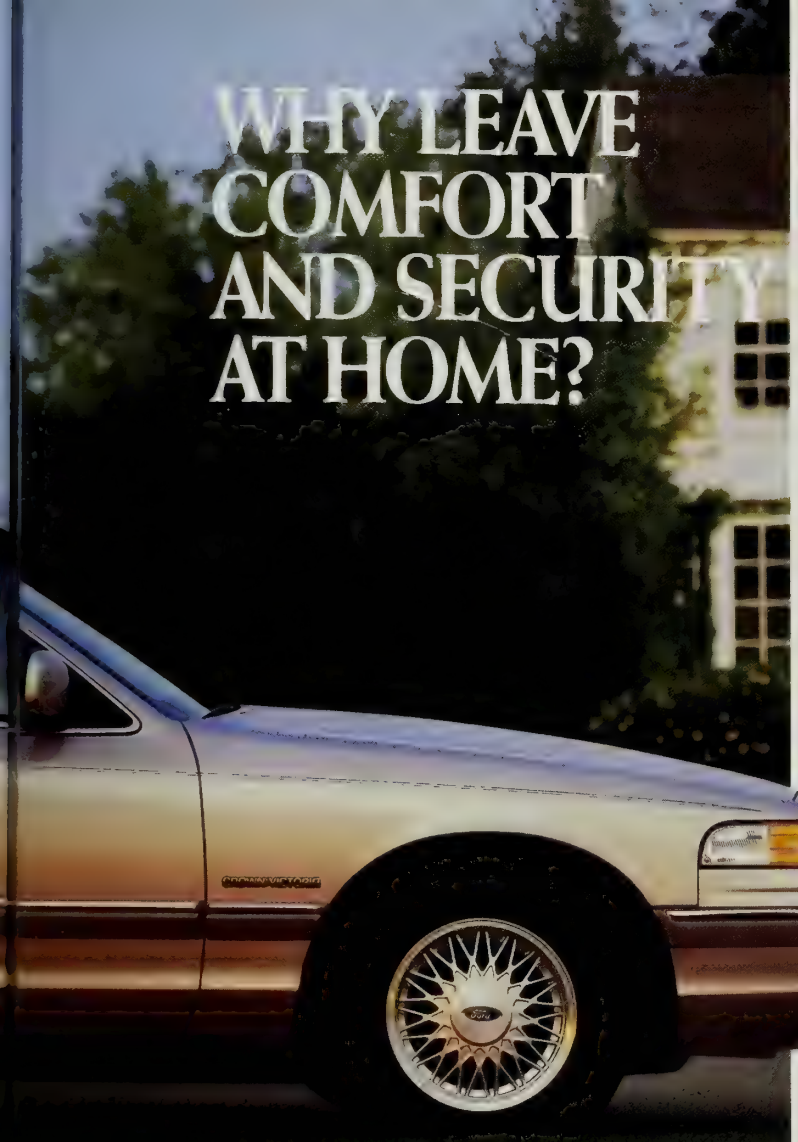
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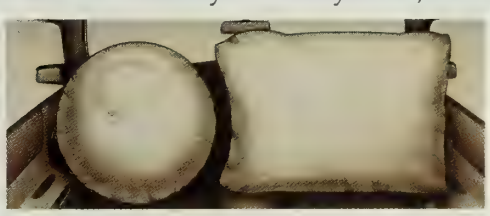


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Aristocratic Dudes
continued from page 66

bedding, firearms, ammunition and whiskey.

In the first of several visits to America during the 1830s, a Scottish sportsman, Captain William Drummond Stewart, joined forces with Robert Campbell, a fellow Scotsman and field agent of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Stewart paid five hundred dollars for the privilege of accompanying Campbell from St. Louis up what came to be known as the Oregon Trail into the superb hunting country near the Green River, in what is now Wyoming. The goods train for that expedition consisted of forty men, a hundred and twenty pack mules, a herd of saddle horses, a flock of sheep (to be killed for meat), two bulls and four cows (for milk). On a later trip, Stewart brought along a four-horse wagon loaded with costly foods, wines and liquor, and a two-horse wagon filled with proper English hunting gear, Persian rugs, sable blankets and a big chest containing soaps, salves, pills and purges. Dude that he was, Stewart was accompanied by three servants, two hunting dogs, two racehorses and a young artist, Alfred Jacob Miller, who played the same useful role in recording Stewart's activities that Kodaks and movie cameras would play for travelers in the twentieth century. Miller is thought to be the first artist ever to depict the Rockies; his hundreds of drawings and watercolors of landscapes, Indian dances, buffalo hunts and the like make up an indispensable documentary record of the period.


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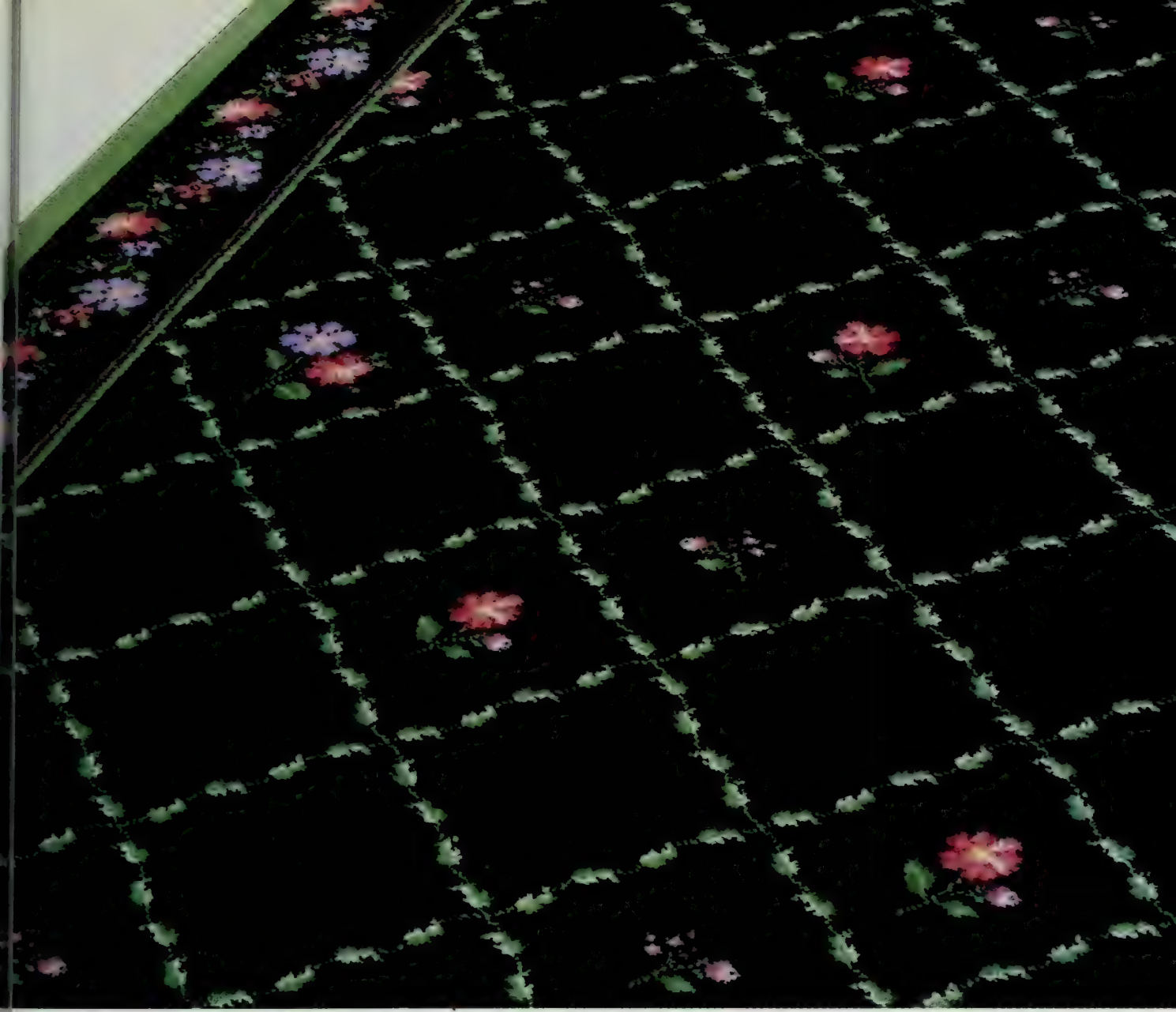
LEFT: *Portrait of Sir William Drummond Stewart* by Henry Inman, 1844, is of the Scotsman who in the 1830s journeyed through what is now Wyoming. He wrote *Altowan* and *Edward Warren*, two novels based on what he observed.

Upon the death of an older brother, Stewart became the nineteenth lord of Grandtully and retreated to the family castle in Perthshire. He has earned an infinitesimal place in literary history as the author of two novels based on his American adventures—*Altowan* and *Edward Warren*. According to a contemporary authority on the West, Marshall Sprague, the novels are full of romantic nonsense of a sort that must have struck Victorian readers as daring stuff; Tona, a fifteen-year-old Crow maiden in *Altowan*, is described as being "a wild creature, scantily clothed, with well-formed limbs, beautiful hands and arms, and a roguish eye."

Traveling through the West at about the same time as Stewart was the fifty-year-old Alexander Philip Maximilian, prince of Wied-Neuwied, a naturalist already celebrated for his studies of native tribes in the tropical forests of Brazil. Prince Max's intention was to make similar studies of several North American tribes, along with descriptions of the flora and fauna they dwelt among, and to assist him in that purpose he, like Stewart, had imported an artist, a twenty-two-year-old Swiss named Karl Bodmer. Trained in

BELOW: Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied is portrayed in *The Travellers Meeting with Minatarre Indians near Fort Clark*, an 1842–43 lithograph after Karl Bodmer, the Swiss artist who accompanied the nobleman on his travels.





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ABOVE: The Baltimore-born painter Alfred Jacob Miller, who created the watercolor *Presents to Indians* in 1858–60, is believed to have been the first American artist to depict the Rockies.



ABOVE: *Trappers*, 1858–60, is a watercolor that Miller did while trekking in the company of Sir William Drummond Stewart as he traversed what would eventually be called the Oregon Trail.

In 1872 the grand duke Alexis of Russia arrived for a visit to the Far West, hoping to harvest the obligatory high number of buffalo.



Paris, Bodmer was eager to make a name for himself, and so successful was he in accurately depicting the people and scenes that he and the prince encountered in the course of their journey that the historian Bernard DeVoto has written of him, in *Across the Wide Missouri*, that he far outstripped the American artist George Catlin in the accuracy of his handiwork. Prince Max scrutinized at close range the Omaha, the Ponca, the Sioux and the Crow. Short, fat, ill-tempered and unmarried, the prince paid little heed to well-formed female limbs and roguish eyes. He wrote with fastidious disdain of Crow women that they were "the most dissolute of all the tribes of the Missouri."

In 1872 the grand duke Alexis of Russia arrived for a visit to the Far West, hoping to harvest the obligatory high number of buffalo. (With some difficulty, he managed to kill six.) The duke's official escort was the dashing and reckless George Armstrong Custer, who had been breveted the youngest general in the Union Army and who was to die four years later in a battle against the Sioux and Cheyenne at Little Bighorn River. Lower in rank than the grand duke but a far better shot was still another titled visitor: an Anglo-Irish peer, the earl of Dunraven, who was a graduate of Oxford and a skilled yachtsman, hunter, fisherman and reporter (he had covered the Franco-Prussian War for the London *Daily Telegraph*). On one of the earliest of the dozen or so visits that Dunraven made to the States he paid a call

LEFT: Miller was especially noted for his many representations of the various native American tribes he encountered. Those works would become invaluable chronicles of the period. *Interior of Fort Laramie* dates from 1850–60.

continued on page 78

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Aristocratic Dudes
continued from page 74

on a famous war hero, General "Phil" Sheridan, whose advice was always sought by distinguished transatlantic visitors interested in exploring the West. Years later the earl wrote a couple of memoirs of his American exploits, *The Great Divide* and *Past Times and Pastimes*—books that make racy, amusing reading to this day. In them he describes Sheridan as "a great soldier and a delightful man, with the one peculiarity of using the most astounding swear words quite calmly and dispassionately in ordinary conversation."

Sheridan arranged for the young milord and his personal physician, George Kingsley (people of importance traveled with their personal physicians in those days), to pick up guides at North Platte, a desolate whistle-stop on the Union Pacific Railroad, named after the river upon whose banks it had recently been founded. The guides were "Buffalo Bill" Cody and "Texas Jack" Omohundro "of nearby Fort McPherson, tall, well-built, active-looking men, with singularly handsome features," as Dunraven describes them. He continues: "Bill was dressed in a pair of corduroys tucked into his high boots, and a blue flannel shirt. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, or sombrero, and had a white handkerchief folded like a little shawl loosely fastened around his neck to keep off the fierce rays of the afternoon sun. Jack's costume was similar, with the exception that he wore moccasins, and had his lower limbs encased in a pair of comfortable greasy deerskin trousers, ornamented with a fringe along the seams. Round his waist was a belt supporting a revolver, two butcher knives, and, in his hand he carried his trusty rifle, the 'Widow'—now in my possession."

After a month spent hunting elk with Cody and Omohundro, Dunraven boasted in his memoirs that his party returned to Fort McPherson as "about the dirtiest, most blood-stained, hungriest, happiest, most contented, and most disreputa crowd to be found anywhere in the great territories of the West." The following year he and Kingsley returned and, again with Cody and Omohundro as guides, sought out buffalo on the prairies, bighorn sheep in the mountains and merry social gatherings in such newly laid-out boomtowns as Denver, where they stayed at a hotel that billed itself as "the Delmonico of the West." In Denver, they were told of a vast, secret valley of ten or fifteen thousand acres, a paradise for hunters, just to the north of Colorado Springs. It was called Estes Park, and in the dead of winter Dunraven went off to investigate it.

Estes Park proved to be every bit as beautiful and as full of good shooting as his lordship had been promised. Soon he conceived the notion of purchasing the entire valley and turning it into his private hunting reserve. He hired a land agent who engaged in a common practice of the day, buying large tracts of land in the names of local squatters, who then turned the properties over to the agent on behalf of his foreign master. By the time Dunraven had accumulated some four thousand acres by this means, the "locals" were beginning to resent his presence and the earl himself was having second thoughts. In his memoirs, he writes that people had begun to wander in—his understated way of conveying that from a hunter's point of view Estes Park was becoming downright overcrowded. He gives an example: "I was sitting smoking at the door of a little one-room shanty when to me appeared a queer little old man on a pack-horse and says he, 'Say, stranger, is this a good place to drink whiskey in?' I said it was if only there was whiskey. He looked disappointed nd wandered off. It became evident that we were not to be left monarchs of all we surveyed.... People came in disputing claims, kicking up rows; exorbitant land taxes got into arrears; we were in constant litigation.... So we sold for what we could get and cleared out, and I have never been there since."

The guides were "Buffalo Bill" Cody and "Texas Jack" Omohundro of Fort McPherson.

Long vanished from his cottage on Fish Creek in Estes Park is the brave and handsome young earl, but his name remains enshrined in nearby Mount Dunraven, Dunraven Pass and Dunraven Glade. And he is at least indirectly present in the reading room of the Denver Public Library, where there hangs an immense landscape painted in 1877 by Albert Bierstadt. Meeting Bierstadt in New York City, Dunraven invited him out to Estes Park, where the artist made sketches of Longs Peak from the vantage point of the Fish Creek cottage; the actual canvas was painted in Bierstadt's New York studio. Dunraven paid the artist fifteen thousand dollars for the picture, which hung for many years at the earl's seat, Adare Manor, in County Limerick. He left it to his daughter, the countess of Meath, who gave it to a nephew, Desmond Fitzgerald, hereditary knight of Glin. The picture occupied a proud place in the drawing room of the knight's home, Glin Castle.

The knight died in 1949, and his widow sold the picture several years later, for five thousand dollars, to help pay for the education of her young son, also named Desmond Fitzgerald. This Desmond, the twenty-ninth knight of Glin, is a well-known authority on Irish paintings and architecture and is president of the Irish Georgian Society. He remembers staring for hours at the immense Bierstadt landscape during his early childhood at Glin, but he has yet to visit Estes Park and observe at first hand the view that filled his mind (as his great-grandfather wrote that his mind had been filled in childhood) with "tales of Red Indians and grizzly bears... prairies and buffaloes... cowboys and voyageurs." □





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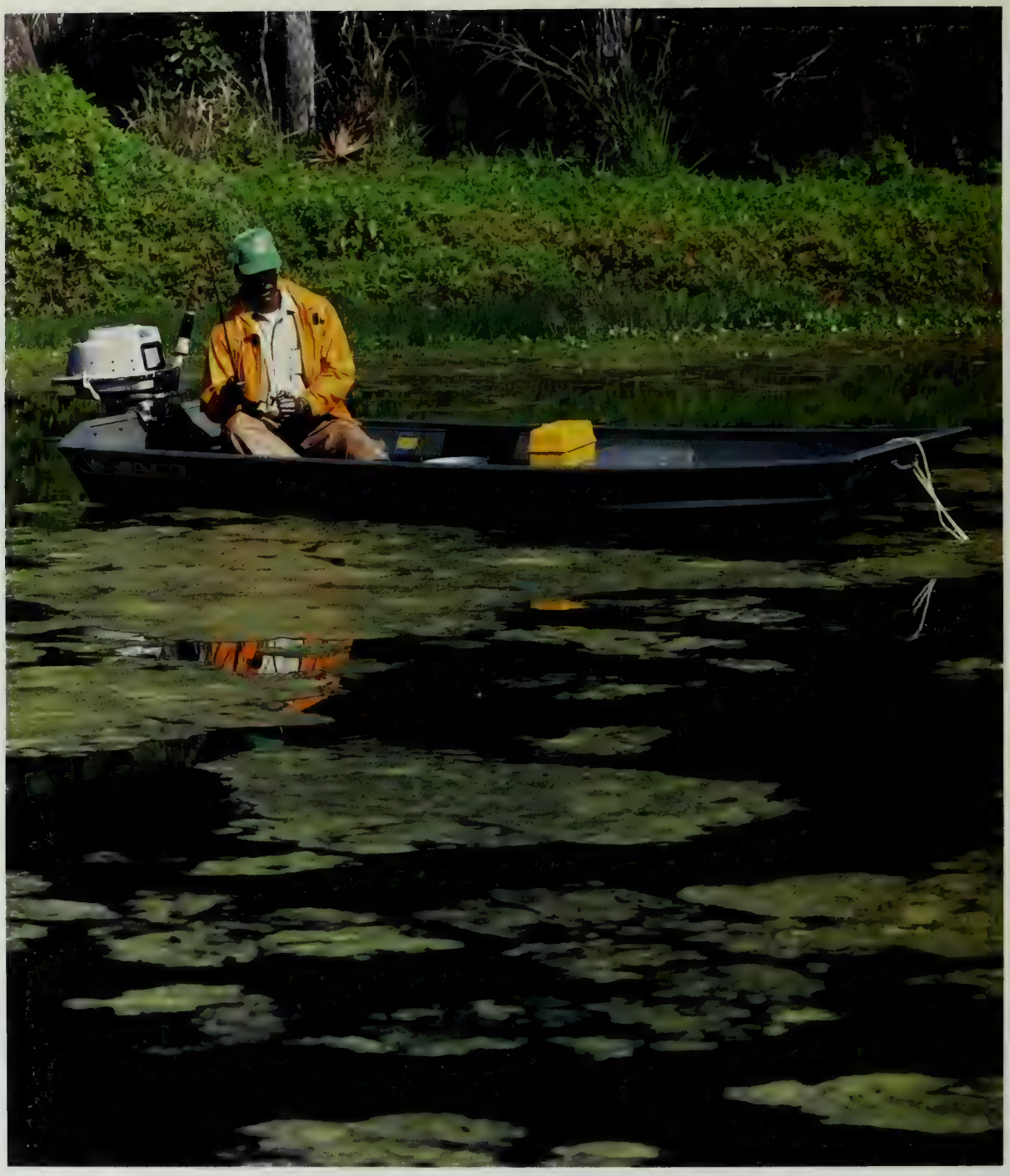


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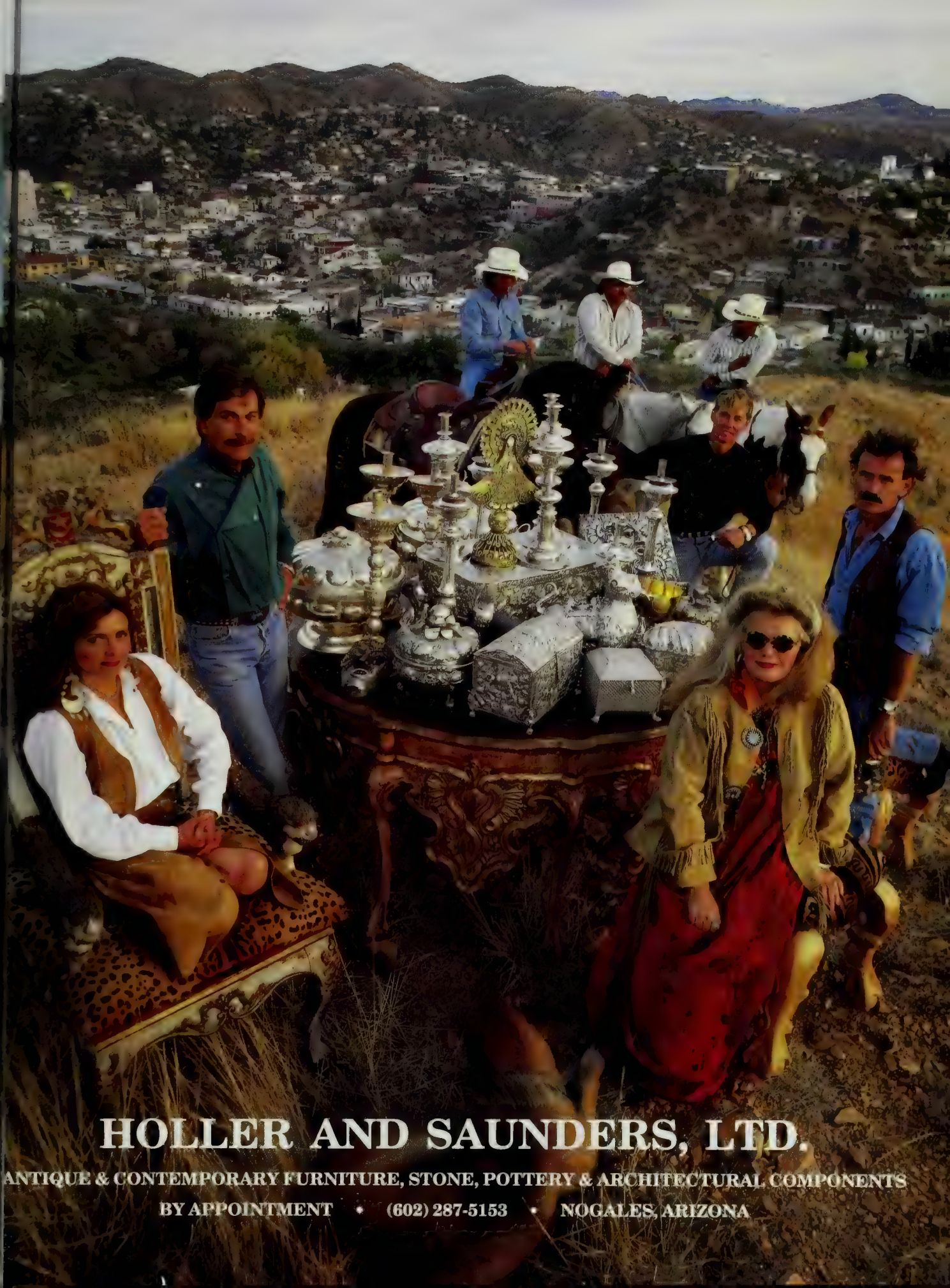




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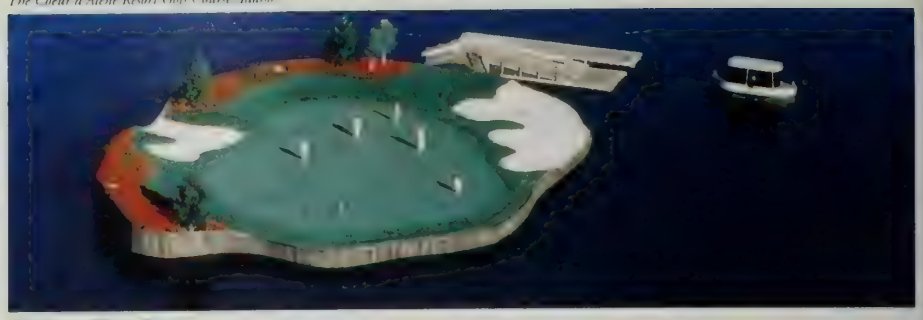
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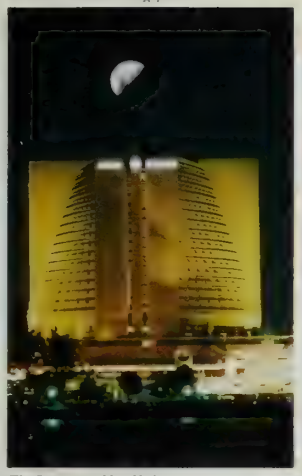
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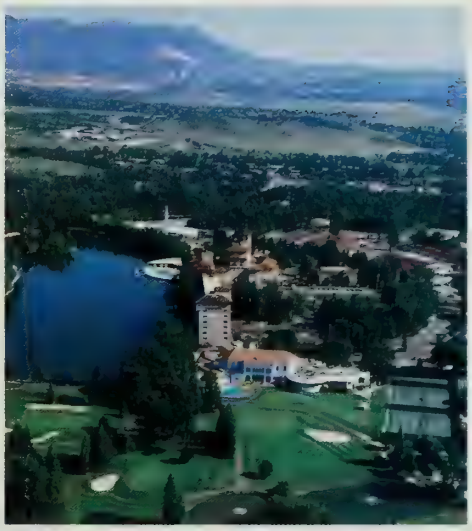
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A NEW STAR IN SANTA FE

The Institute of American Indian Arts Museum

By Roger Morris



PHOTOGRAPHY ROBERT RECK

LEFT: Once containing offices for government clerks, Santa Fe's Federal Building has been transformed into the Institute of American Indian Arts Museum by Antoine Predock and Louis Weller. The architects restored the exterior of the 1922 Pueblo Revival–style building and completely remodeled its interiors.

BELOW: In the entrance area is a circular chamber that serves as a place for contemplation and a point of transition from the busy plaza outside to the galleries. BELOW LEFT: The room is modeled on a kiva, a sacred space found in the cliff dwellings of many southwestern tribes. The pit is used for fire, which for almost all native Americans represents life.

"IT'S ONE OF THOSE structures that acquire a mythic importance," says architect Antoine Predock of Santa Fe's seventy-year-old Federal Building, now so gracefully evolved into the Institute of American Indian Arts Museum. Outwardly, it might have seemed a straightforward renovation, yet the challenge was subtle in matters of spirit as well as style; the project itself became a metaphor for the richly layered history of the American West.

Erected in 1921–22 on Cathedral Place just off Santa Fe's plaza, the building was designed by architect Louis A. Simon to harmonize with the city's Pueblo Revival, the early-twentieth-century style that was part architectural renaissance, part tourist boosterism in the picturesque New Mexico capital.





Behind mud-brown-plaster walls and traditional small windows, beneath hand-hewn vigas with carved and painted corbels, there was to be the town's post office and space for officials of forestry, land survey and agriculture. Twin towers with a bell niche used to mask the old weather bureau's crude

continued on page 86



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And our link to another realm.

Taking wing with what seemed to be a small berry in his beak, Raven ascended into the thick black sky. With but a quick flick of his head he cast out the sun, unveiling all he had created in a wave of daylight.

Surely, it's for these very good reasons so many of our native peoples, like the Tsimshian, the Tlingit, the Haida, all chose to settle here. And still the beating rhythms of unchanged rituals pay tribute to everything that made it a reality.



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Canada

The World Next Door

The Institute of American Indian Arts Museum
continued from page 82



ABOVE: Under the leadership of former president Lloyd Kiva New, right, the institute grew from a government-funded school in 1962 to the country's only college devoted solely to Indian arts. In 1972 it expanded to include a museum, now directed by Richard Hill, left, who oversaw the Federal Building's renovation.

The architects reoriented spaces toward natural illumination and opened them up to the outside. Doors and corridors beckon to light at every turn.



RIGHT: The architects worked within the existing wood framework and walls, updating the spaces to accommodate the collection of contemporary art by students and alumni. Opening this month, the museum will feature the exhibition "Creativity Is Our Tradition."

BELOW: Among the numerous works in all media in the institute's collection is *Kachina*, a 1981 painting by Hopi artist Sakahaftewa Ishii.



monitoring instruments. Later, among a succession of federal occupants, the FBI festooned the soft-edged mission roof with a thicket of antennas.

Founded as a school by the Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1962 under the pioneering presidency of Lloyd Kiva New, the Institute of American Indian Arts (IAIA) embodied the then revolutionary concept of a national arts college for native Americans. Today, the IAIA is the world's only institution of higher education devoted to the study and practice of American Indian and Alaskan native art. With over two hundred students from twenty-nine states and seventy-seven tribes, the institute has been lauded as "a United Nations of Indian nations, a unity within diversity . . . enriching, educational, broadening and exciting." Among IAIA alumni and faculty are many distinguished native American artists, and in its collection of art, much of the finest contemporary Indian art in every medium.

The institute's collection grew out of a student honors program and, with the help of donations from outside artists and private collectors, expanded into a museum in 1972. Until the IAIA acquired the

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The Institute of American Indian Arts Museum
continued from page 86

Federal Building in January 1990, however, exhibits were confined to borrowed quarters at the Santa Fe Indian School campus, and most holdings remained in storage.

Turning the building into a major new American Indian art museum meant rescuing it from recent years of neglect and stylistic atrophy. The task was entrusted to a team composed of the award-winning Predock, native American architect Louis L. Weller and project manager Rebecca Ingram, whom Predock describes as "our mainstay" in crucial day-to-day diplomacy. The team confronted all the sediment of the building's former life—a rabbit warren of offices and partitions as well as a large hall once welcoming to postal customers but now unsuitable for the celebration of native American art.

At the same time, it was important to acknowledge the structure's hybrid nature—not a true adobe but a textured face over brick and concrete: a non-Indian, non-Spanish vision of the past, with an integrity all its own. "We were very much aware of the power of the original culture and the translation of that power," says Predock. "The hardest part was to articulate that spirit in that setting."

For visitors, the passage begins with an entrance area that contains a circular chamber where, as Predock describes it, "one can physically and spiritually decelerate from cinegraphic Santa Fe into the artistic and cultural realm." Bathed in a ring of light and resonant with recordings of Indian music and poetry, it induces a meditative transition from the town outside.

Aptly enough, in building this new entrance, workers unearthed an archaeological find: fragments of weaponry used in the Pueblo uprising against the Spanish in 1680 as well as remnants of a [illegible]th-century convent. The progress [illegible] church to a center of native [illegible] nice irony, since in [illegible] places, missionaries buil[illegible] over Indian temples.

To preserve the character [illegible] Pueblo Revival building, the architects left the exterior cleansed but unaltered. Within, they carefully retained the fortresslike atmosphere of governmental presence, while reorienting spaces toward natural illumination and opening them up to the outside. Doors and corridors beckon to light at every turn.

Beyond the intimate transitional galleries and classrooms for museum studies, there are a series of galleries that house the institute's remarkable National Collection of Contemporary Indian Art. All around is the blending of past and present; the old walls enclose the innovative displays, where art, artist and viewer may interact with sight, sound and ambiance.

Upstairs, where clerks once busily filed official records, the architects have kept the burnished, transomed doors, the gracious hewn beams and colorfully decorated corbels, and inserted the administrative offices above the galleries. An elegant small conference room now huddles between the uncluttered bell towers on the third floor. The building, whose second story overlooks downtown Santa Fe, is "a dignified and empowered Indian presence," as the institute describes it.

The design will culminate in a large exterior space in the rear, in what Predock calls "an outdoor room and plaza." It will be a place that artists can use as an open-air studio and where artist Alan Houser will install a work as part of a sculpture park.

In a 1990s Santa Fe often crowded by its commerce, the old Federal Building is an inviting home of serenity and values, at once refuge and showplace, eloquent of a culture's singular gift. True to its origin, it remains a symbol of the West's constant rejuvenation, an inimitable American joining of past and future. □

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Geary's, Beverly Hills
E.A. Grebitus & Son Jewelers, Sacramento
Shreve & Co., San Francisco
Touch of Gold, Corte Madera
Lucy Zahran, Beverly Hills,
Costa Mesa, Manhattan Beach

COLORADO
Broadmoor Jewelers, Colorado Springs

IDAHO
Angleton's, Boise

KANSAS
The Plaid Giraffe, Wichita

LOUISIANA
Lee Michaels Fine Jewelry, Baton Rouge

MINNESOTA
Byerly's, St. Louis Park

MISSOURI
Byron Cade, St. Louis
Halls, Kansas City

OKLAHOMA
Fitzhugh's, Oklahoma City
Miss Jackson, Tulsa

OREGON
Carl Greve Jewelers, Portland

TEXAS
Anderson Bros. Jewelers, Lubbock
The Carlton House, Houston
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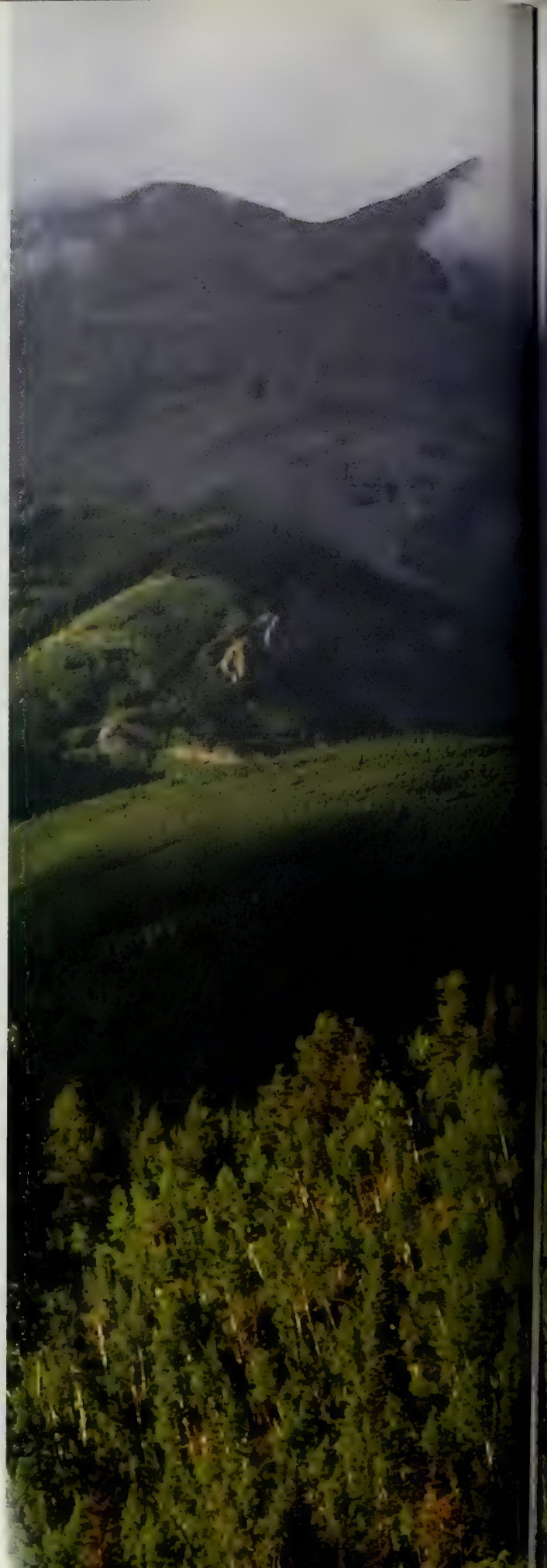
SCATTERED AMONG THE folds and creases of the West's jagged topography lie reminders of what often drove settlement there a century ago. The bleached wooden sheds, grass-covered tailing mounds and rusting iron machinery left by the miners who once worked in the area seem to ring aloud with the grind of gears, thunder of dynamite and shouts of excited discovery. But most striking in this era of environmental awareness is that the crumbling structures belong to the landscape. Using simple tools and materials found at hand, the miners created an architecture of surprising utility and grace.

San Francisco–based architect Daniel Solomon recognized this unlikely aesthetic source when designing a vacation house in Telluride, Colorado, for a midwestern executive and his family. "I think the mine buildings that sit and weather in the mountains have incredible dignity," Solomon says. "A hundred and twenty years after they were built, these modest little structures have a sphinxlike presence. I admire them tremendously."

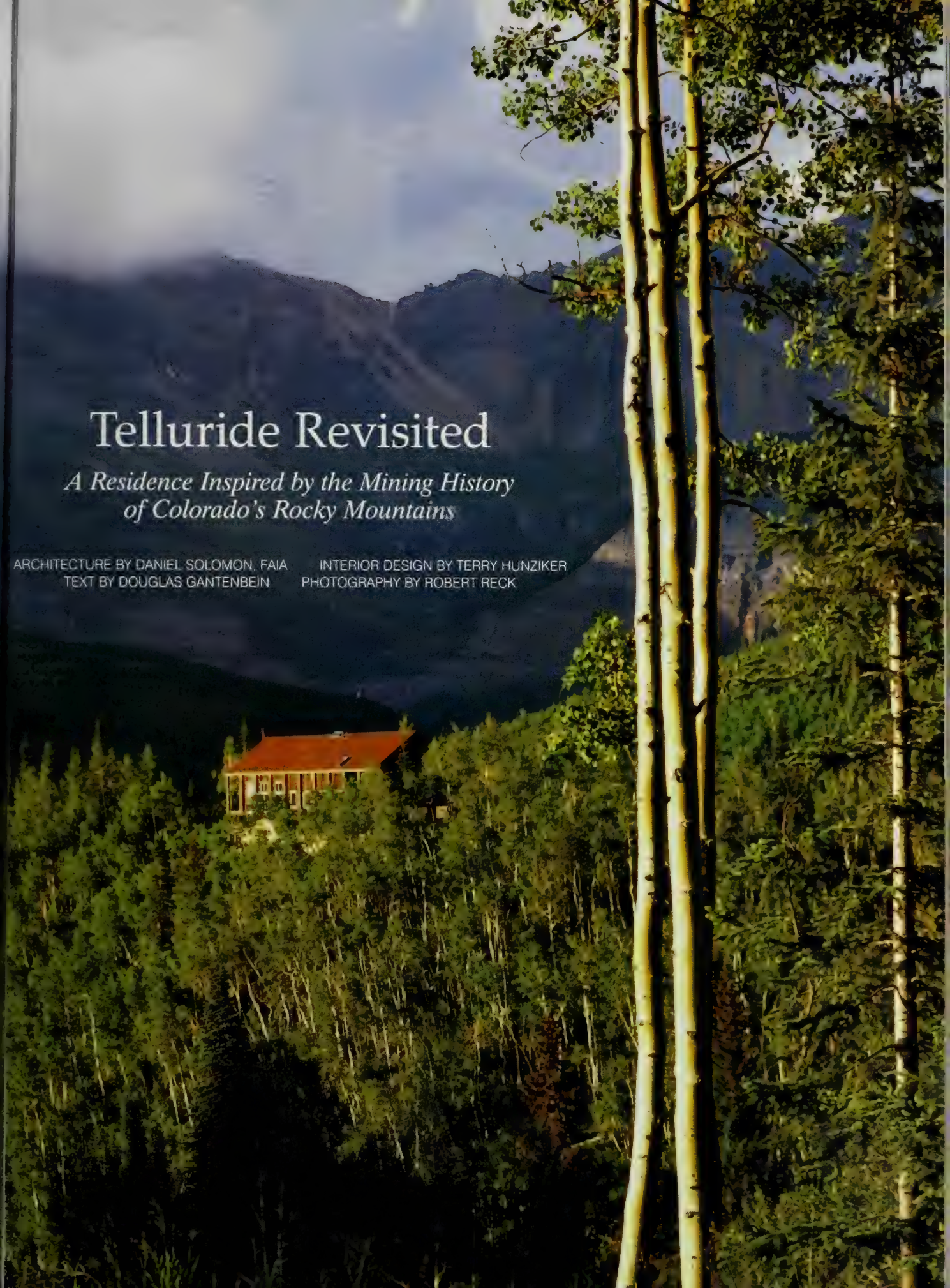
The residence clearly draws from Telluride's past: A simple shed design rendered in rough barnwood and fieldstone with a corrugated-steel roof, it mimics the romantic air of decay found in its antecedents. Set atop a small ridge, the house has sweeping views across a valley and all the way to the La Sal range in Utah. "It's the most glorious Rocky Mountain landscape you can imagine," Solomon says.

Putting the house in a position to fully capitalize on this spectacle, however, proved to be difficult. The ideal location was more than twenty feet above the level that could be used by either ski or car, creating an enormous access problem. At one point the clients lost hope of finding a solution. "We all sat there for a day with pencils and pads," says the wife. "But we finally figured out how to site the house."

The answer was a bit of inspiration that not only solved the siting puzzle but strengthened the architecture's visual ties to its design sources and added to the house's charm. One enters through a door at the center of the garage, which Solomon placed on a small plateau behind a retaining wall. A narrow hall with a skylighted ceiling leads to a spiral staircase that ascends to a covered footbridge connecting to the main building and recalling the area's ore-hauling systems. "It's an elaborate entrance sequence to a very simple building," says Solomon. "A lot of mine buildings have that; they're simple structures joined by chutes and bridges."



Set in a former mining territory in the Rocky Mountains, a Telluride, Colorado, residence designed by San Francisco architect Daniel Solomon evokes the area's history. "The mines were typically made of weathered wood and stone with rusted-tin or metal roofs and seem a timeless part of the landscape," Solomon says



Telluride Revisited

A Residence Inspired by the Mining History of Colorado's Rocky Mountains

ARCHITECTURE BY DANIEL SOLOMON, FAIA
TEXT BY DOUGLAS GANTENBEIN
INTERIOR DESIGN BY TERRY HUNZIKER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT RECK



ABOVE: Because the site was 26 feet above the access road, the architect created a bridge linking the garage and the main building, left. "Mines were often on steep, almost unreachable terrain," Solomon says, "with separate buildings connected by bridges or chutes." Within the garage structure, right, a spiral stair ascends to the bridge, which leads into the living/dining area on the middle level.

Still, all is not quite as it appears. To successfully reflect the local look, Solomon wound up importing much of it. The hoary siding, for instance, came from a barn in Pennsylvania. The fieldstone was brought in from Arkansas because of its better color consistency compared with the indigenous stone. And while the house looks somewhat rough-hewn, it had to be structurally very complicated to deal with the bitter winters and wild temperature swings of the Rocky Mountains.

The interior spaces are arranged in as forthright a manner as the exterior. The stone-clad ground floor contains four guest bedrooms and a bunk-bed sleeping area, with baths for each. On the main level are the double-height living/dining area, a games room and a kitchen; the master suite occupies the top level. One reason the clients chose Solomon is that he shares with them an enthusiasm for skiing, an affinity revealed in the sensible provisions for storing skis and entering the house with wet clothing.

Solomon, who has a long string of domestic projects to his credit, had seen the work of Seattle-based interior designer Terry Hunziker and admired his lean, sophisticated approach. He asked him to fill in the framework of the Telluride residence. Hunziker is careful to respect the integrity of the architect's work. "I try to use objects that feel the same as the architecture—things that should be there," the designer says. "I don't start throwing in all kinds of prints and elements that don't have any relation to the architecture."

Hunziker understood the intent of the clients, a

Seattle designer Terry Hunziker, who did the furnishings, collaborated with the architect on the interiors. OPPOSITE LEFT: "The volume of the living/dining area is wonderful, easy to work with," says Hunziker of the double-height space. The Mexican pine table echoes the woods, while the fireplace recalls the miners' tin roofs. "The external flue solves the problem of facing both the view and the fire," explains Solomon.



"The interiors are somewhat contemporary, kind of tough, with materials that aren't too precious," the designer notes. ABOVE: The kilim rug is complemented by the handwoven chair upholstery fabric designed by Hunziker. BELOW RIGHT: "The pieces I did are a lot like ones in my urban projects, just different materials," he says of the dining area's table and chairs. Monotype is by Andrew Spence.





low-key couple with a large and close-knit family, to create a retreat that would be welcoming. "They wanted a warm country house, but they didn't want it to be traditional," says Hunziker. Adds the wife, "We wanted it to be practical but attractive. Terry set just the right mood for the house."

Embellishing the vernacular look Solomon employed, Hunziker included a variety of weathered-steel details, such as a round dining table that was made with a chunk of found corroded metal. Its custom-made base evokes the machinery once used by miners. "It has an astonishing quality," Hunziker points out. "You hardly ever see that kind of steel used in a table, but it has a strong relationship to the idea behind the house."

The balance of the furnishings adhere to the clients' desire for comfort and utility. The main floor's colors complement the stone floor and cedar siding, and the rugged texture of the steel is echoed in such pieces as an eighteenth-century Mexican farm table. The master suite, adorned with decorative quilts, has furniture upholstered in dark blue denim and sisal and coir matting. The clients' love of contemporary art is evident in the jazzy stained-

The master suite is on the top level of the residence. "Tucked within the gable, the bedroom faces Palmyra Peaks," says Solomon. The sisal-floored room features photographs by Eileen Benjamin. Fabric on chaise is from Brunschwig & Fils.



"Technically, there are ways in which the mine buildings are very sensible. They exhibit a lot of common wisdom about how to build on these sites and in these climates," says Solomon. ABOVE: The house is poised on a narrow ridge at 10,000 feet; the garage is below. The stone-clad lower level contains guest bedrooms; above is the living/dining area. Adirondack chairs surround the hot tub.

glass front door. Designed by Minneapolis glass artisan Michael Pilla, the door signals the unusual location of the entrance between the garage doors.

Solomon views the house as a clear expression of the approach he takes to all domestic architecture. "I think houses are very particular to both people and settings," he says. "This was a case of a highly particular program and a setting that is absolutely spectacular. The difficult part was figuring out how to fit the house on the site. As for its character, there never was any hesitancy about what that should be." □



RIGHT: With its Cor-Ten steel roof and barnwood siding, the entrance tower and bridge bears a strong resemblance to the ore-hauling mechanisms that were once used by local miners.



For about six months of each year, Liz Claiborne and her husband, Art Ortenberg, retreat to Tranquillity Ranch, located at the edge of a lake in Swan Valley, Montana. The residence is surrounded by lodgepole pines and tamaracks; in the distance rise the Swan Mountains.

Tranquillity Ranch in Montana

The Swan Valley Retreat of Liz Claiborne and Art Ortenberg

ARCHITECTURAL AND INTERIOR DESIGN BY THOMAS L. MOORE, ASID
WRITTEN BY MERLYN KLINKENBORG PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT RECK



On their rides around the property, Ortenberg rides a horse called Scout and Claiborne rides Mpingo, which means ebony in Swahili. Since their retirement from the fashion industry, they have been involved with their foundation, which sponsors conservation projects.

IN THE LONG VALLEY of Montana's Swan River, one is almost never out of sight of water. It melts from glaciers high in the Mission Mountains and seeps downward in rivulets, collecting in ponds and lakes that reflect the sun, which illuminates the mountains to the west in the morning and those to the east in the evening. Except at the peak of noon, the Mission Mountains—and the Swans across the valley—nearly always shade toward the colors of alpenglow. The sky is like a basin of light, especially when seen from among the dark lodgepole pines beside a lake.

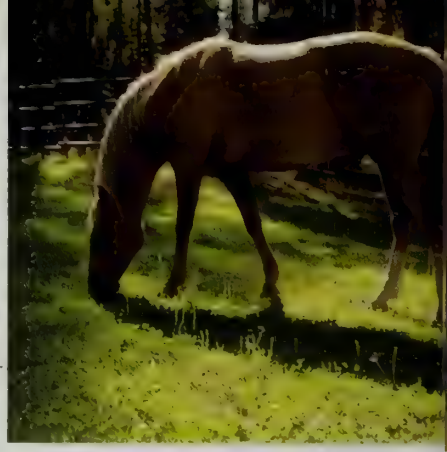
Liz Claiborne and her husband, Art Ortenberg, live for nearly half of each year in a house set at water's edge in the Swan Valley. Ever since they retired from the fashion business in 1989, they have devoted their time and resources mainly to conservation. They have established the Liz Claiborne and Art Ortenberg Foundation, which sponsors conservation projects in parts of the American West and some Third World countries.

This house is a reminder of the couple's purposes. Constructed of log and stone, settled among the tamaracks along a lake in the valley, it gathers the countryside from every window. Practically every room is dominated by lake, mountains and sky. Sparsely decorated, the house surrounds one with the warmth of logs while it almost forces the eye outward, out to the dark line of trees across the lake and to the mountains above them. This place is called, appropriately, Tranquillity Ranch.

"We were on our way to Banff in 1986," says Ortenberg. "We never made it." Bound first for Glacier National Park, the couple decided to take a look at a lodge that was being offered for sale. The lodge had been de-

veloped by a group of Ohio doctors, and it was a warren of small rooms. It had an indoor pool with a slide and indoor-outdoor carpeting around it. Liz Claiborne and Art Ortenberg purchased the house anyway. It came with a dozen snowmobiles and two glass cases full of hunting rifles. They still use the snowmobiles.

Restoring any log building, especially one as massive as a lodge, is an engineering challenge. The walls are solid, not readily moved or adapted to changes in wiring or plumbing. "The business of the house goes on in the floors," says Claiborne, a lean, attractive woman wearing sunglasses, a Liz Claiborne T-shirt and vivid orange nail polish. The restoration of the house and the renovation of the interiors was done by Thomas L. Moore, an old friend of the Ortenbergs', who also designed their houses on Fire Island and St. Barts. The Montana resi-



ABOVE: The couple view their land, in Ortenberg's words, as "a way to adopt wild animals without actually having to adopt them."





dence was one of his last projects before he died in December 1990.

"Tom knew our tastes, and he was a brilliant architect," says Art Ortenberg. "He loved surprises," adds Liz Claiborne. "He would be looking over the blueprints and suddenly you would hear him hoot." Moore spent nine months in the Swan Valley, supervising the reconstruction of Tranquillity Ranch.

The chief surprise in the main house is the octagonal tower he built. Rising from the immense, heavily timbered room that shelters the indoor pool, which is filled with filtered lake water, the tower climbs above the stone chimneys and opens onto a small deck perched on the roofline. Along the circular staircase are dozens of Claiborne's photographs: giraffes, elephants, Fire Island, St. Barts. Even on the hottest days, the tower catches a breeze.

ABOVE: The tack room was one area added on by the late architect Thomas L. Moore, who designed two of their other residences.



OPPOSITE: "We like this spareness because we used to live in a very visual world," says Ortenberg. "Someone was always holding something up and saying, 'Liz, what do you think of this?' The spareness is a relief." The spacious solarium was designed to blend into the cove and forest.

ABOVE: Slate floors were used to contrast with the existing logs, which were sandblasted to remove layers of smoke and grime. An area of the pool room is decorated with a 19th-century Burmese wood sculpture, a pair of ampnorae, a Mexican table and contemporary Swedish recliners.



OPPOSITE: Curved wood steps lead up to the second-floor master bedroom. "I hate antiques because I grew up with them," says Liz Claiborne about the contemporary orientation of the furnishings. A cypress table and trader's chairs in the center function as Art Ortenberg's office.

ABOVE: A gentle slope leads down from the east side of the house toward the cove. BELOW: The pool room was divided into a raised seating and fireplace area and a sunning area with a view toward the lake. Barstools by McGuire. Canvas-covered furnishings by Wicker Works.

From there, the trees seem to recede and the mountains to lift, and ospreys can often be seen soaring above the lake, where trout leave rings as they feed. You can also see the extent of the Ortenbergs' planning. They have added a large garage with a greenhouse and a loft, where Claiborne is now sorting through a fifteen-year collection of slides. They have redone a guest cottage that sits just behind the house. And they have added an enclosed area with a tack room for their horses.

The house, the outbuildings and the surrounding land have all taken on the character of the Ortenbergs' lives. With money the couple donated, the Montana Nature Conservancy

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From the dining room, a slate-covered upper deck leads down to the main patio and a wood deck, which in turn leads down to a boat dock.



The Southwestern Aesthetic

Gerald and Kathleen Peters in Santa Fe's de la Peña House

TEXT BY HUNTER DROHOJOWSKA PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT RECK

AT A SOTHEBY'S auction in the winter of 1987, Santa Fe gallery owner Gerald Peters surprised many in the art world when he bought nine of the ten major paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe from the estate of her sister, Anita O'Keeffe Young. After the sale, excited reporters asked Peters what he planned to do with the remarkable group of pictures, including *Jimson Weed* and *Petunia No. 2*, by one of America's great modern artists. He said that he planned to keep them. Indeed, he kept six, and along with other classic examples of modern art, O'Keeffe's flowers, leaves and trees now hang in his Santa Fe living room.

Unlike many gallery owners, Peters considers himself a collector. His wife, Kathleen, runs Sena, one of the two galleries they own, which represents contemporary artists of the West and Southwest. She also collects. Their mutual passion is art with the distinctive flavor of New Mexico, whether it be paintings by the state's best-known artist or a water jar by an unknown Pueblo Indian.

For over twenty years they have collected works that span the cultural history of New Mexico. Originally from Denver, Peters had been introduced to art by a grandfather who collected the paintings of Nicolai Fechin and Leon Gaspard, twentieth-century Russian artists who immigrated to the Southwest. After graduating from St. John's College in Santa Fe in 1970, he began trading in early American furniture and native American rugs. Although he initially represented traditional western art and indigenous crafts, during the last decade he expanded the Gerald Peters Gallery to accommodate O'Keeffe's art and that of other American artists who visited Santa Fe and Taos in the twenties: Marsden Hartley, Stu-

"What keeps me in New Mexico is the space, a different sense of space than in a big-city environment," says gallery owner Gerald Peters, who lives with his wife, Kathleen, also an art dealer, in a Santa Fe adobe that was built in the early 1800s. ABOVE: The de la Peña House, named after a sergeant in the Mexican army who purchased it in 1845, was initially a four-room structure. Added to throughout the years, the house assumed its present U-shaped configuration in the 1920s under the ownership of writer and artist Frank Applegate. OPPOSITE: The enclosed courtyard provides access to various parts of the house and serves as an outdoor room in summer.



Having renovated five other adobes, Kathleen and Gerald Peters (inset) happily took on the challenge of a complete restoration. The finished product provides the perfect setting for their collection of art and antiques.

art Davis, John Marin, Paul Strand, Rebecca Strand James and New Mexican moderns such as Raymond Jonson and Andrew Dasburg.

For his personal collection, Peters often selects works that possess the mystery associated with the landscape and rituals of New Mexico. "If the paintings weren't able to do that, I wouldn't have them around," Peters says flatly. "For instance, our O'Keeffe painting of the black cross captures the symbolism of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

"A lot of the art in our collection makes a more modern language out of the present reality of New Mexico," he continues. "You get insights from that. It started with the New Mexican art of the twenties. I think it helps if an artist lived here, but Hartley captured some things in two summers. Davis did it in one summer. O'Keeffe did it from her first trip. They all made fantastic paintings."

The couple found an excellent backdrop for their collections in the de la Peña house, one of the older properties in Santa Fe. It is a house with a lively history. Originally four rooms with a portal, it was bought for $114 in 1845 by Francisco de la Peña. A sergeant in the Mexican army, he fought the Navajo and Texans. After he was mustered out, he settled with his wife, Isabelita, and eight children. Two of de la Peña's daughters lived in the house until the mid-twenties, when they sold it to artist and writer Frank Applegate.

A founding member of the Society of New Mexico Painters, with an interest in native American arts, Applegate made many changes to the de la Peña house. He constructed a second story using the beams and portal from the ground floor. Recognizing that the portal at the front entrance was unusual because its corbels were



Throughout the Peters residence, the compelling spirit of the Southwest resounds in works by artists such as Georgia O'Keeffe. In a corner of the living room, O'Keeffe's *Jimson Weed*, 1932, left, and *Autumn Trees, the Maple*, 1924, hang near a lacquered bronze by her longtime friend and assistant Juan Hamilton.





In the 1920s, Frank Applegate enclosed and plastered an elevated "shepherd's bed" that stood outside the house and made it part of the main residence. The small sleeping area, which is now in the master bedroom, is decorated with Pueblo pottery, Navajo rugs and paintings by Walter Ufer and Joseph H. Sharp, *Down a Hillside in Taos*, circa 1920, and *Governors on Portal*, 1894.

part of the same log, he had a copy made for the downstairs and moved the original portal upstairs along with the first-floor beams. Applegate also rescued Spanish colonial balconies from a building that was to be demolished and attached them to his growing structure.

The Peterses wanted to preserve the history of the house. In more than twenty years of marriage they had renovated five other adobes together. Often Gerald Peters did his own construction—slipping the mud on the adobe walls—and even on this one he acted as the contractor.

There had been several owners since Applegate. The Peterses decided to take the house back to its shell and restore it completely. They removed a twentieth-century staircase that had been erected in the eighteenth-century dining room. The fireplaces were torn out to receive new tile flues and then were rebuilt as they had been before. Pine floors, traditional when the house was built, were put in, and radiant heating was added beneath the boards. New windows frames and doors were designed by John and Leslie Pierpont, a pair of "Harvard-trained designers," and Gerald Peters.

Finding that the house needed a few amenities but not wanting to interfere with the original design, the Peterses added to the outside of the building—an extension on one bedroom, a bath, a two-floor exercise wing, two stairwells, a room for hunting and fishing gear, a wine cellar and a closet. Four additional fireplaces were installed. The restoration took two years to complete.

The house is furnished with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Amer-



A room that dates back to the original early-19th-century adobe structure was improved in 1981 with pine floors and radiant heating and is now used for dining. Georgia O'Keeffe's still life *Apple Family A*, circa 1921, hangs between her *Black Cross with Red Sky*, 1929, and a Crucifixion scene by the 18th-century artist Molleño. On the piano in the living room is Elie Nadelman's *Dancer*, circa 1918.

ican and Spanish colonial furniture, native American rugs and pottery, and paintings by artists from the Santa Fe and Taos schools, the moderns and O'Keeffe.

The main entrance, a crumbling, caramel-colored adobe arch and a heavy pine door, disguises the rusticated civility within. The *placita*, a front courtyard, is an arrangement of manicured lawn, potted plants and handsome abstract bronzes by Juan Hamilton, O'Keeffe's assistant and friend. Antique doors lead from the courtyard to various rooms within the house. The covered patio bears a lintel from an old northern New Mexico church, and ceilings are supported by aged *latillas* and vigas.

Apart from contemporary sculpture by Hamilton and Beverly Pepper, the art in the house is primarily nineteenth and early twentieth century. In the living room are five remarkable O'Keeffes. Smaller sculptures by Hamilton rest nearby on the window ledges. Works by O'Keeffe's fellow moderns, artists who showed with the galleries owned by Alfred Stieglitz, appear throughout. There is a painting, *Camellias in a Vase*, by Hartley and a bronze sculpture, *Sleeping Gull*, by Gaston Lachaise. Complementing the simplicity of these works are the curves of an eighteenth-century American butterfly table and a Bechstein grand piano.

In contrast to the formality of the living room, the dining room is devoted to the comforts of the Southwest. At one end is a nineteenth-century *trastero*, a massive cabinet that last belonged to a friend of O'Keeffe's, Mary Wheelwright. On top are Holy Fami-

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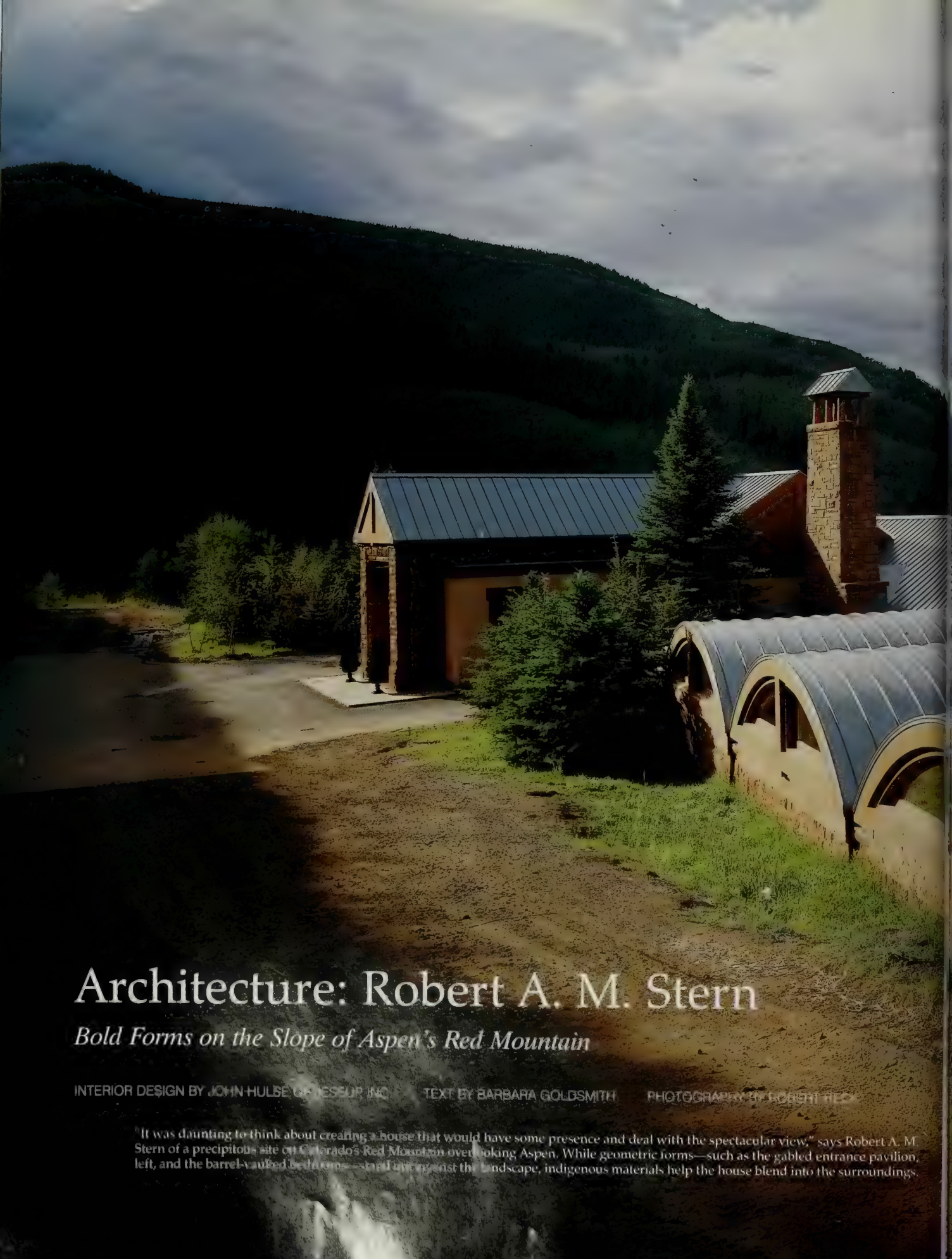




The library contains Pueblo pottery, fine-art books and works such as the still life by Andrew Dasburg, left, and the Paul Manship by the window. Navajo weavings offer bold contrast to furnishings that include a 17th-century Spanish table and a 17th-century English armchair. Jo Davidson's bronze torso stands at left. FOLLOWING PAGES: The front façade.







Architecture: Robert A. M. Stern

Bold Forms on the Slope of Aspen's Red Mountain

INTERIOR DESIGN BY JOHN HULSE OF ESSEX, INC. TEXT BY BARBARA GOLDSMITH PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT REC

"It was daunting to think about creating a house that would have some presence and deal with the spectacular view," says Robert A. M. Stern of a precipitous site on Colorado's Red Mountain overlooking Aspen. While geometric forms—such as the gabled entrance pavilion, left, and the barrel-vaulted bedrooms—stand out against the landscape, indigenous materials help the house blend into the surroundings.



ABOVE: "The house is organized as a series of long rectangular volumes oriented parallel to the slope," says Stern. Three sections are articulated into the bedroom wing, at left, the central living areas and master suite, and the red-limestone-and-redwood towerlike structure, at right.

OPPOSITE: "All main circulation is up and down a stair that goes from the entrance at the top down to a piano-curved wall of glass opening to the valley floor," notes Stern (below). The walls are paneled with stained curly maple; the flooring, trusses and trim are oak. Carpet is from Stark.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK? Is it OK?" asked architect Robert A. M. Stern's client and longtime friend as the two men stood on a steep site near the top of Aspen's Red Mountain. The location offered amazing views of the mountains and the great length of the valley, from the sunrise at Independence Pass to the setting sun behind Mount Sopris. Below was the little toy town of Aspen. At night, with the lights on the Sno-Cats moving up and down the slopes and the town sparkling and twinkling, it looked like a model in a Frank Capra movie. Stern turned to his client and said, "Well, there could be worse sites!"

After designing two projects for the clients, Stern knew their lifestyle and preferences well. The couple have three children, ranging from a fourteen-year-old to a twenty-six-year-old who is married and has a child of her own. The family is close. The husband, an extrovert, wanted a central gathering place and plenty of space; the wife is artistic and private and has a fine eye for art and detail. Both the







ABOVE: On the upper level, a gallery hall connects the stair with the master suite. Interior design is by John Hulse of Jessup, Inc. Under the window, which looks down to the living room, is a Black Forest–style bench; the horse's head is from a carousel.

clients and the architect wanted to avoid what they felt were the clichés of "ski house" architecture. "No caribou-horn chandeliers, thank you," says Stern. "I flee in horror from most local ski houses. A typical Aspen ski house is a big amorphous runny Brie of space where you have to hang on to your conversation pit to find a place to sit down. People think since they're in the great West and have a view, they don't need anything else: It becomes a total obsession."

In fact, the problem with what Stern terms the "blinding overabundant light" and "the fantastic overpowering views" dictated his dramatic concept. The pervasive image became that of a Tuscan hill town, "a series of viewing pavilions" stepping down parallel to the mountain. The vision provided a means of containing the views and allowed for a very specific use of space. "We have clearly defined rooms," Stern says. "They open onto each other on different levels, but everything is framed. There's a solidity to the entire structure that adds warmth. We have traditional values built into the house."

RIGHT: "An unorthodox miscellany of objects and furniture styles characterizes the living [illegible] Stern's project associate, Armand LeGardeur. The [illegible] ace is crowned with an 18th-century-Dutch-style [illegible] Nesle; carpet is by Edward Fields. Drapery [illegible] chwig & Fils.





The media room is a windowless space carved into the mountain. Set into the walls are niches and cabinetwork designed to hold electronic equipment. The lamps were made from old tea canisters, and the cedar low table was fashioned from a 19th-century Japanese door. Sofa and chair fabric is from Clarence House; the green-upholstered 19th-century chair, right, is from Newel Art Galleries.

The initial challenge was to tackle the precipitous site. "We literally had to carve out a shelf to accommodate the house," Stern says. In certain places the retaining walls reach a height of twenty-eight feet. Armand LeGardeur, the on-site project associate, recalls that the site preparation was like excavating in a mine with only a foot or two of space in which to move. The clients watched the progress with awe. The husband recalls, "The concrete that went into that job was mind-boggling. The foundation is very complex: It begins above the house, goes down two stories along the back of the house and along the living room floor, and then down six feet into the ground like a toenail gripping the mountain."

The local building association had requested that the residence "nestle" into the mountain, and Stern tried to cooperate. A great deal of the 12,000-square-foot house burrows into the mountain itself. Even so, the house presents a long, thin profile. Stern countered this by designing what appears to be a main house surrounded by smaller dwellings. Each area is defined by a distinct element: the main house by a large gable, the stair by a stone-and-wood tower and the children's wing by three curved metal roofs. The eastern part of the house, which can be entered separately from the other public areas, contains the guest suites.

Stern has transformed his vision of an ancient hill town into a thoroughly modern and highly sophisticated residence, but the basic concept remains. One approaches "Skyview" at the topmost level through a modest front door. Open that door, and there it is: "The Big Bang! That's what I call it," the architect says with a laugh. The eight-foot-wide stairway plunges two stories down the face of the mountain to a piano-curved glass wall. The various areas of the house splay out on descending levels on both sides of the stairs. "If you can imagine taking the



The master bedroom has views south down to Aspen and west over the pool terrace and the valley beyond. The room contains 19th-century headboards turned to resemble bamboo, a 17th-century English chair, in corner, and a painted country-style table. Drapery, bed skirt and chair fabric from Brunschwig & Fils. Sofa and chaise longue fabric from Stroheim & Romann; rug by Edward Fields.

roof off the stairs, you can envision hill-town street steps, combinations that flow down and down, like Amalfi down to the sea. My idea was to make the steps descend at half levels and lead to different activities. At the bottom is a small piazza, and a couple more steps lead into the living room, and from there down to the billiard room and to the pool. It's an orchestration of levels." Across the pool terrace, also reachable from the indoors, are dressing rooms—his and hers—and a hot tub flanked by twin staircases that go up to the children's wing.

All the bedrooms face south, toward Aspen, including the master bedroom, which also has a superb western view down the valley. The gallery hall to the master suite looks down into the vast living room, where everybody congregates.

The details of comfort are everywhere: a well-placed hook for a robe, ski boots and poles in organized rows, the perfectly stocked cooler within reach of the hot tub. Stern credits the husband for this. "He's excellent about practical details," he says. "She's theoretical, not someone who just decorates. Her houses constantly evolve and grow more personal." The wife worked closely with interior designer John Hulse, who is associated with Jessup, Inc., the West Palm Beach firm that has done houses for her family for over five decades. She chose the eclectic burled, inlaid and carved furniture (Dutch East Indian, seventeenth-century English, nineteenth-century French, Chinese) and the work of such local artists as Judy Haas and Paul Pascarella.

Many of the building materials are indigenous. The pool terrace is paved in Colorado buff flagstone, the trim is redwood, the walls of the residence a deep-cream stucco and Colorado red sandstone—a material that frequently appears on turn-of-the-century buildings in Aspen. LeGardeur took the stone-

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INSET: A cross section illustrates how part of the house had to be dug into the mountainside and shows the procession from the entrance to the living areas. THESE PAGES: "The massing is divided into small elements with the ... community house and individual houses to the side," says Stern. Most of the ... the pool, including the billiard room's curved bay and the master bedroom. ... and the house enhance its hill-town feeling.





Montana Line Shack

A Los Angeles Designer's Rustic Hideaway

INTERIOR DESIGN BY MIMI LONDON, ASID TEXT BY IRENE BORGER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUSSELL MACMASTERS

THROUGHOUT THE WEST, when cowboys traversed the fence-post perimeter of the great ranches, they were said to "ride the line." If they were lucky, they slept indoors in "line shacks." On occasion, a family might crowd into these simple shelters, but essentially they were home for a night for men who worked the land. When Los Angeles interior and furniture designer Mimi London purchased 136 acres an hour's horseback ride from her lakeside cottage in northwestern Montana (see *Architectural Digest*, June 1987), a line shack was rumored to be "somewhere" on the property.

What she discovered was a fine example of vernacular architecture, all ten by twenty feet of it: no running water, no electricity, only a roof, thickly glazed odd-size windows and four crazy-quilt walls. "The loggers who built it used whatever they happened to be cutting," London says. "*Cabin* is too swell a term for it."

Ur-trailer might be a more precise category. Since the dwelling had been constructed on top of "skidders"—two large, not quite parallel logs—London was able to move it to a site



LEFT: "It's a kind of halfway house between the wilderness and my lake residence," says Los Angeles designer Mimi London of the line shack she found on her Montana property. "The architecture is laughable, but it doesn't leak and it's solid."

near a spring with a view of a pasture and woods. Inside, she found an iron bedstead, a sheepherder's stove, a table and two little chairs, all of which became the core of what she calls her "nondesign scheme." "Decorating a line shack would be inappropriate," she says. "Any cowboy worth his salt would think it almost too comfortable as it is. In the books I love most about the West, there's always some character out in the elements with no one around. That direct relationship to nature is what the line shack is about. I don't think you can have that in a big, beautiful electronically controlled log house."

London knew the region well, having ridden it since she was eight years old. Besides being able to just saddle up and go without having to put the horses in a trailer, she wanted to "give something back" to the land, which had been desecrated by grazing and logging. She views herself as a longtime conservationist ("I don't see how you can be anything else if you really take a look"), and one of the first things she did after moving the line shack into place was erase all the logging roads that had been carved into the property by reseeding them.

Then London got to work on what she calls "my playhouse in the woods."

BELOW: "I can ride for five or six hours in the mountains, where there are no paved roads and you never see a car," says London. Her two Appaloosas, Bouncer and Kid, take London and her supplies on the journey from her lake house to the line shack.



LEFT: "Nothing has any rhyme or reason to it—somebody just built it," observes London, who made the calico curtains above the rocking chair. "They're each a slightly different length, but close enough." The handmade scoop holds a candle. BELOW: "There's no phone, no electricity—just a modicum of civilization," London says of the 10-by-20-foot structure. "All the canisters, furniture and gadgets are used for their intended purposes." She uses the sheepherder's stove for baking.



Her aides-de-camp dug a pit for campfires and built a rough-beamed porch that nearly doubled the architectural space. "That's not too difficult to accomplish when you're dealing with two hundred square feet," she says with a laugh.

Because there was no thought of "doing anything remotely designy"—not even painting the walls—London was immediately engaged by the sense of history. She whipped up flour-sack pillows and a mattress-ticking dust ruffle and swept the tongue-and-groove floor. She stitched curtains "made of calico, not Clarence House," and filled the larder with buffalo jerky, baked beans and canned black bread. "It's the antithesis of the flashy world we see too much of," London says. "Here, the ordinary is astonishing."

While reading by kerosene lantern and listening to the wind are her preferred pastimes, London has also mastered biscuit-making in the sheepherder's stove and even given a sit-down dinner for two. "We can have a formal dinner for four if two of us sit on the bed," she adds.

Amid such simplicity, each task —making a pot of cowboy coffee, getting water from the spring, not

burning the bacon—has a greater fullness to it. As in a secret clubhouse, each object has not only its place but its prominence. The old trunk filled with ice on the front porch also functions as a refrigerator and the best seat from which to watch her Appaloosas, Bouncer and Kid.

"I love the line shack because it's so bare-bones primitive," says London. "But it can also feel like a great luxury. Sometimes when I'm snug under my comforter, I think of cowboys with their bedrolls, coming in from the snowstorms, finding the last bit of dry wood. And when I come in from the wilderness, it feels vast—twice the size of my tent." □





The other half of the [illegible] comes out from bed with [illegible] quilts made by Lindell, a period patchwork and a brass kerosene lamp. The pine bench is turn of the century. "It's a [illegible] escape from complexities and [illegible] fun than anything up-to-date," Lindell [illegible]



Native American Beadwork

Fields of Colored Glass Define Traditional Tribal Patterns

TEXT BY VERLYN KLINKENBORG





Brought from Europe and acquired through trade, colorful glass beads melded with geometric form were the favored decoration among Plains Indians. Although beads and dressing customs were borrowed from European culture, a distinctive aesthetic remained strong through native beadwork. THESE PAGES: *War Shirt*, Crow Indians, Northern Plains, circa 1875. Buckskin, beads, horsehair, ermine fur; 37" x 48". Christopher Selser, Santa Fe. INSET: *Vest*, Teton Sioux Indians, Plateau region, circa 1890. Hide and beads; 18" x 18". *Pair of Gauntlet Gloves*, Yakima Indians, Plateau region, circa 1900. Hide and beads; 12" long. Both, America Hurrah, New York.

IT IS A STRIKING discovery to walk through a collection of historic native American objects—among organic dyes that have faded on leather or cloth, among subtle hues that have grown subtler still with time—and to see that the beadwork retains all its freshness, all its vividness, every bit of the allure it once had. It glows with the deep, timeless translucence of colored glass, and it reminds you exactly why beads were such valuable trade items in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But although we admire the diverse patterns stitched in beadwork—the elaborate geometries of the Plains tribes, the floral designs found first among northeastern tribes—we often forget to think about the beads themselves. We take their presence among nineteenth-century



Saddle Cover, Sioux Indians, Central Plains, circa 1890–1900. Buckskin and beads; 26" x 18". Executed during the reservation period for trading purposes or for an Indian who owned a western-style saddle, a fully beaded saddle cover is ornamented in motifs characteristic of Sioux design. American Indian Artifacts, Paso Robles, California, and Western Pacific Trading Company, Oakhurst, California.

LEROY RADANOVICH

native Americans—who made no glass—for granted, without wondering where the beads happened to come from.

The answer—and it is a stunning answer—is Venice. That city, still famous for its glasswork, was the historical heart of the worldwide trade in glass beads, in part because it had access, by land and sea, to nearly every trade route of importance. Dealers in Venetian beads traveled widely, to Asia, to the Americas and later to Africa, carrying samples stitched in rows on bead cards. The beads themselves, especially the smaller sizes, were nearly perfect trade commodities. They did not break or decay. They had an almost liquid quality when handled in bulk: They could be poured, stored in casks, measured out by weight. And as they moved farther and farther from Venice and were sold in smaller and smaller lots, their value grew. By the time they reached the hands of native American women in North America, strings of beads only a few inches long were worth a great deal in trade.

To think of a Crow or an Oglala Teton Sioux or a Montagnais woman carefully stitching a pattern on buckskin or elk hide, using beads from Venice, makes one reconsider the very idea of "traditional" crafts. We tend—romantically—to consider the native American craft custom as something unaffected by outside influences, as a strict, legitimate descent from some prime original. But it is the nature of traditional societies—perhaps of all human societies—to adapt quickly to new materials whenever they acquire them. Tradition is often more flexible than we think. Beadwork is now regarded as highly traditional by native Americans and collectors alike, although three or four centuries ago it was little known except among coastal tribes who had access to shells, which were easily shaped into beads or buttons. (The Iroquois, for instance, wove wampum belts of beads made from whelk and quahog shells. These were used to commemorate alliances.) We tend, again romantically, to view all European influence upon native Americans as a corruption. But there was very little beadwork until there was contact with Europeans, and in later



In beadwork every stitch is evident, each bead a visible token of labor.

Beaded storage bags of all kinds served an important function and provided another outlet for artistic expression. "Possible bags," so named because it was possible to store almost anything in them, were very popular among the Crow, Sioux, Arapaho and Cheyenne. LEFT: *Storage bag*, Sioux Indians, Northern Plains, 1880s. Hide and beads, tin cones with horsehair; 13" x 7". BELOW: *Possible Bag*, Crow Indians, Northern Plains, 1880s. Hide and beads. Both, The Native American Art Gallery, Venice, California.



days much beadwork, including many remarkable examples of the craft, was produced for sale to whites.

Besides the freshness of color that still marks examples of native American beadwork, something else draws the eye. It can often be hard to gauge the amount of labor that goes into traditional crafts—hard to see, for instance, how much work it takes to tan a deer hide or to shape a clay pot. But in beadwork every stitch is evident, each bead a more visible token of labor than even the stitches in a piece of moose-hair embroidery. The preferred beads among most tribes were called seed beads, each about half the size of a grain of wheat, minuscule tiles in a miniature mosaic that sometimes requires thousands of beads. Their use largely replaced the technique of embroidering with porcupine quills, and many of the same designs one sees in quillwork are repeated in beadwork. Beadwork is more durable than quillwork, and, of course, its colors do not fade. But it preserves the essentially geometric character of embroidering with dyed porcupine quills, which are rectangular when flattened and stitched onto hide.

Native American women used beadwork to ornament nearly every object to which beads could be affixed. Some of the most familiar examples are pouches, moccasins, knife-holders and bags. But the Apache beaded dolls and men's skullcaps as well. The Oglala Teton Sioux beaded consecration boards and cradleboards and even wands. The Arapaho beaded rattles; the Plains Cree beaded leather disks that secured the feathers of a man's bustle. Many tribes beaded headdresses and shirts and armbands. The Crow—among the supreme artisans of beadwork—decorated men's chokers and pipe bags and ex-

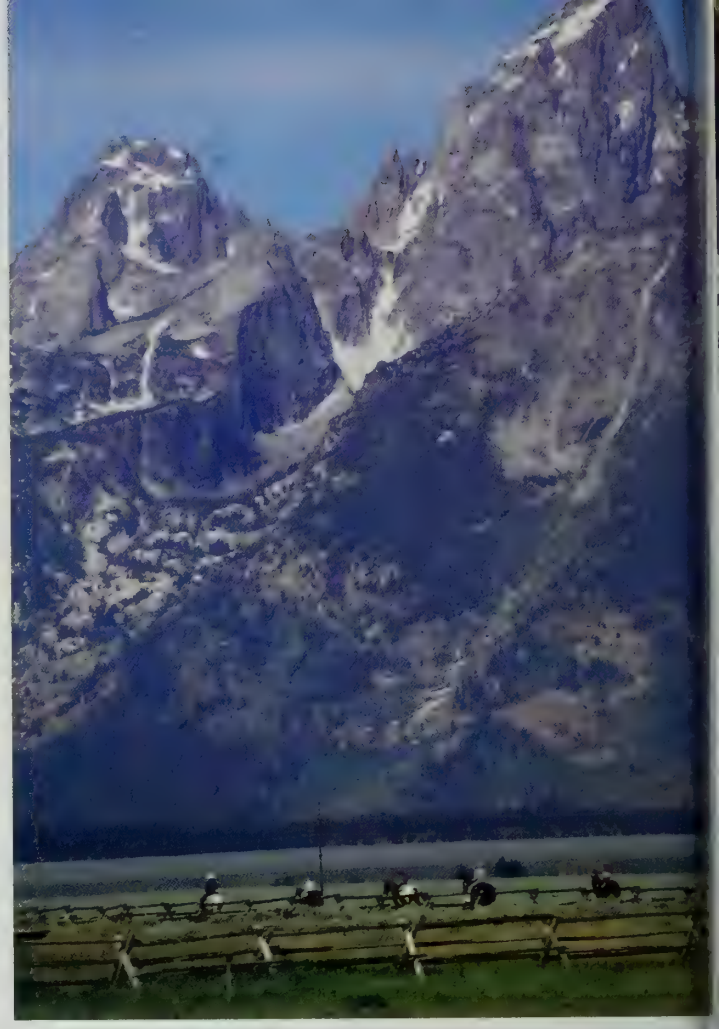
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Baby Carrier, probably Sioux Indians, Northern Plains, late 1800s. Buckskin and beads; 18" long. A specialized item crafted for Indian infants was the versatile carrier, where children spent much of their first two years. The carrier was often made by a grandmother and passed down in the family. Canfield Gallery, Santa Fe.

When cloth blankets eventually replaced buffalo-hide robes, the beaded strips that had originally concealed a central seam in the hide (cut to facilitate fleshing and tanning) were retained for purely decorative purposes and became an important traditional element of the costume. LEFT TO RIGHT: *Blanket Strip*, Crow Indians, Northern Plains, circa 1890. Hide and beads; 51½" long. *Blanket Strip*, Blackfoot Indians, Northern Plains, circa 1880. Hide and beads; 60⅛" long. *Blanket Strip*, Yankton Sioux Indians, Central Plains, circa 1880. Hide and beads; 57" long. *Blanket Strip*, Cheyenne Indians, Central Plains, circa 1870. Hide and beads; 45" long. *Blanket Strip*, Crow Indians, Northern Plains, circa 1870. Hide and beads; 59" long. *Blanket Strip*, Ute Indians, Central Plains, circa 1860. Buffalo hide and beads; 51" long. All, Morning Star Gallery, Santa Fe.







Celebrating the lure of the West is Lost Creek Ranch, a 100-acre guest resort in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. The ranch, which occupies land once settled by pioneers, is open from June through September. ABOVE: Activities director Ginger Lynn schools her horse Jet in the riding arena.

ABOVE: Trail riders head out across sagebrush-covered landscape. The fences are buck rail, crafted aboveground just as they were by the early settlers. The ranch is bordered by Grand Teton National Park (Grand Teton towers 13,766 feet in the distance) and Bridger-Teton National Forest.

Saddling Up at Lost Creek

Jackson Hole's Premier Guest Ranch Embraces the Cowboy Life

INTERIOR DESIGN BY TONY SUTTON OF EST EST TEXT BY MICHAEL ENNIS PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN VAUGHAN

"YOU CAN'T SEE the mountains like this in Aspen," remarks a visitor to Lost Creek Ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. The view from the lodge deck is indeed a unique geological drama: The horizon-spanning massif of the Grand Tetons, rising more than a mile straight up from sagebrush flats, unmarred by gondola cables or ski runs, looks just as it did millions of years ago. The sun has already disappeared behind the sharp-toothed peaks, but light floods through the ridges, settling like a golden mist onto the valley floor. Here life exceeds art; even Thomas Moran's transcendental mountain panoramas pale before a Tetons sunset. It is the mythic American vista, the West before it was won, beckoning to its conquerors.

The desire to recapture that basic American myth underlies the appeal

OPPOSITE AND COVER: The accoutrements of ranch life—a pair of boots, a hat, a canteen and leather chaps—are set on the porch of one of the ten guest cabins. The chair seats were made of rawhide webbing. Surrounded by stands of lodgepole pine and aspen, the cabins range in size from one bedroom to two bedrooms, a living room and a complete kitchen.



In Jackson Hole, city slickers can explore a still-wild West. But no ranc



of Jackson Hole's twenty or so guest ranches, where city slickers can explore a still-wild West without straying from the comforts of civilization. Each ranch offers a distinct personality, but none manages the tricky balance of rusticity and refinement better than Lost Creek Ranch, which has quietly earned a reputation as the best operation of its kind in Jackson Hole. Despite a doggedly low profile, word has spread among the cognoscenti, and Lost Creek's guests comprise an intriguing mix of the well known, the accomplished and the discreetly powerful. Close to three-quarters of them are repeaters who faithfully plunk down deposits for the coming year almost on the heels of their departure.

Lost Creek owes its success in part to the stubbornness of the ranch's original owner, San Francisco finan-

ABOVE: Set on a hill at about 7,000 feet, the lodge, built in around 1926, is now a gathering place for guests. The lodgepole pine logs and the stone chimney are original. "We tried to retain and enhance the true flavor of the history and romance of the region," says Tony Sutton, the interior designer for the renovation. BELOW: Steps lead from the lodge to the guest cabins.



anages the balance of rusticity and refinement better than Lost Creek.



ABOVE: Riding is a way of life at Lost Creek Ranch: Each guest is given a horse and a saddle for the week as well as instruction by the ten staff wranglers and the chance to try roping and barrel racing. Equestrians and nonequestrians alike can also enjoy trips along the Snake River, fishing, tennis and even western swing dancing. BELOW: A greenhorn cowboy prepares for a pack trip.

cier Albert Schwabacher, who built the log cabin lodge as a vacation retreat in around 1926. A few years later the Rockefeller family bought up almost all of the surrounding acreage and donated it to the United States government for a national park and game preserve. Schwabacher resisted the Rockefellers' attempts to buy him out, and as a consequence his ranch, now owned by Virginia developer Gerald Halpin, remains a relative sliver of private land wedged in between two vast, pristine public domains—Grand Teton National Park is literally at Lost Creek's front door, while Bridger-Teton National Forest is its backyard. In this neighborhood,



hikers and riders routinely encounter antelope, deer, elk, moose and buffalo, along with the occasional bear.

The season at Lost Creek runs from June through September, during which the ten guest cabins—six are constructed of logs, four of wood planks—are occupied by the roughly forty-five guests who arrive each Sunday for a week-long stay. The cabins are all furnished in a casual western style, with complete kitchens or refrigerators and daily laundry service and housekeeping. Guests are offered a slate of activities ranging from float trips down the nearby Snake River to tennis to instruction in western swing dancing. But they come back year af-



The lodge's log construction is visible in the living room, where plain walls and large picture windows accentuate the sweeping views of the Tetons. "We took great care to maintain the integrity of the original details—extensive research was required to blend the old and the new," explains Sutton, who worked with Wyoming-based log cabin builder Jim Singleton on the project.

ter year for the opportunity to sit tall in the saddle; Lost Creek can transform novices into competent riders as well as offer challenges for expert equestrians. "I'd never been on a horse in my life," says a seventy-year-old Florida grandfather. "By the second day I was confident enough to ride up a trail so steep I would've been afraid to get off and walk."

Early Monday morning each guest meets the horse and saddle that will be his or hers for the week, the custom fit based on the rider's height, weight and experience. Lessons start right away, broken down into beginning, intermediate and advanced categories. The ten staff wranglers work painstakingly to make beginners comfortable in the saddle, but there's also a resident massage therapist to deal with any resulting trauma.

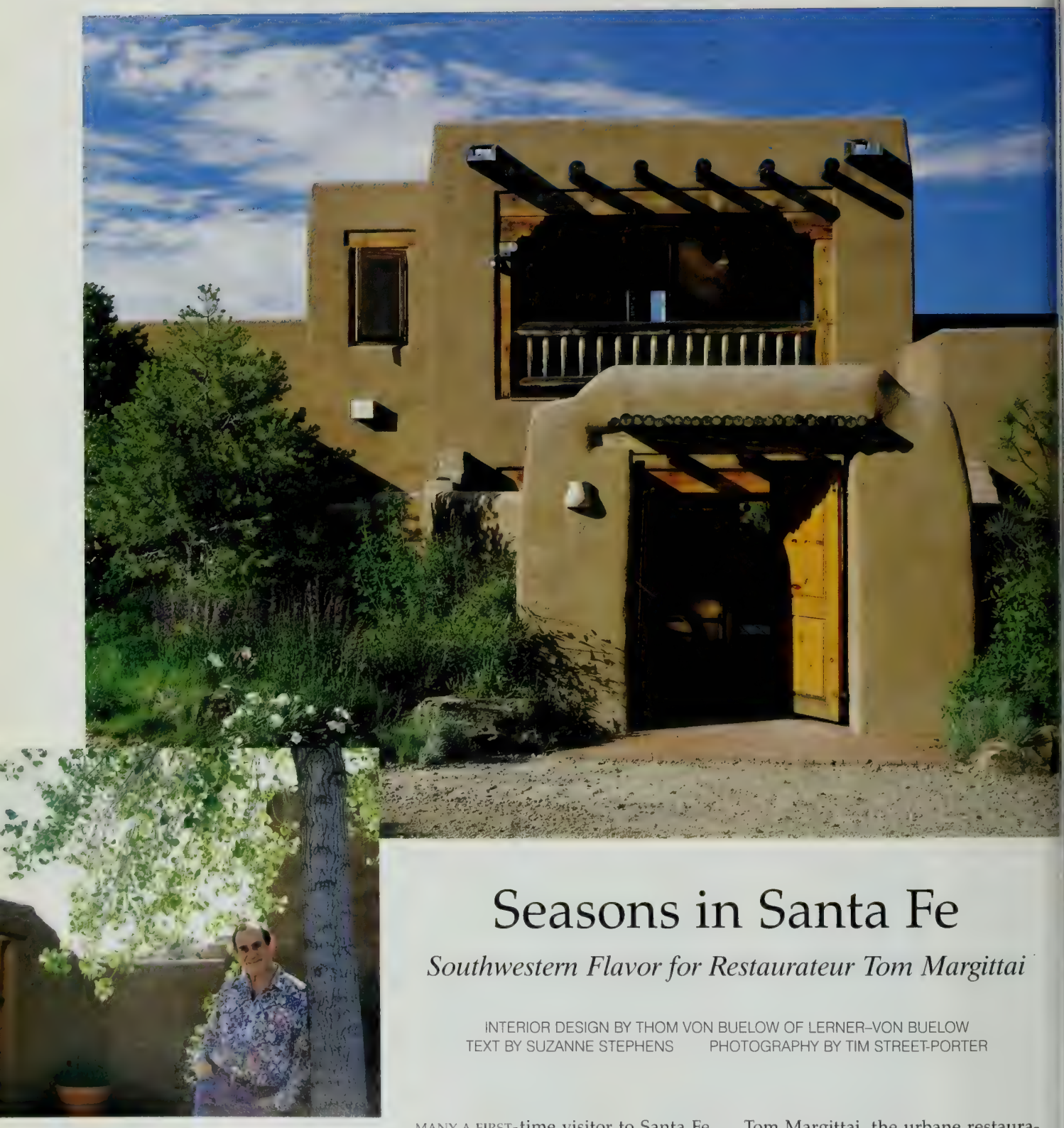
For the rest of the week, guests have a variety of wrangler-escorted options: pack trips into the mountains, photo-shooting excursions, kidney-jarring romps for small groups of advanced riders. On Fridays everyone heads off on an all-day ride into the Bridger-Teton National Forest, pausing for a lunch of beef stew, biscuits and stewed apples served on tin plates. Saturdays offer action at Lost Creek's regulation barrel-racing and roping arena, where guests can compete in a festive, authentically dusty and often hilarious gymkhana featuring obstacle courses and relays.

Lost Creek's wranglers may carry radio handsets on the trail and be certified to perform CPR, but they're also the real article. The Lost Creek Ranch Rodeo Team is a mainstay of Jackson Hole's weekly Saturday night rodeo; it's not unusual for a wrangler to spend a few days in the hospital as a result of being stomped by a bull or to show up for work in a cast after breaking an arm. They represent a tradition that remains ingrained in the local culture. As Lost Creek wrangler and bull-rider Mason Tibbs, a nephew of rodeo legend Casey Tibbs, puts it, "In some places kids grow up doin' basketball or tennis. Here you grow up rodeoin'."

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ABOVE: Exposed log walls and pole ceiling beams underscore the western feel in one of the guest cabins. BELOW: Guests take a break for lunch on a daylong ride to nearby Shadow Mountain, which offers panoramic vistas of Jackson Hole. Named for trapper Davey Jackson, the valley was once the summer hunting grounds of the Blackfoot, Crow, Shoshoni and Arapaho Indians.





Seasons in Santa Fe

Southwestern Flavor for Restaurateur Tom Margittai

INTERIOR DESIGN BY THOM VON BUELOW OF LERNER–VON BUELOW
TEXT BY SUZANNE STEPHENS PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIM STREET-PORTER

ABOVE: "The cluste[illegible] of pinons and junipers around the stucco walls [illegible] the ho[illegible] seem more embedded into the terrain," says New York designer Thom von Buelow, who created a colorful atmosphere for the Santa Fe adobe house of restaurateur Tom Margittai (inset).

MANY A FIRST-time visitor to Santa Fe ends up as a resident or frequent habitué. The incomparable rusty-brown, silvery-sage and forest-green hues of the landscape, the deep azure skies and the unremitting sunlight are enough to secure their loyalty. For Tom Margittai, the urbane restaurateur who is co-owner of The Four Seasons in New York, the olfactory sense is as strongly affected as the visual by the southwestern locale. "I particularly like the pungently smoky smell of roasting chili peppers," says Margit-



The white-plaster walls and *banco* and the Saltillo-tile floor are accented by bold textiles in the living room. A sculpture by Glenna Goodacre rests on a low table made from a Spanish door. "Tom didn't want pretentious furniture," von Buelow explains. "The upholstered pieces come from the East, but the wood tables are local."

tai. "Every September in Santa Fe, when the chili peppers have ripened, outdoor stands with roasting drums pop up all along the road. I buy the peppers and put them in everything—scrambled eggs, grilled cheese sandwiches and sauces." Margittai already knows his chilies from his *chicharrones*, even though he is relatively new to the town of fifty-six thousand. "I visited some friends there several years ago," he recalls, "and I loved it. A house was for sale nearby, so I just bought it." Now he tries to go there every six weeks or so.

Margittai already knows his chilies from his *chicharrones*, even though he is new to the town.

What caused the Hungarian-born New Yorker to commit himself to a town situated between the mountains and a desert over seventeen hundred miles from The Four Seasons is not hard to understand. Northern New Mexico has attracted artists, writers and musicians at least since the early 1900s, when John Sloan and Robert Henri, among others, arrived to escape the grim pressures of New York urban life. Mabel Dodge Luhan brought her New York literary salon there too, and D. H. Lawrence, Marsden Hartley and, of course, Georgia O'Keeffe enhanced Santa Fe's dis-



Massive wood vigas crossed with *latillas*—characteristic of the indigenous architecture—dominate the entrance hall, where an oil by a local artist hangs over a Mexican table. A Guatemalan carved wood table and chairs covered in kilims are in the dining area.



The fireplace in the study is lined with whimsical ceramic figures, including salt and pepper shakers from the 1930s and 1940s. Narrow windows hung with twig shutters that were made in Santa Fe frame a Spanish crucifix. Carpet is from Stark.

tinct imprimatur as a creative enclave.

In the last several years more and more out-of-towners have bought the earth-hugging simple adobe houses that have characterized the area since the Pueblo Indians developed the technique of mud construction nearly seven hundred years ago. The recent arrivals are refugees from the more profane world of high-rise buildings and commercial strips.

"Santa Fe natives call us the Coastal People," says Thom von Buelow, the interior designer who worked with Tom Margittai. "Most of the newcomers are from New York and Los Angeles," adds von Buelow, also a part-time Santa Fe resident. A partner in the New York firm of Lerner–von Buelow, he is originally from Los Angeles but migrated to New York some seventeen years ago after finishing art school. In the fifteen years he has known Margittai, von Buelow has designed his New England Colonial stone-and-wood house in Pound Ridge, New York, as well as his apartment on Manhattan's Central Park West. "We concentrate mainly on traditional design," von Buelow explains about his practice. "The actual look depends on the situation."

In the case of Margittai's Santa Fe residence, the adobe architecture of the 2,500-square-foot house, built in the early 1980s, set the tone for the furnishings and decorative objects. But the southwestern mood was filtered through the client's own predilections. "I like uncomplicated masculine things," says Margittai. Considering the time he spends in the New York restaurant famous for its sleek, linear, modernist design, there is no doubt he means it.

With this assignment, von Buelow relied on a low-key regional design approach that included built-in *banco* seating and walls of lustrous plaster finish, simple colors and sturdy wood furniture. Tom Margittai adds, "We were worried about having so much white inside at first, but we're not sorry now. You only need occasional touches of color here, because you look right into the piñon trees outside." Natural light is another element treated as a design motif. "The sunlight is so unique in Santa Fe," says von Buelow, referring to the dominant feature that D. H. Lawrence hailed for its "unchallengeable purity and haughty serenity." He says, "We wanted Tom to be able to view the changes that take place in the atmospheric light all day long. Every hour the landscape looks different."

The house is arranged so that one enters the top of the hill through the gateway and walks into a courtyard past a cottonwood tree and on into an entrance hall. The dining room occupies an intimately narrow slot of space to one side, while a more capacious kitchen is behind it. At left is the study, and beyond, the master bedroom, while a stair, marked by an old kiva ladder, leads up to the guest bedroom. Straight ahead, the descending steps to the living room are framed by magisterial pairs of carved wood columns sitting on low white-plaster parapet walls.

Burnished red Saltillo floor tiles counterbalance the rough-hewn russet vigas—the large tree-trunk beams of pine—which are layered with a crosswork of thin cedar poles known



ABOVE: Spread on the *banco* in the master bedroom is an 1860s Navajo blanket. A standing crucifix and a painting, *One of Shirley's Friends* by Donald Roller Wilson, are among the many pieces that Tom Margittai selected for the house.

as *latillas*. The warm colors of the floor and ceiling and nubbly textures give the interior a palpable sense of intimacy. One hardly notices that there are no draperies—only locally made twig shutters on some windows. Minimal treatments on the walls and windows keep the space from being claustrophobic and allow the spare, rugged forms of the furnishings to stand out in bold relief. "We wanted a neutral backdrop so Tom could buy what he wanted," says von Buelow, adding, "Tom likes to participate: He chose a lot of the furniture, antiques, art and artifacts."

Von Buelow came across an old Spanish mesquite door [illegible] into a low table for the

Atop the table is a bronze bust of a Mayan by sculptor Glenna Goodacre. Local pieces are mixed with objects that are scarcely indigenous to the area but stem from similar vernacular traditions. Afghan rugs and kilim fragments used for upholstery meld with the eighteenth-century Mexican cabinets and Navajo rugs and an antique Guatemalan wood table with folk carving. The array of 1930s and 1940s salt and pepper shakers lining the fireplace of the study and the two 1930s Indian figures on the stair to the guest bedroom are other oddities Margittai found that add a humorous counterpoint to the wide assortment of antiques.

"Life is simple here," says Margittai,



who prefers hiking to other outdoor activities. He naturally enjoys entertaining, often cooking buffet-style dinners for friends. "There is a New York colony in Santa Fe," he says, "but we don't insist on eating salmon *koulibiac*." Margittai hopes to devote more time to the area and is expanding the house, adding a new master suite and enlarging the kitchen and patios. "Santa Fe reminds me of a more relaxed, leisurely time spent in Sausalito in the 1950s. Life was sweet." It still is, especially when the smell of roasting chilies permeates the air. □

"You only need touches of color here, because you look right into the piñon trees outside."

The house, located on the outskirts of Santa Fe, sits on a small rise and has "wonderful views of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains," says von Buelow. BELOW: Native grasses, chamiza shrubs and a cottonwood tree enhance the desert setting.



Raising the Roofbeam in Aspen

Cathedral-like Spaces Distinguish a Colorado Log House

ARCHITECTURE BY STEVEN CONGER AND MICHAEL FULLER INTERIOR DESIGN BY PHILAE DOMINICK
TEXT BY GAEL GREENE PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY E. NICHOLS

JUST MINUTES FROM the hustle and Sturm of Aspen, on thirty acres deeply green with alfalfa, sits a huge mountain-guarded log cathedral that began its existence as a magnificent stable. A passionate collaboration between the owners, an art dealer and his artist wife, and architects Steven Conger and Michael Fuller of the Aspen Design Group, the barn-that-grew hints of an old Russian hunting lodge in its ancestry, but the sophistication of its detail makes it uniquely contemporary. Handmade and hand-troweled, its windows carved by logging saws, it is a house that "looks like it was meant to be in Aspen," as the wife observes. "In Aspen, families tend to do things together. Here each of us has his or her own space to retreat to and a room big enough for all of us to come together."



"We wanted the building to be sophisticated and not overly dark," says architect Steven Conger, who, along with partner Michael Fuller, designed an Aspen, Colorado, log house. ABOVE: A circular drive leads to the entrance's porte cochere.

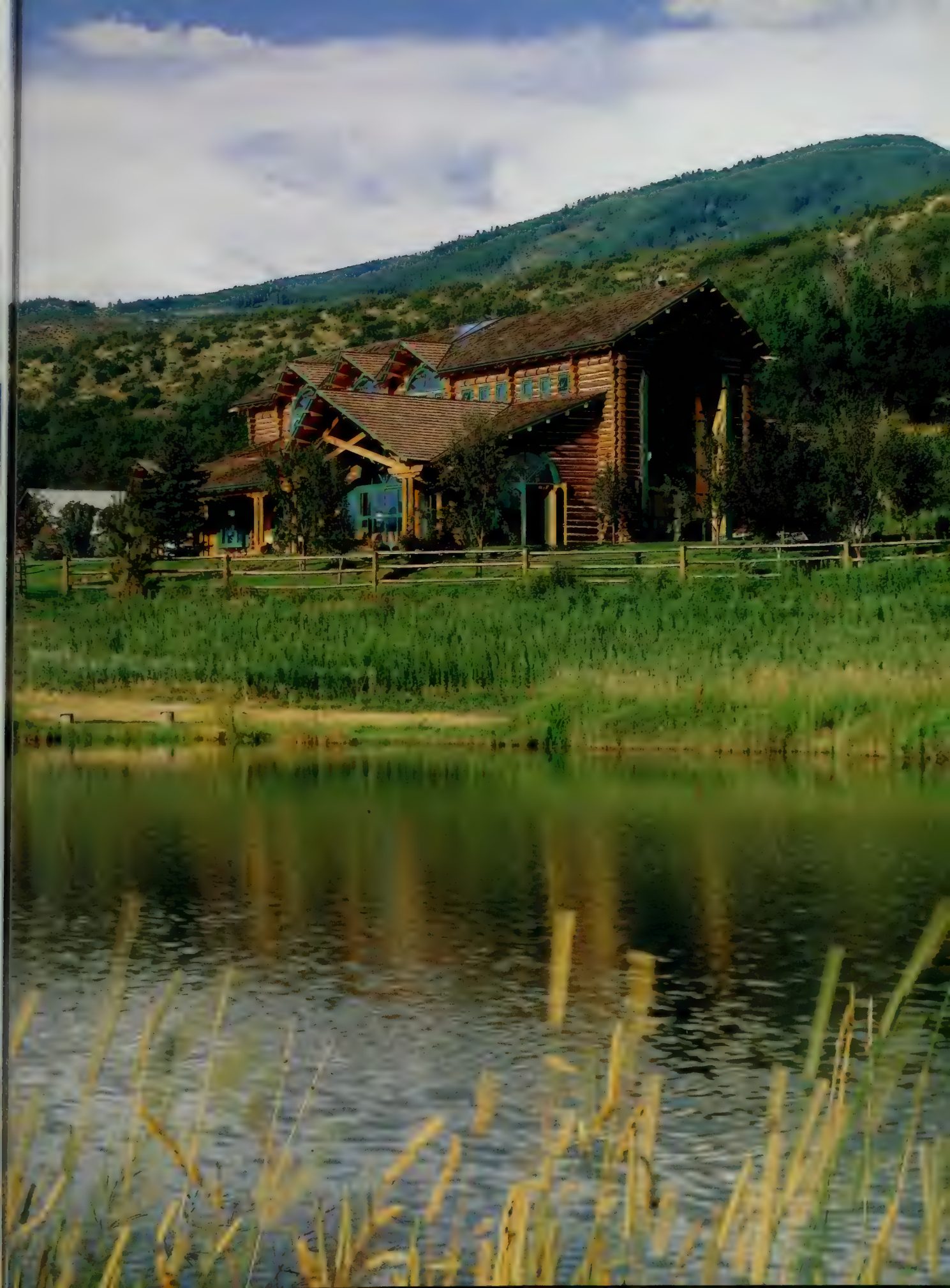
The family had backed into building cautiously. First came a studio for the wife to paint in. Then the husband and Conger sat down to plan a stable. The husband "can visualize dimensionally better than any client we've ever had and better than many professionals," says Fuller. "He will lie awake at night with an idea and we will come back with a way to make it work." But the barn was clearly too grand as planned. When the price estimates came in, "my husband threw a fit," the wife recalls. "Nothing was said for two months."

At that point Conger returned from vacation and looked at the drawings for the stable again. "Why don't you live in the barn?" he suggested. He would turn the barn and stretch it, and the stalls would become bedrooms for seven children. Thus began months of meetings. "Something special happens when my husband and these architects get together," says the wife. "They start building on each other's ideas." "It helps to have a client who is willing to take risks," says Conger. "I don't know another log building this size with such sophisticated plaster and carpentry details. People think of a cathedral as uplifting, but to imagine a place where you live that gives you that same feeling each day is a challenge."

First the existing house had to be torn down and a site created. With all those fields and gentle meadows, the most logical spot dropped off abruptly. Earthmovers came in to build lawns and terraces. The logs, which were already cut and jointed, all went up in ten days by number, making a giant fortress with a single opening. Loggers came in to cut out windows and doors.

"I wanted the main room to be unlike any room you've ever been in, to give you a sense of awe," the husband explains. The resulting Great Room

"The structure is a cruciform,' [illegible] with one entire end being the Great Room, which is held up by log columns and timber trusses. We used chinked log walls an[illegible]hake roof in the construction. The basic shell was assembled within a week and a half, and the doors and windows were ca[illegible]t afterward." OPPOSITE: The house is sited in a meadow and looks out over a small lake.





is a soaring space thirty feet high that looks out to the mountains and western skies.

The path to that room was planned like a musical composition, a series of movements building to a sudden revelation. "You enter under the porte cochere," says Conger, "which is a high space with lots of woodwork. Accompanied by the sound of a fountain, you then step into a lower vestibule and continue into the art gallery. The space becomes compressed there, narrows down, and suddenly you're in the rotunda. You walk through an almost Japanese-like gate, and instantly you're looking through the big window at the mountain beyond."

The finished house had been promised in time for a big family wedding; and even though it wasn't ready, there was a mock moving-in. The cherrywood curving stairway was rushed together to hold the bridal party. The sight of the Episcopal bishop of San Francisco in his white robes in front of the window made the feeling of a cathedral almost official.

What could easily have been a vast, intimidating space has been given an amazing intimacy. The pattern of beams and supports above, the vertical-grain wood floor banded in handmade tile, the mullions and the almost organic chimney of the fireplace create human-size chambers and nooks.

The residents wanted a fireplace that would have its roots in the work of Isamu Noguchi. Sculptor Travis Fulton, an artist who lives in Aspen much of the time, was given measurements. He located a huge chunk of black granite in Virginia and had it shipped to a Vermont stoneyard, where he directed the workmen in carving it into a stunning polished ledge that guests sit on. A second oval of granite resting on salvage from the beams forms an island in the kitchen, itself a cocoon set in one corner of the large open space, "to make it distinctly separate from the dining area," says Conger.



ABOVE: "We thought it would be dramatic and fun to have a lookout for people to watch all that's going on in the Great Room below," says Conger of the balcony, fashioned with cherrywood handrails. "Guests like to go up there during parties."

"I spent a lot of time musing about color and texture and how to make such a grandiose space user-friendly," says interior designer Philae Dominick. "I had to think about children and dogs." Her mission was explicit: no southwestern, no theme. "It had to feel warm, comfortable and lived-in, even though it was brand-new. I knew the art would be eclectic, and that's why the furniture is too." Big round poufs roll around so people can move from one conversation to another. "For the wife, there are lots of spots for reading, and certain colors. The sofa, for instance, which is a bay-mud green, looked like an old shoe when we brought it in, but the space is so full of light, you can have fun with odd colors," says Dominick. Color was also implemented in the master bedroom, where the designer added several touches of red and a patchwork quilt.

There is a porch with a Jacuzzi off the master bedroom where the scent of the shake roof perfumes the air. Downstairs, a series of doors along the gallery open to the bedrooms. Each bedroom has a window seat, a walk-in closet and its own bath, and each opens to the outdoors with a transom created to throw natural light into the hall.

Off the living room is a small library with a stucco fireplace. It opens onto a bedroom and can be shut off as a private suite. All the sconces on the walls and between the motorized clerestory windows—a staccato of small squares near the ceiling designed for light and ventilation—were made in Santa Fe.

Practicality was naturally a major

OPPOSITE: "The Great Room contains the living area, kitchen and dining area," notes Conger. "You enter the house through a gallery, pass into the rotunda and then step through a Japanese-inspired 'gate' into the soaring main space. It's a series of experiences." A sofa and chairs arranged around a Persian carpet form the principal conversation area. The interior design is by Philae Dominick.





concern for the architects, since the Aspen Design Group is known for its sophisticated conservation techniques. "You do think about ecology," says Conger. "You think about conservation as a responsible act, but the poetic aspect of a building is what is memorable over time." In fact, preserving energy was easy. "Because the logs are so massive, once they heat up, it takes them a long time to cool down. They store a tremendous amount of heat." The big south-facing window would cook and fade the Great Room if not for high-tech glazing. "It stops condensation when it's really cold, too." The house's insulation is such that temperatures never dropped below fifty-five degrees when the furnace went out in the winter for ten days.

Steven Conger's measure of a successful house is by how many ideas it has per square foot. "Some houses may have only four, but this one is full of them. Everywhere we looked, we tried to do something different. For example, the plaster techniques in each room that catch the light in a variety of ways, the view that comes from every direction, the sequence of experiences, visual and visceral, as you walk in the door. The house is dense in ideas."

The husband and Conger have wandered down the gently sloping lawn toward the Charleston fence and the pond, where a dozen ducks have survived cohabitation with a family of foxes. "That's the new site for the swimming pool," says the husband, pointing beyond the water. "There will be a pavilion between the pool and the pond, and you'll walk through a grape arbor, along a stone wall." Conger nods. "Designing this house was such a wonderful, creative process," he says. "And I could see he was sad that it was over. So here he goes again." □

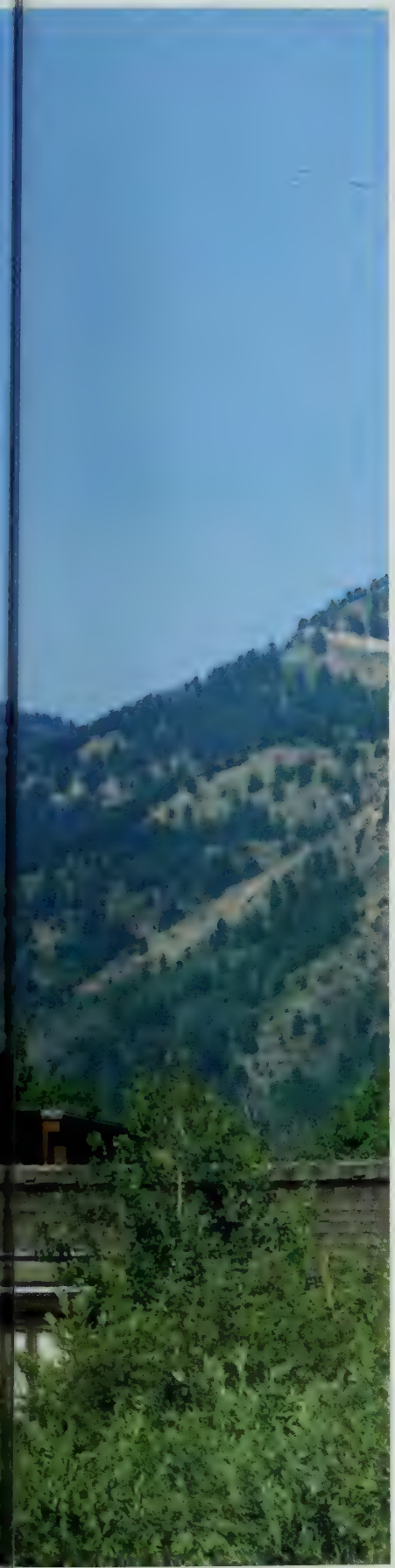
"We used white-plaster ceilings to keep the Great Room bright against all the wood," says Fuller. The big window provides views of Aspen, Snowmass and Mount Sopris. Sheltered in the space's transeptlike extension is a more intimate seating area with smaller arched windows.

Old World Wyoming

A Flourish of European Style in the American West

INTERIOR DESIGN BY ROBERT K. LEWIS, ASID
TEXT BY JEFFREY SIMPSON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN VAUGHAN





"THIS TOWN HAS been a mix of the cowboy and the dude for a hundred years," remarks New York–based designer Robert K. Lewis about the Wyoming community where he has fashioned a European-style interior for a couple who recently decided to make the West their permanent home. "Even Buffalo Bill went from catching buffalo to performing in a Wild West show for visiting European royalty," adds Lewis. "Today there are working ranches next door to houses where the Japanese and the Rockefellers stay when they come to ski."

Whether the tradition started with Alexander Philip Maximilian, prince of Wied-Neuwied, who came to hunt buffalo in the 1830s, or one of the railroad barons conjured up so vividly by Willa Cather in her 1923 novel *A Lost Lady*, there is a strong precedent in the West for the kind of style that juxtaposes sagebrush outside and sage-green sponged walls inside. And that's just what Robert K. Lewis did for his clients.

"Most big houses around here are log, but this one is unusual—it has a special character," the designer says. "The previous owners used local stone for the walls and chimneys and gave it a European flavor by adding two towers with peaked roofs. That gave us some leeway in terms of design. Too, the couple wanted to use the very good English and French antiques the husband had inherited."

The husband adds, "The family of a good friend of mine moved out here from Baltimore after World War II. They brought antique furniture and antique rugs and hung family portraits on whitewashed log walls. It looked great. That was my model for using elegant things here."

Lewis began by finding a pair of Gainsborough armchairs in a Man-



When a New York couple decided to make Wyoming their permanent home, they called on Robert K. Lewis (right) to design a European-style interior using their family antiques. "It was my first project in the West," he says.

LEFT: The Rockies rise beyond the house's stone chimneys and peaked roofs. BELOW: Aspens line the entrance drive. The tower at left holds the husband's office and sculpture studio. "It was a matter of rethinking an existing house to make it work for a family," notes Lewis.



hattan antiques shop. "They're extremely fine," he says, "with Gothic fretwork. They set the tone." The chairs are now ensconced in the high-ceilinged living room, before a newly installed antique English pine mantel. The designer then traveled to London, where he found everything from a huge nineteenth-century lead-and-copper lantern to hang in the entrance hall to the very rare Indian carpet woven in the nineteenth century by prisoners of the Agra jail that now graces the living room.

At the same time, Lewis encouraged the husband to start collecting western art. "I got him going on western paintings," he says. One example now hangs in the dining room, *The Lone Star Geyser*, an 1888 landscape by James Everett Stuart, a descendant of Gilbert Stuart.

"I decided to collect what I call the explorer artists," the husband explains, "men like Karl Bodmer, George Catlin and A. J. Miller, who went where nobody else had been and painted what they saw." His favorite in the collection is displayed in the living room. Alfred Jacob Miller's *The Lost Greenhorn* depicts a man on horseback lost on the plains, a problem prevalent in the days when the horse was the only mode of transportation and cocky easterners often ventured too far on their own. It is a painting that captures the gallantry of the explorer spirit and the tribulations of the tenderfoot all at once. "Though I don't really consider myself a greenhorn, the name appealed to me," the husband says.

> "My dream has always been to own a western property."

Far from being a greenhorn, he has for a number of years owned a working cattle ranch about an hour and a half away from the couple's present house. When they decided to live full-time in the West, they realized they needed a more comfortable base than a ranch. "I wanted to maintain the way of life we had before," the husband says. "My dream has always been to own a western property. When I bought the ranch I wanted it to be completely authentic, so it's all



An Esteban Vicente collage is flanked by 19th-century French lead tulips in modern pots in the entrance hall. Lewis glazed the walls the colors of antlers and installed an English stone floor. The table is late Georgian. Stark carpet.



"Although the rooms are not terribly large, they are very high," says Lewis, who used a sage-green glaze on the living room walls to suggest the Wyoming landscape. An early scene of New York is over the mantel. Yellow stripe and drapery fringe, Brunschwig & Fils. Manuel Canovas geometric print and sofa pillow fabric. Drapery fabric is from Cowtan & Tout, as is the red fabric on the Gainsborough chairs, from Kentshire Galleries. Scalamandré drapery tape.

log. In town, on the other hand, I didn't want the same thing as everybody else. I liked this 'odd duck' house. With the family antiques and the formal garden, it could look like an English country house."

At the same time, the couple hoped to become part of the community. "We're a bit formal and we entertain quite a lot. I wanted to be able to do that," says the wife. As Lewis says, "They kept saying they planned to entertain eastern friends, but they didn't want local cowboys to feel uncomfortable, so we gave the living room the feel of a library."

In the balancing act between the grandeur of fine antiques and the grandeur of western scenery, there were times when the scales were in danger of tipping too far one way or the other. The wife recalls that when she told a Wyoming friend that they were hiring a New York interior designer, she said, "Then you're going to have draperies covering up all those wonderful views."

Lewis admits, "We did have lots of discussions about draperies," but he took care to make the landscape part of the interior. For instance, the elaborate garden, with its espaliered fruit trees and four thousand perennials, was designed so that it can be seen from all the main rooms of the house. "You look through the pergola we built to the working ranch next door and the mountains," he says. "Elk, moose, coyote and deer are visible all the time."

And then there is that sage green. "The living room walls are the same green as the range next door," the husband points out.

But it is in winter, when the land is covered with snow all the way to the mountains, that Lewis and his clients feel that the house really comes into its own. Despite their scale, the kitchen and its adjoining dining and sitting areas are warm and welcoming, with posts and beams that were taken from an old cabin nearby, a huge stone fireplace, Windsor chairs



Hand-hewn posts and beams taken from an old cabin add a rustic element in the sitting area off the kitchen. The lamps were crafted from early-19th-century English tea canisters. Sofa and drapery chintz, Brunschwig & Fils.



A fireplace warms the informal dining area. Chandelier was inspired by the work of Thomas Molesworth. Chairs, Kentshire Galleries.

"I liked this 'odd duck' house. With the antiques and the garden, it could look like an English country house."



The master bedroom, set under high peaked eaves, has a sort of pergola formed by chimneys.

Gilt tole beds copied from French examples underscore the European air in the guest bedroom. "Originally, the whole house had dark woodwork set against white walls," says Lewis. The floral chintz is from Clarence House.



"It's a winter garden," says Lewis of the master bedroom, where he raised the ceiling to a full two stories. At the center of the space is a sort of interior pergola formed by the chimneys from the downstairs fireplaces. "We had to work around them," he notes. "We didn't have much choice." The four-poster dates from the 19th century. Clarence House chintz. Wallcovering is from Cowtan & Tout. Stark carpet.

made of yew and a collection of valuable decoys assembled by the husband's uncle in the early 1960s. "He pulled them out of people's barns and bought them for five dollars apiece," he notes. "They were made everywhere from New England to the Chesapeake to the upper Mississippi."

The master bedroom, set under high-pitched eaves, has a sort of interior pergola in the center formed by the chimneys of the fireplaces downstairs. "Structurally, we had to keep it," explains Lewis. "But the previous owners had a desk built into the middle, and it made the whole thing an enormous obstruction. When I decided we should tear out the desk, none of the workmen wanted to touch it, so I took the crowbar and struck the first blow." In a room full of pale colors, flowered chintzes and a green carpet, it now has the feeling of a garden structure. "It's wonderful when everything is green outside," the wife observes, "but when it's snowing, this is truly my dream room."

European style and western traditions have made for a happy union in this vast mountain valley in Wyoming. "The house works because it is rich with the history of our family," says the wife. "First there are the antiques my husband inherited from his parents, then there are the things we bought together, and then there is the experience we shared moving here and creating a home. The memories make the house special." □

Robert Redford's Sundance

Celebrating the Land and the Arts at the Famed Utah Retreat

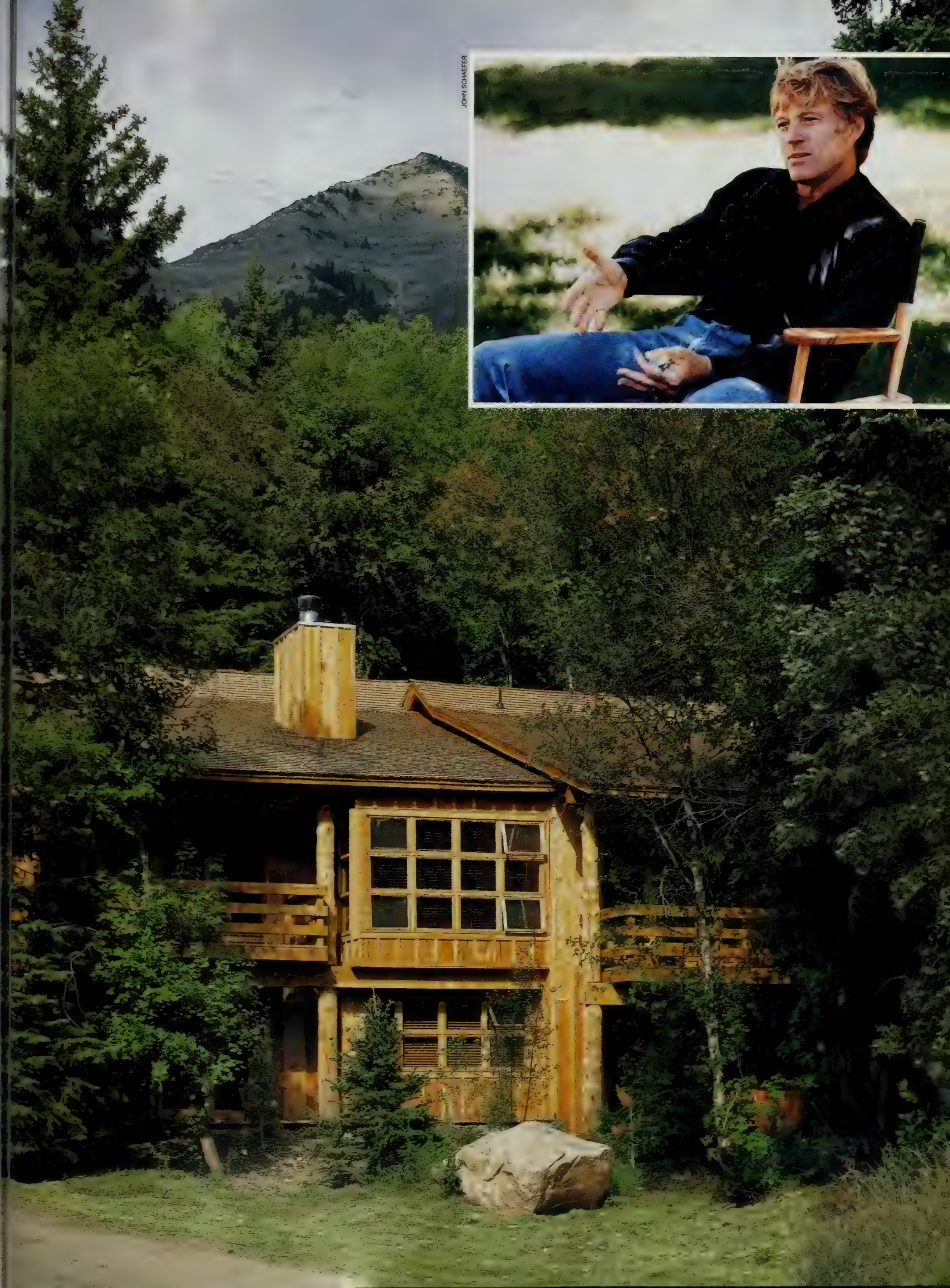
ARCHITECTURE BY JOHN C. SHIRLEY INTERIOR DESIGN BY MARY WHITESIDES AND NANCY MAYNARD
TEXT BY JUDITH THURMAN PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY E. NICHOLS



"IS HE UP THERE?" asks the clerk at the K mart in Orem, Utah, of a customer in a ski suit who has stopped to buy some film, lip gloss and an ice pack. The question neither gets nor needs elaboration. "He" is Robert Redford, and "up there" means at Sundance, only ten miles past the mall, the discount gas station, the night driving range, the VFW post, the trailer camp with "ultra-modern conveniences," but in a state—a pure America—of its own.

There is certainly no flag that flies over the general store when Redford is "up there," and yet Sundance is so much the stronghold of his taste, activism and charisma that even when he's not home, one feels his vigilant presence. The staff is mostly young, with shining faces out of a Gap ad (if you're middle-aged they may remind you more of Getting Clean for Gene), and they work with an esprit de corps and a commitment to service that on-

An unspoiled Utah canyon discovered by Robert Redford (inset opposite) in 1956 is now the heart of Sundance, a ski resort and artistic community. The guest cottages have been open since 1988. LEFT: A rock echoing the shape of nearby Mount Timpanogos marks the entrance to the property. There, visitors experience a rare blend of nature and the arts—what Redford calls "a dream being carefully nurtured." ABOVE AND OPPOSITE: Architect John Shirley built the cottages of native materials.


JOHN SCHAEFER

BELOW: "The dining areas in the cottages were planned to capture the alpine views, to let in lots of light so that one would get a strong sense of the outdoors while eating," says Mary Whitesides, who designed the rustic interiors with Nancy Maynard.





BELOW: Dan Namingha's oil of a Hopi dance is next to a camera sculpture in the screening room lobby of the Sundance Institute, which Redford founded in 1980 to assist independent filmmakers.

ABOVE: The rough-hewn pine used for the cottage bedroom walls was taken from a standing dead forest, which lends them their distinctive hue. The wood furniture was crafted in Santa Fe.



ly loyalty to an individual, rather than to a paycheck, could inspire. One imagines that the monks on Mount Athos receive their visitors with the same mixture of pride and deference.

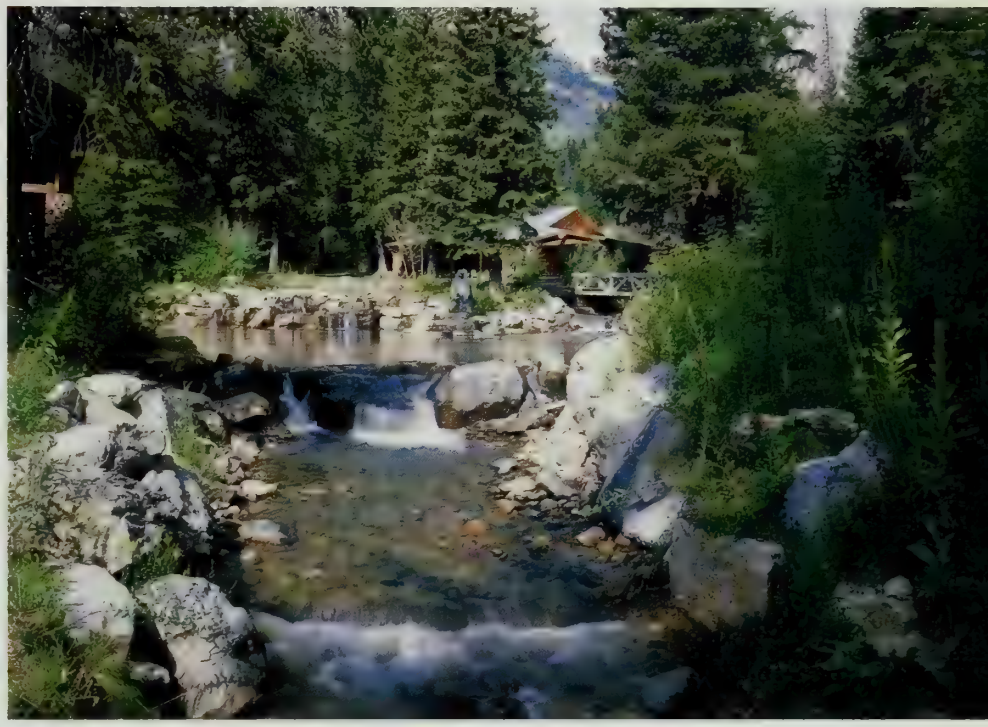
Redford discovered Sundance as a college student. He camped there in summer and tested his prowess on the slopes when they still belonged to a little ski station with one lift and a Samoan-style restaurant. After his marriage and his first modest successes as an actor, he built a house on a two-acre plot with his own hands. As his power and fortune grew, he used them to fight development in the canyon, or at least to define growth in his own terms. The landscape moved him for reasons he can't or won't articulate but that, in fact, are not obscure to anyone with a romantic sense of place. Students of humility—and Redford, in his own strange way, is one—have always loved mountains. They reward devotion the way works of art do, by becoming more elusive the closer you get to them.

The actor, of course, has specialized in romantic heroes: mountain men, downhill racers and cowboys, including the eponymous Sundance Kid. But he has also played Jay Gatsby—a character closer to his heart than one might imagine. There is, ironically, more than a little Gatsby to the resort: not the flash, for there is none, and not the *arrivisme*, because that is not the Redford nor the Sundance style. No, Sundance is Gatsby-like because Redford's sense of grandeur is so American; and because the hospitality one receives feels less like that of a resort than of a private estate whose owner doesn't always happen to know who his guests are.

Gatsby was obsessed with a beautiful and fickle woman. Redford's Daisy has always been the wilderness. He never wanted to run a ski resort, but the incomparable Wasatch powder helps to pay for his true passions: preserving the landscape; coaxing the wildlife back to its native habitat; sponsoring experimentation and a sense of community in the arts; and providing a forum for dialogue on the environment. The Sundance Institute, founded in 1980, initially focused on cinema, nurturing the kind of risk taking, a "freedom to fail," as Redford puts it, that doesn't usually find commercial backers. It has since expanded to include laboratories in such disciplines as playwriting and film composition. Many of the institute's fellows and mentors return to spend off-season time at Sundance, and some—like Sydney Pollack and David Puttnam—have bought second homes there.

Photographs of Sundance Institute participants, including Paul Newman and Hume Cronyn, line the walls of the Grill Room restaurant, which is located in the main lodge. Redford, who believes the artifacts from his personal collection should be on view for the public rather than behind glass, contributed the native American pots and baskets. The saddle was used in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.





ABOVE: Redford and the designers thought the landscape at Sundance should exemplify a Shakespeare quote, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In the distance is the Sundance Institute screening room, by Backen, Arrigoni & Ross.

Recreational facilities—ski lifts, hiking and riding trails—occupy only about a tenth of the five thousand acres at Sundance, and the buildings themselves about a tenth of that. If Redford could have made them invisible, he probably would have. The original guest cottages were designed by John Shirley and conceived of by him and Redford as a kind of pueblo, a housing cluster that would command a view but not spoil one. They are built of local materials—rough-hewn pine and stone—that to some degree camouflage their existence. The design makes allusions to the log cabin, the Maine camp, the sportsman's lodge—to American ideals of rustic shelter in the wilderness. But let us note that the term *cottage* is, in fact, one of those traditional Yankee understatements popular in Newport and Bar Harbor. The larger cottages are actually duplex chalets with a cathedral ceiling, a sheltered porch, a whirlpool tub and a fireplace stocked with fresh wood every day. If one overdoes it on the slopes, it does not feel excessively confining to spend an afternoon with one's bad knee propped on a tapestry pillow, reading a novel by Louis L'Amour and making gourmet popcorn in the microwave.

Long before there was a Sundance catalogue that embodied Redford's environmentalism in a line of merchandise, designers Mary Whitesides and Nancy Maynard had defined a Sundance aesthetic for the cottage interiors. They too are meticulously "unspoiled." Everything is natural, nothing is precious, although a sense of fragility comes from the bouquets of dried wildflowers, the antique quilts and wicker and the Indian artifacts. Roman shades in bleached cotton filter the light. Weathered pine

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LEFT: Only a portion of Sundance's 5,000 acres is occupied by buildings, as seen from a ski lift. Redford planned the rest of the land to remain protected wilderness, both limiting development and encouraging wildlife to remain in its natural habitat

New Mexican Vernacular

A Designer's Territorial-Style House Outside of Santa Fe

INTERIOR DESIGN BY BARBARA WINDOM TEXT BY MICHAEL WEBB PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT RECK



"This house is a new concept built in an old way," explains Windom (left). "It's very pure and it feels right."

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST is an elusive quality, but its presence is tangible in every corner of the hillside retreat that interior designer Barbara Windom and Victor di Suvero have created for themselves a few miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Behind the plain exterior is a sequence of rooms that seem to have been sculpted from a solid mass. Their strength and refinement are the trademarks of architectural consultant Betty Stewart and her team of craftsmen. Softly undulating walls show their thickness in wide-splayed window reveals; sunlight and shadow



For interior designer Barbara Windom and Victor di Suvero, a territorial-style adobe house nestled in the hills outside of Santa Fe, New Mexico, is now a family retreat. OPPOSITE: The deep overhang of painted tin roofs provides the portal with shade from the bright sun.

THIS PAGE: The den's white-plaster walls set off a vignette of an engraved-glass-framed oval mirror and a Moroccan-leather-and-nailhead trunk that is illuminated by an Art Nouveau–inspired lamp. Accentuating the herringbone forms of the brick floor is a Moroccan rug.



Dark wood beams underscore the southwestern feel of the expansive living room, where undraped windows provide unobstructed views of the desert landscape. Chintz adds to the informality. Artworks include a circa 1916 painting by William Penhallow Henderson over the fireplace, a Degas sculpture on the low table, right, and a feline sculpture by Diego Giacometti, left.

play off the polished surfaces. Ancient doors and ceiling beams, brick sills and wood-strip floors add their warmth. Windom, a magpie of rare discernment, has filled the house with treasures and arranged them with self-effacing artistry.

She and di Suvero had been going there for years, from her residence in Malibu and his in San Francisco. "One of us always had a round-trip ticket," she smiles, "so we decided this was the place we were meant to be." They looked at houses and sites around a neighboring village outside of town. "I had this fantasy of discovering a wonderful old adobe with two-foot-thick walls," she recalls, "but everything I saw had poky rooms with six-and-a-half-foot ceilings and no baths or closets." She had plenty of experience in remodeling houses for clients, but she found nothing that she could imagine reshaping for herself.

"I had never built a house from scratch," Windom admits, "so I called Betty Stewart. Her work is wonderfully clean, and it feels new and old at the same time." Most of Santa Fe is built in pueblo style, with softly rounded adobe walls. Stewart, who was born in Texas and moved to New Mexico while in her teens, prefers the sharp-edged territorial style. It reminds her of the house she grew up in, which was built in the mid-nineteenth century, soon after New Mexico became a territory of the United States, with a rectilinear frame, verandas for shade and pitched tin roofs to shed snow. Settlers constructed houses like these all over the Southwest. Since then, the style has acquired a name and a historic flavor.

Nobody uses it better or more consistently than Stewart. For twenty-three years she has hired skilled plasterers and framers, taught them her secrets and



Old raised-panel wood doors, along with the board-and-batten walls of the daybed alcove, harmonize with the textures of the raw beams and lintels in the study. Hanging at right are circa 1908 photographs of Chippewa Indians taken by Roland Reed. Windom's collection of Beacon blankets is displayed on the alcove's shelves. Mexican chairs at desk. The small multicolor cabinet is Spanish.

shown them how to build in authentic period style. She draws on her supply of vigas and hand-carved doors. Almost every house she designs is a variation on a basic theme, and her goal is simple: "I want it to be perfect, beautiful and enduring."

The site she showed Windom had three existing cottages on a hill, facing north and east. "It was exactly right; we could remodel two of them as guesthouses and move on-site to supervise construction," says Windom. "We agreed that it was all wrong to build atop the ridge, and there wasn't room at the bottom, where she wanted to put the house. So we backed it up to rocks near the top, where it merges with the landscape." They decided that most of the rooms should be on ground level, with living areas linked to the master bedroom by a long gallery lit from either end. Di Suvero's family is from Venice, and he recognized the gallery's affinity with the *portego* that bisects the piano nobile of Venetian palaces.

Windom wanted a big kitchen, an open dining area and plenty of room for guests to move about, and these are combined in a high-vaulted space at the south end of the gallery. She insisted on two traditional corner fireplaces with space to store logs underneath. "I'm a Virgo, and very practical," she says with a laugh. "Betty would talk, I would make notes, and our architect, T. Scott Mac Gillivray, did the drawings. Betty likes rooms that are twenty-four by sixteen feet; I had to consider where the furniture would go, and would tell her where to leave room for a sofa. She placed every beam in the house, and we agreed on almost everything."

Di Suvero asked for a low-ceilinged library upstairs, and a guest bedroom was positioned along-

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MARK IN SUVERO
VALENCE



"The rugs from Morocco and pillows from India and Afghanistan make it colorful and exotic," says Windom of the den. "It's where we sit or eat when we are alone." On the shelves is a collection of Pueblo pots. A sculpture by Mark di Suvero, Victor's brother, rests on the low table. The painting is by Jean Varda.



A series of T-trusses emphasize the open length of the dining room/kitchen, which is enlivened with a Portuguese-tile-fronted island and vent hood. Adorning the table are a ceremonial cloth from Laos used as a runner and a Northwest Coast Indian wooden bowl. Windom found the birdhouses at flea markets.



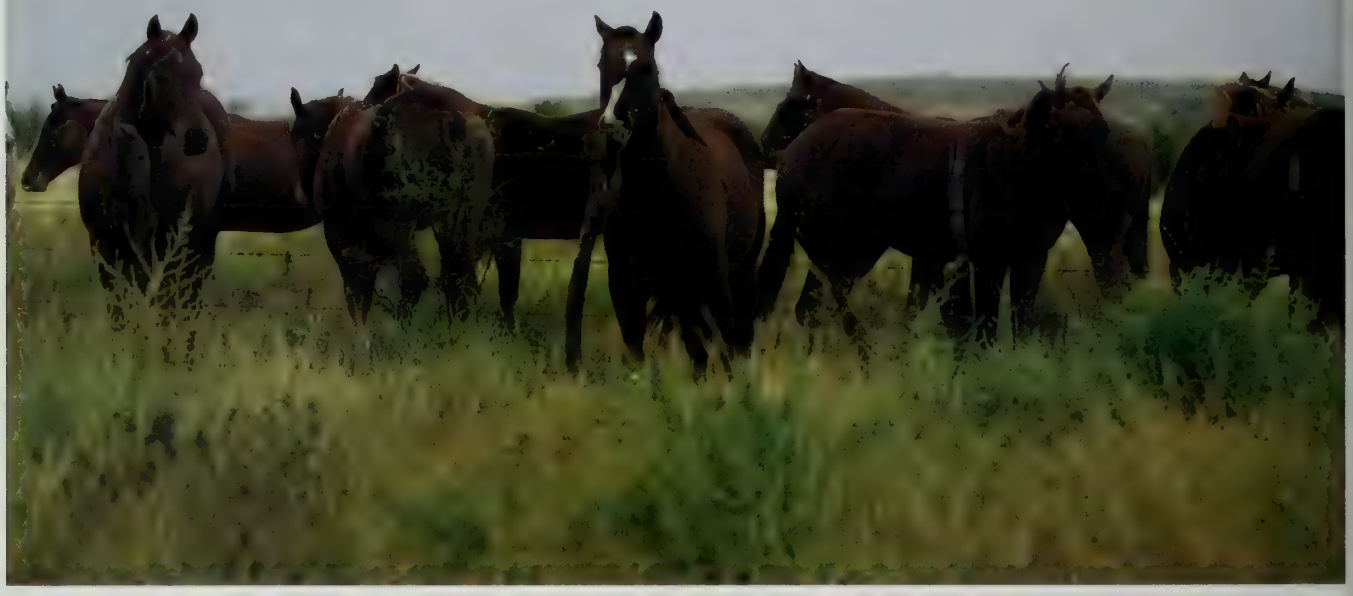


"What I love about the property is its four levels," says Windom. "We can enjoy total solitude. The contours of the land proved so adaptable to our needs that everything just fell into place." In front of the master bedroom window is a small reflecting pond. Set on a rock on the lawn is *The Key*, a sculpture by Mark di Suvero.

Four Sixes Ranch

Renewed Vigor for a Cattle Baron's Historic West Texas Mansion

INTERIOR DESIGN BY JOSEPH MINTON, ASID, AND DAVID CORLEY, ASID
TEXT BY MICHAEL ENNIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN VAUGHAN

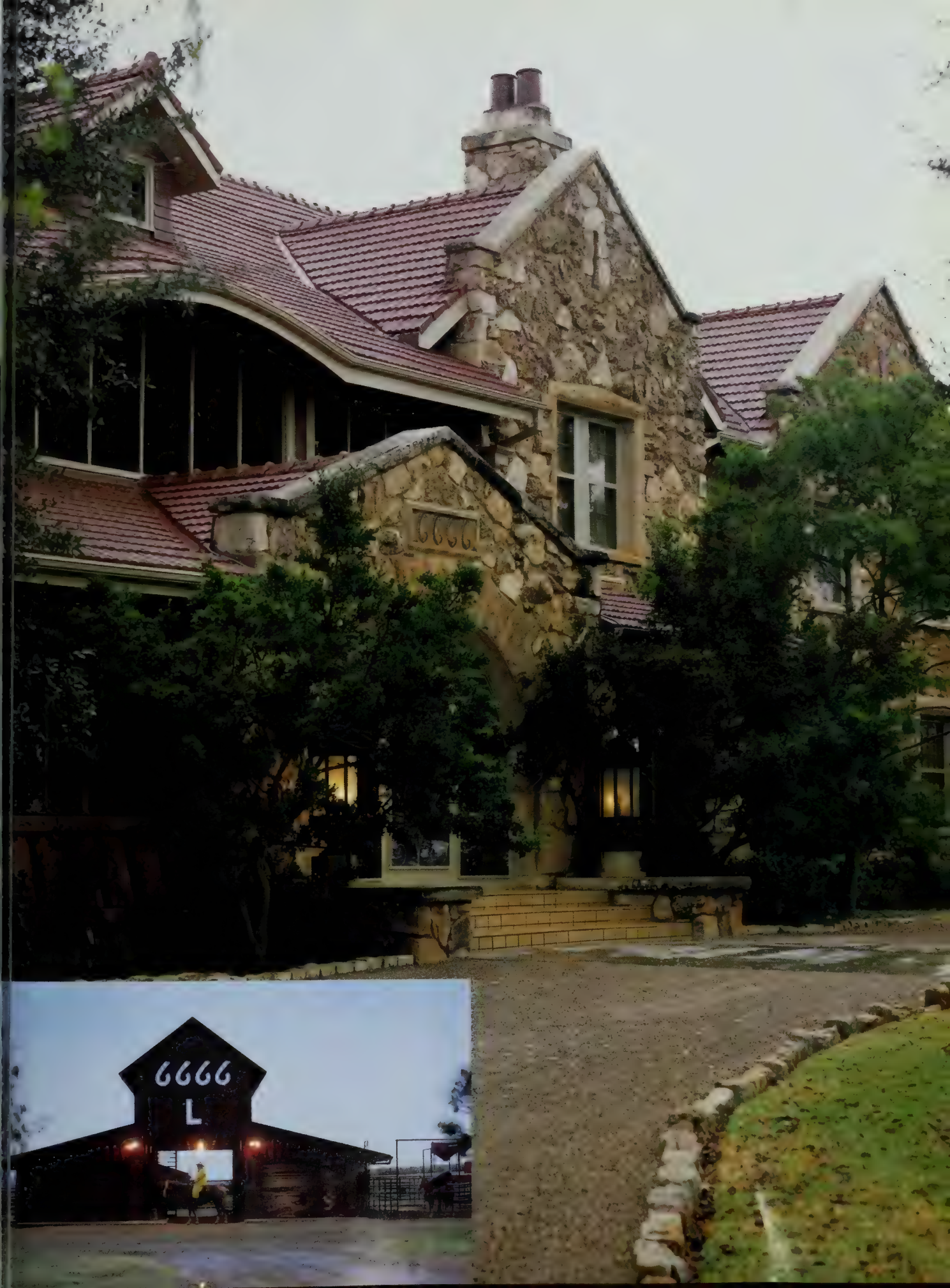


"Our client's only request was for a lot of color," says interior designer David Corley, who collaborated with his partner, Joseph Minton, on the redesign of the main house of the historic Four Sixes Ranch in West Texas. ABOVE: The 250,000-acre spread is a working cattle ranch that has been passed on intact through the generations. OPPOSITE: The native-limestone residence was built in 1915–17 for its first owner, legendary cattle baron Samuel Burk Burnett. INSET: The ranch was named after its unique brand, a row of unclosed sixes.

THE GREAT CATTLE barons of Texas long ago vanished into legend, and the vast empires they built have gradually dwindled and disappeared, divided or sold off by generations of heirs. Among the handful of surviving kingdoms, none has come down as intact as the sprawling Four Sixes Ranch (named for the ranch's distinctive brand, a row of four unclosed sixes) in the heart of West Texas cattle country. Except for some modernization here and there—Four Sixes now boasts a private jetport—the quarter-million-acre domain is much as it was left by its original suzerain, fabled Texas cattleman Samuel Burk Burnett. Texas ranching lore abounds with tales of Burnett, some of them apocryphal (that Burnett won his first herd of cattle with a poker hand of four sixes, hence the ubiquitous brand) and some true (Burnett's quick-draw shoot-outs with rangeland rivals).

The palace from which Burk Burnett ruled was built seventy-five years ago and was intended to outdo anything erected by the rest of Texas's ranching aristocracy. Constructed for the then-extravagant sum of one hundred thousand dollars, Burnett's monument stands on a hill overlooking the tiny town of Guthrie and tens of thousands of acres of mesquite-dotted rangeland. The imposing limestone edifice seems to materialize out of the dust of time, an enduring artifact of ranching's golden age. But for all its venerable character, Four Sixes is still a working ranch, home to ten thousand head of cattle and a contingent of cowboys who commute to the far-flung pastures in pickups but who otherwise maintain the same riding and roping skills required of cowpunchers a hundred years ago.

The twin demands of tradition and adaptation were foremost in the minds of designers Joseph Minton and David Corley, principals in the Fort Worth firm Minton-Corley, when Four Sixes' current owner (the sole third-generation descendant of Burk Burnett) asked them to give the interior of Burnett's mansion a long-overdue renovation. "It's a wonderful building," says Corley, "but as with


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COURTESY BURNETT ARCHIVES

ABOVE: Burk Burnett, who came to Texas in 1859, was the resident's great-grandfather.



"The house stood up to the addition of color in a way that a meeker one wouldn't have," says Minton. "The architecture still dominates." ABOVE: A hand-painted piano commands a corner of the living room. Lee Jofa leather. Schumacher striped wallcovering. OPPOSITE: K. Douglas Wiggins's *Rising Moon* hangs over the study's fireplace.

many old ranch houses, nothing had been done to it for years, and the furniture was very plain. Our client wanted something more fun and, in particular, more colorful. We tried to give her the look she wanted without varying too much from the original."

What impressed the designers most about the original was the tangible presence of the past. "I had known about the Four Sixes Ranch all my life," says Minton, a fifth-generation Texan whose own great-great-grandfather, a wagon-freighter, settled in Fort Worth before the Civil War. "But I had never seen it until we began this project. The house seemed so rugged, so authentic, with such a strong sense of the original structure and its time. You could still feel the personality of Burk Burnett."

Much of that character derives from the robust palette of native materials insisted on by Burnett. Mesquite trees from the ranch provided ceiling beams and a deep reddish-brown paneling for the enormous living room, while the immense fireplace was built with rocks from local river washes. The living room opens onto a brick-paved porch, constructed, like the rest of the house, with limestone blocks quarried at Four Sixes. Minton and Corley scrupulously preserved the original construction while deftly restating some of the basic architectural themes. "The ceiling was white plaster, which combined with the beams and a white-plaster pause between the paneling and the ceiling, created an overly busy effect," Corley points out. "So we painted the ceiling a terra-cotta color the same value as the beams and upholstered the pause with a patterned fabric in a matching color."

The designers shuffled furniture prodigiously, discarding dozens of pieces that had accumulated over the years following Burk Burnett's death in 1922, while retaining some, like the woven-rush-and-mesquite-branch hanging swing in the porch. The new furnishings are an eclectic assortment, in keeping with the designers' determination to move forward while respecting the past. A massive Normandy armoire in the master bedroom and Louis XVI–style chairs in the comfortable study recall the preference for European status symbols among turn-of-the-century cattle barons. The sixteen-foot-long dining room table, fashioned from a single slab of cedar and framed by Ward Bennet University chairs, echoes the traditional dining room setup at Four Sixes in a classic contemporary design.

Richly mixed patterns are a Minton-Corley trademark, and the furniture and carpets provide much of the color requested by the client. While the rooms have a distinct western feel, there are none of the usual clichés; cowhide-with-the-hair-still-on has been replaced by elegantly finished





"We like to mix patterns," says Corley. INSET: The dining room's distinctive sueded wallcovering was designed by Corley with a "6666" imprint. *Triangle Ranch Chuckwagon*, 1940, is by Peter Hurd. Cedar table by Mimi London.



The rusticity of the sun porch is enhanced by the rugged willow furniture and rough limestone walls. "On a West Texas ranch, the dust makes draperies impractical," notes Corley. FOLLOWING PAGE: As in Burk Burnett's day, Hereford cattle are the ranch's mainstay.



As a teenage trail boss, Burnett drove longhorns up the Chisholm Trail.

leathers and *faux*–animal skin upholsteries. But the most surprising element of the design is the use throughout of native American motifs, which, as the designers are quick to point out, is no heresy in this cowboy shrine but consistent with Four Sixes' history.

Burk Burnett was a longtime friend of Comanche chief Quanah Parker, who terrorized Texas ranchers in the 1870s before making a fortune leasing them grazing rights on tribal lands in the 1880s. Burnett was a similarly adaptable figure. As a teenage trail boss, he drove herds of longhorns up the Chisholm Trail to the railheads in Kansas. But when barbed-wire fences closed the open range and powerful East Coast and British consortiums began to assemble huge ranches (the largest ranch in Texas in Burnett's time was owned by a syndicate of Scottish investors), Burnett survived by wheeling and dealing in vast tracts of land and consolidating his own empire. He secured much-needed grassland by leasing from the Comanches, who respectfully called him "Ma-sa-suta," which means "He says so."

"We were very impressed with the Quanah Parker connection," says Minton, "and made a conscious effort to convey an Indian feeling." But the designers did so by reinterpreting rather than copying native American design elements. The contemporary diamond-patterned rug in the study was custom-colored to pick up the hues of the Indian-style rug in the living room, while Corley came up with his own neo-Indian pattern for the sueded wallcovering in the dining room.

Ma-sa-suta Burnett would probably approve of what Joseph Minton and David Corley have done to his great house. The designers have succeeded in revitalizing the traditions of Four Sixes, creating a look that bridges the ranch's past and future. "We worked to achieve a timelessness," observes Minton, "with the expectation of seeing this wonderful ranch go on into the twenty-first century—and its second century. Because it will." □



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The Montana Retreat of Liz Claiborne
continued from page 103

has purchased a nearby grove of old-growth trees. Their house is also a place of well-concealed industry. In a second-story office, Ortenberg fields most of the proposals received by their foundation. Precise of speech, quick in movement, he is a man who is driven by a wide variety of interests. "He often tells me, 'I feel like I haven't done anything valuable today,'" says Claiborne. "I wonder why that bothers him. Why not just relax?" To which Ortenberg replies, "No one is more modest about her own abilities than Liz."

The two have not only tried to promote conservation in the valley, they have also tried to take an active role in the community. They've sponsored a broad program to improve the quality of rural education, and more than once their horse arena has been the site of a party designed to raise funds for community services.

They have what might be called an activist philosophy toward the Swan Valley, toward nature. After years in the fashion industry, watching the Liz Claiborne label prosper and fostering its growth, they have applied the same level of energy and talent to the causes that most concern them. Tranquillity Ranch is a haven from one world—the world of Seventh Avenue—but it is also an outpost in another. Seated on the tower deck or in the solarium that overlooks the lake, the Ortenbergs see around them not merely a scenic backdrop of mountains and trees and water, but a responsibility. Tranquil this ranch may be. It is never idle. □

"Tom loved surprises," says Liz Claiborne. "He would be looking over the blueprints and suddenly you would hear him hoot."

Gerald and Kathleen Peters in Santa Fe
continued from page 111

ly figures from northern New Mexico. Throughout the house, Peters freely mixes early American furnishings with southwestern antiques. It is all "art of the place," he insists. "It has a specific character that comes from its culture."

An early American table and chairs are arranged in front of the adobe fireplace in the breakfast room. Small paintings by O'Keeffe, Arthur Dove and Joseph Stella brighten the wall above the early American side table. Not everyone would hang such paintings in an area of the kitchen used mostly by the family. "The art isn't sacred. It's part of our normal living environment. Our outlook comes from being used to having a lot of art around. It becomes part of the family," explains Peters. "I've always been interested in southwestern history. It has a lot to do with a respect for pioneer independence and for freethinkers. Western history represents an exploration of the American psyche. You can see that in the western art made between 1800 and 1900."

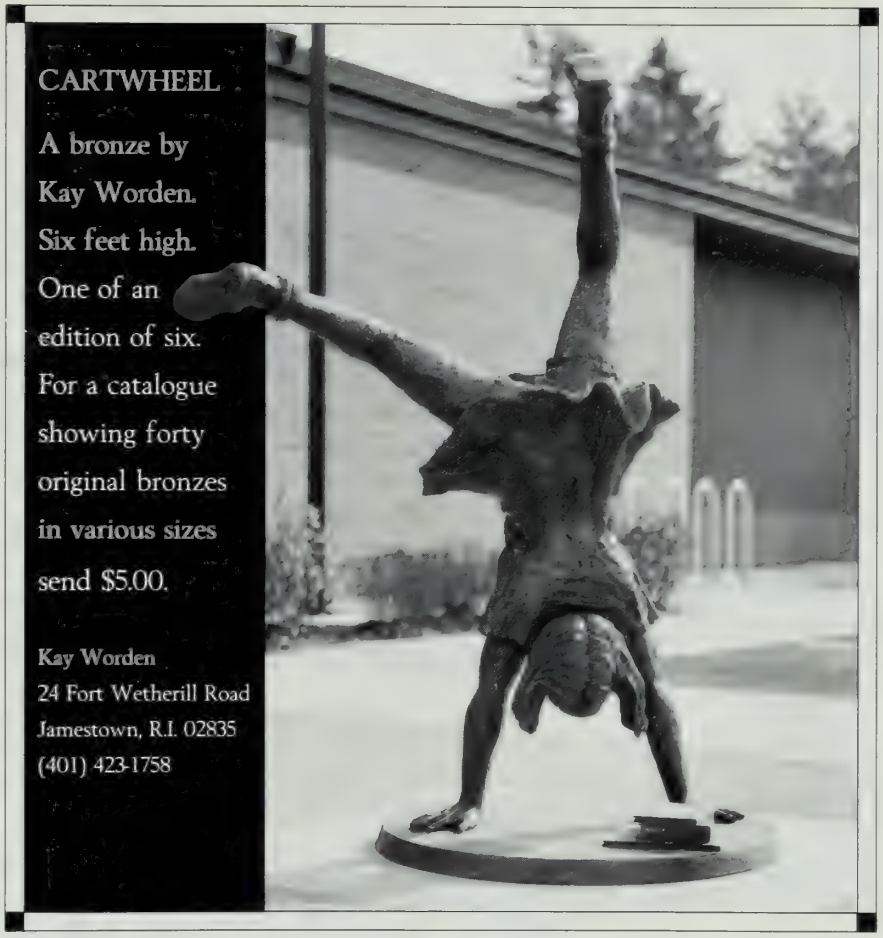
In the newly constructed sitting room, Peters's enduring affection for western art is revealed in a selection

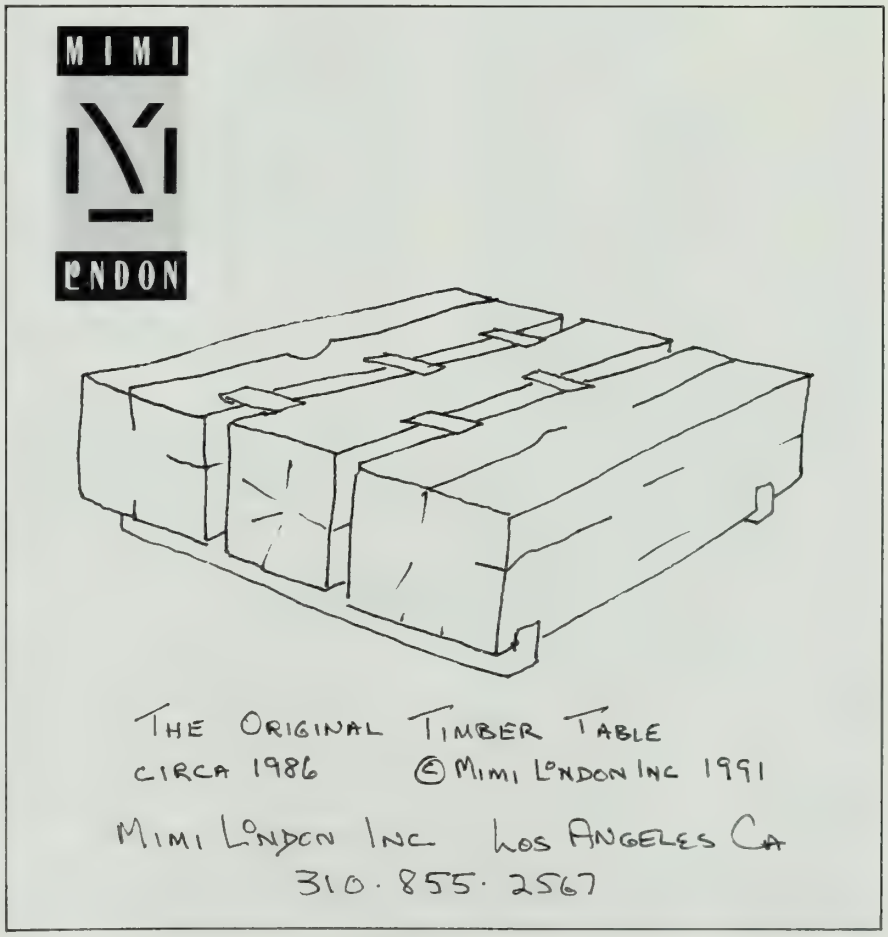
"The art isn't sacred. It's part of our normal living environment."

of small paintings by artists of the Taos Society of Artists such as Ernest L. Blumenschein and Bert Phillips, as well as Fechin and Gaspard. A staircase leads up to the library, where hundreds of volumes on fine art share space with drawings and paintings.

Native American artifacts accent various rooms of the house, but the library holds the largest collection, the historic Pueblo pottery, much of it from San Ildefonso.

"I'm no decorator," says Gerald Peters. "It's all just stuff we like, a big mix with no philosophy. Except that I like art with a sense of place. O'Keeffe had a sense of this place." □





Robert A. M. Stern
continued from page 123

masons to the Aspen Community Church, which is composed of the sandstone, and asked them to rough-cut the stones into similar squares and set them in an identical broken vertical and horizontal pattern. Today, in an age of machine tools and smooth surfaces, this time-consuming rustic technique is rarely used. The traditional materials are boldly juxtaposed against the utilitarian modernity of the metal roofing and painted-steel handrails.

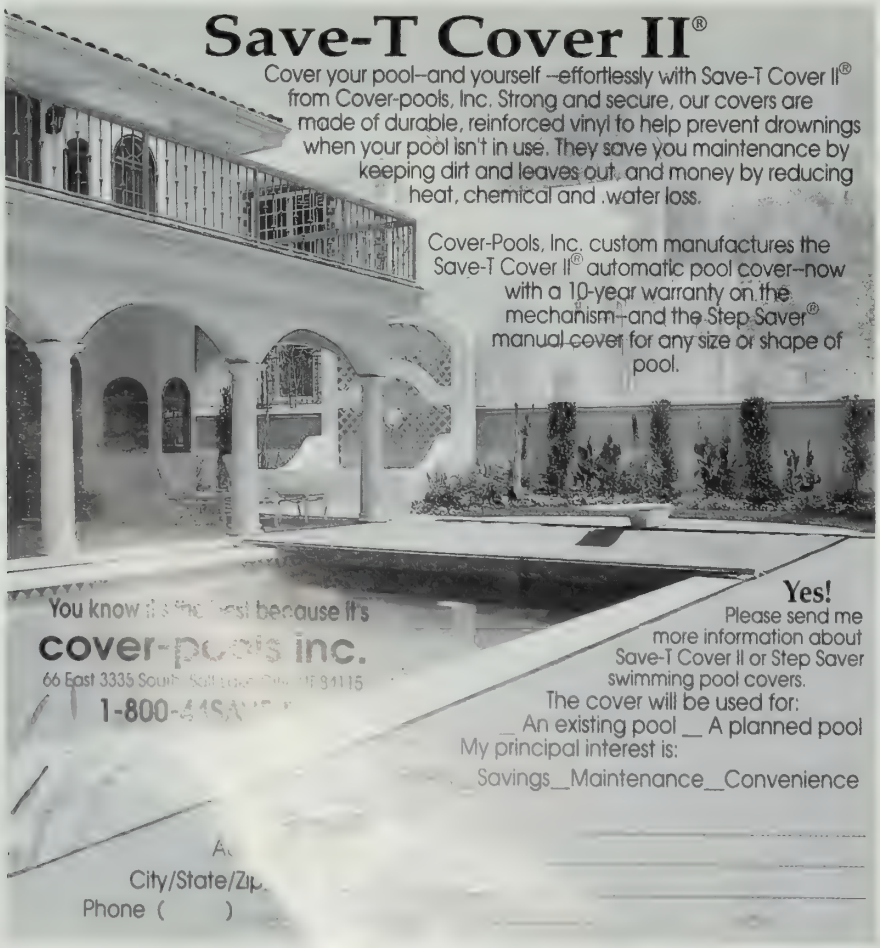
Exterior building materials and interior finishes meld together to create an impression of richness yet restraint. Inside, curly-maple paneling with stained-oak banding defines the two-story stair walls. An oak handrail is carved to resemble a thick twisted rope complete with tassels. The columns, trusses and flooring are also of stained oak. Even now, Stern's clients are making pleasant discoveries about their house. "When you sit quietly and focus," the husband says, "you notice the precise and subtle details, the way the walls are canted inward and the patterns that are

The stairway plunges two stories down the face of the mountain to a curved glass wall.

formed by the stone and the woodwork. Looking from the dining room, you see the careful placement of the elements and think, How could anyone put all this together in his head?"

After dark, the house glows with a profusion of continuous low-level lights recessed in the cornices over the stairway and concealed behind the lintels of the living room and entrance. It is then that people in the Frank Capra toy-model town of Aspen can gaze up the mountain and see the Robert A. M. Stern toy model of a Tuscan hill town sparkling and twinkling on the top of the world. □

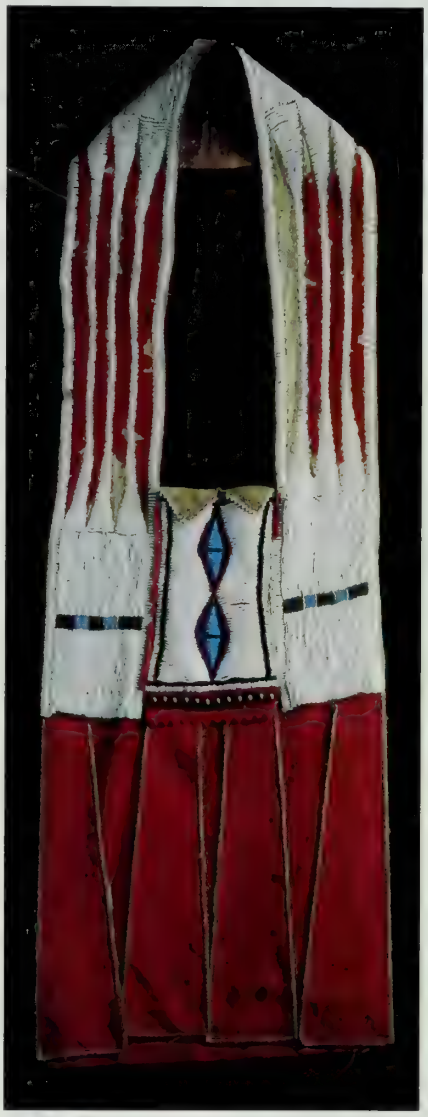




Fields of Colored Glass Define Traditional Tribal Patterns
continued from page 136

traordinary horse gear, whole fields of rich color—pale blues and dark greens—interspersed with triangles and rectangles and lines of white.

As beadwork first spread across North America, many tribes developed distinct preferences in color and design. Among the characteristics of Crow beadwork, for instance, are "pastel colors, smooth blending of the design without ridges, simple massive geometric figures with small details and tall slender triangles." The designs and colors prevalent among the Crow and their Plains neighbors are the ones most Americans would recognize as traditional beadwork, the kind sometimes seen mimicked in plastic beads in the gift shops of national parks. But even as these patterns were being worked out or transferred from painted or quillworked objects, many northeastern tribes were creating floral beadwork designs—flowing, curved, naturalistic—under the tutelage of French nuns, who taught beadwork to native North American girls in Canada. Those patterns too made their way westward, and western patterns soon made their way eastward in turn, especially as it became clear that whites had a taste for native crafts, which eastern tribes might more readily supply. The remarkable ease with which beads themselves traveled soon became true of the patterns—and the objects—they were used to create.



Warrior's Bandolier, Ute Indians, Great Basin/Plateau region, circa 1840s–50s. Buffalo hide, beads and trade cloth; 50" long. White "pony" beads (named for the ponies that brought them into the continent's interior), colored seed beads and brass shoe buttons beneath the pouch distinguish a bandolier. Canfield Gallery, Santa Fe.

Beadwork is a nearly worldwide phenomenon. Among peoples with the local means to manufacture beads, the art quickly sprang up. Those, like native Americans, who learned beadwork mainly after contact with Europeans rapidly integrated it into their older arts. It emerged full-blown in the hands of native American women, because it was, in most cases, a means of reproducing in a richer palette designs that were already familiar in their basketry or painting or weaving. It was a form of sudden perfection, with results as startling to the women who first worked with beads as they are to us today. And besides the sheer beauty of beadwork, there is always the historical accident to ponder as well: that beads that were colored, drawn, cut and tumbled en masse in Venice should end up being stitched, one by one, to the leather of a warrior's saddle or the bodice of a woman's blouse in the high plains or the dark forests of North America. □

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Jackson Hole's Premier Guest Ranch Embraces the Cowboy Life

continued from page 142

Next to riding, the great Lost Creek tradition is eating. Chef Alton Russell and his four assistants turn out three prodigious meals a day, served family style in the enlarged dining room in Schwabacher's original lodge. (The ranch's renovation and expansion was supervised by owner Halpin's son Mike, who married Lost Creek's former chef and became a full-time resident.) Breakfast choices include grilled local trout, blueberry pancakes or a spinach-and-pancetta omelette; lunch might be osso buco or chicken tetrazzini; dinner, beef tenderloins or braised rabbit. Perhaps the most significant culinary impression is that made by Patrick Hotaling, a formally trained pastry chef fondly dubbed "the baker from hell" for the temptations of the freshly prepared rolls, biscuits or breakfast pastries that bedevil calorie counters at every meal.

There's almost one staffer for every guest at Lost Creek, and the service is much like the cuisine—ample, polished, but never pretentious. "The staff has a gift for being accommodating without being one bit unctuous or obsequious," observes a Houston lawyer who has been coming back for years. The tempo is set by ranch manager Wanda S. Smith, a former medical laboratory administrator with degrees in horse science and horse management; Smith wears jeans to work but runs Lost Creek Ranch as punctiliously as a Swiss hotel.

"In some places kids grow up doin' basketball or tennis. Here you grow up rodeoin'."

Most guests bring the kids along, and three generations of a family are commonplace; sometimes the entire ranch is booked for a reunion. [illegible] are scheduled with both [illegible] children in mind, offering [illegible] versions for the latter to give the former a respite. Lost Creek Ranch has a baby-sitter on call, and each Tuesday the kids are taken up into the mountains for a cookout and an overnight camp-out in sleeping bags. Evening entertainments are family-oriented; there's the perennial favorite, Indian dancer Apache Bob, as well as a Wednesday night western sing-along.

The week culminates with a beef brisket and buffalo burger barbecue, followed by a junket to the semiprofessional Jackson Hole rodeo to cheer on the Lost Creek team. The Saturday night event is to this small Wyoming town what Friday night high school football is to small towns in Texas. Everyone turns out: young boys who perch on the fences, wearing the same cowboy garb as their calf-roping or bronc-riding older brothers, fathers and even grandfathers; teenage girls vying to become barrel-racing champion or a gold-lamé-clad Rodeo Queen, or simply hanging out in the corral ogling teenage bull-riders. Lost Creek wrangler Steve Blinkenberg is the intrepid rodeo clown, and during a break he takes some of the ranch's young guests back to the chutes to watch wild-eyed cowboys preparing to mount wild-eyed bulls. The Lost Creek team has a run of bad luck until the final event, the slapstick "wild horse race"; two wranglers and dishwasher Joe Cantu finally contrive to saddle an unbroken bronc and ride it around a barrel before anyone else can.

Sunday departures can be tearful, particularly for children ending their first love affair with a horse. Parents, however, often have the wistful satisfaction of realizing that they have redeemed something of their own childhood. "This is really a summer camp for adults," says Wanda Smith. "It's what people wish they'd grown up with and haven't. I think it's everybody's fantasy to be a cowboy." □

For more information, contact Lost Creek Ranch, P.O. Box 95, Moose, Wyoming 83012; (307) 733-3435.

continued from page 169

and painted tables are handmade for Sundance by craftspeople in Santa Fe. A retired local blacksmith produces the rawhide-and-iron lamps from a design by Whitesides. The pebble-colored carpets serve as foils for hand-loomed kilims. Sofas and chairs are overstuffed, and their scoured tones contrast with the rich blanket colors—crimson, basalt and verdigris—of accent pieces. The cottages are, in fact, a showcase for western artisanship and tribal folklore. But then, so is the film business.

The Indians and the moose always disappeared from the Provo canyon with the first snows and returned after the thaw, and a large number of visitors are seeing their wisdom. By May the mud has dried and the yellow organ grape starts to bloom. The filmmakers' laboratory is held in June, as the aspens are turning a luminous green. The summer theater opens its season under the stars; and the alpine wildflowers reach their tumultuous peak of color in mid-July, just after the Bluegrass Festival. This summer, sixteen new cottages will be ready for their first visitors. They have been decorated in either a "cowboy" style, with blanket sofas and log beds, or an "Amish" style, with painted folk art furniture. Set in a grove of old conifers, with "friendly" front porches and winding paths, the cottages, says Whitesides, have the feeling of a small campus. Also in the works is the Pines, an eighteen-suite inn.

Come to Sundance for the collegiate fellowship, brunch, the exercise, music, theater, dessert, fresh Utah trout, to take creative risks and fail, even because you love log beds. But don't bother unless you also truly love nature. "There are plenty of resorts where you can find a version of the scene you left behind in New York or Los Angeles, but not here," says Whitesides. "And we're trying like crazy to keep it that way." □

For more information, contact Sundance, RR #3, P.O. Box A-1, Sundance, Utah 84604; (801) 225-4107.

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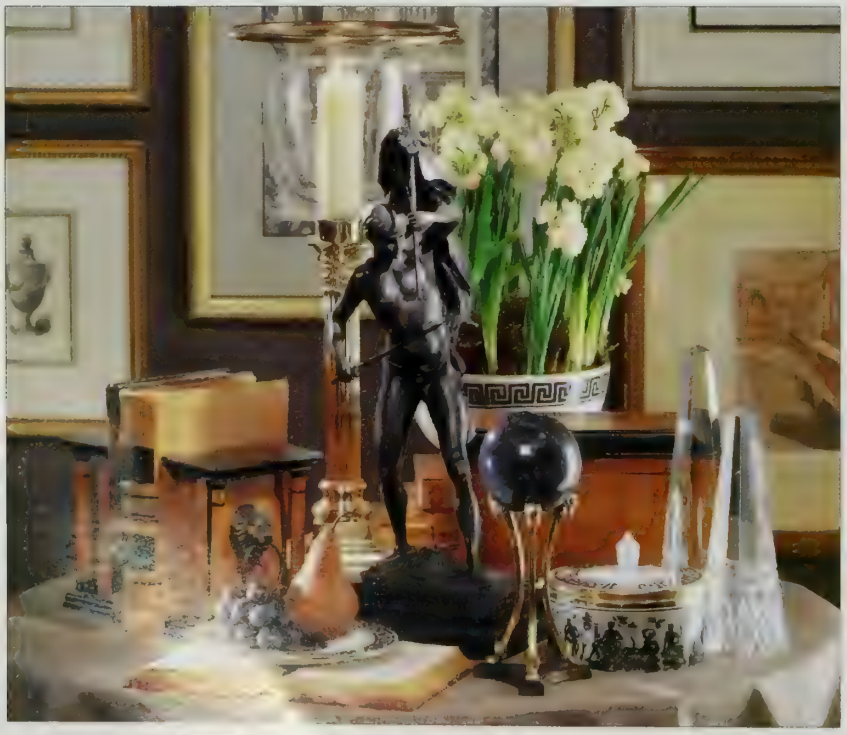
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A Designer's House Outside of Santa Fe
continued from page 173

side to justify the addition of a partial second story. The staircase would be sufficient justification by itself: It's a soaring, light-filled volume with a hand-carved balustrade. Windom got her big kitchen, but it took three tries to persuade the plasterers to create a flat wall behind the professional-size refrigerator and range. "I wanted it straight; they were wedded to curves," she says. "But when the house was finished, everything we had bought fitted where it was meant to go. Santa Fe accepts or rejects you. We took this to be an acceptance speech."

Ron Collier, an old friend, helped Windom find and arrange some of the furniture. Unobtrusive lighting washes gently over artworks, books and two open shelves of historic Pueblo pottery. But it was Windom's eye that brought so many disparate objects into balance. She is particularly proud of rarities she found in flea markets, and objects—like the carved-wood-and-bronze Venetian sconces near the entrance—that a dedicated collector would appreciate. Native American and Moroccan rugs and blankets animate rooms with their rich colors and vibrant patterns. Country furniture and folk art, Portuguese and local tiles, the herringbone-patterned brick floors: All the elements complement each other. The house is full of cats, both live and modeled.

"Santa Fe accepts or rejects you. We took this to be acceptance."

The house, garden and outbuildings seem as rooted in the hillside as the rocks and desert plants. You discover them one at a time, each defining its own space and reaching out to embrace the natural landscape and the luminous air of the high desert. Indoors and out, the house achieves a timeless beauty, a fusion of built forms and found light. □

A listing of the designers, architects and galleries featured in this issue.

Pages 48–62:
Flury and Company
322 First Avenue South
Seattle, Washington 98104
206/587-0260

Fraenkel Gallery
49 Geary Street
San Francisco, California 94108
415/981-2661

Robert Koch Gallery
49 Geary Street
San Francisco, California 94108
415/421-0122

Ledel Gallery
168 Mercer Street
New York, New York 10012
212/966-7659

Andrew Smith Gallery
76 East San Francisco Street
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
505/984-1234

Pages 92–97:
Solomon, Inc.
84 Vandewater Street
San Francisco, California 94133
415/397-9190

Terry Hunziker
97 South Jackson Street
Seattle, Washington 98104
206/467-1144

Pages 98–105:
Thomas L. Moore Design Associates, Inc.
308 East Eighty-fourth Street
New York, New York 10028
212/570-6620

Pages 106–115:
The Gerald Peters Gallery
P.O. Box 908
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87504
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Pages 116–125:
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212/246-1980

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6100 Georgia Avenue
West Palm Beach, Florida 33405
407/585-1747

Pages 126–131:
Mimi London
8687 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90046
310/855-2567

Pages 132–137:
America Hurrah
766 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10021
212/535-1930

American Indian Artifacts
P.O. Box 89
Paso Robles, California 93447
805/238-6129

Canfield Gallery
414 Canyon Road
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
505/988-4199

Morning Star Gallery
513 Canyon Road
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505/982-8187

The Native American Art Gallery
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Venice, California 90291
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Wild West Roundup

People seeking unexplored territories of collecting and decorative arts are hearing the call of the Wild West.

"The cowboy era is one of the last gasps for collectors," says Kate Kopp, co-owner of **America Hurrah** in New York, which focuses on American quilts, such native American art as pictorial Navajo weavings, and folk art. "We have odd things that turn up that are sculptural and painterly," says Kopp of a pair of six-foot-high painted cast-iron cowboy panels made in the 1930s for a chicken ranch in Oklahoma (right). America Hurrah, 766 Madison Ave., New York 10021; 212-535-1930.

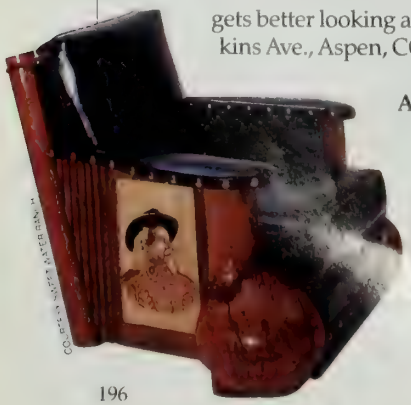

COURTESY AMERICA HURRAH, NYC

Mimi London brings the best of the West to her Los Angeles showroom, including reproductions of furniture made from the 1930s to the 1950s by Thomas Molesworth. London also makes her own lamps, such as an upside-down tepee made of cast iron with a mica shade and copper lacing. Mimi London, Pacific Design Center, 8687 Melrose Ave., Suite G168, Los Angeles 90069; 310-855-2567.

London's Molesworth reproductions come from **Sweet Water Ranch**, a budding Wyoming furniture company run by Bryan and Marc Taggart. The Taggarts custom make a dozen pieces, notably a burl-fir-framed leather sofa with Chimayo weavings on the cushions, an armchair (below) and chairs with a cowboy cutout on the back. London's favorite is a headboard of horses looking over a fence. Sweet Water Ranch, 531 16th St., Cody, WY 82414; 307-527-4044.

London also recommends the handcrafted sofas and chairs, many of them upholstered in leather, in **National Upholstering Company**'s Western Collection. "It's such classic stuff, and the quality is there," she says. "All the hand-fringing and hand-painting is very well done." Some pieces bear hand-painted western motifs—an eagle in the sun or an Indian on horseback. National Upholstering Company, 4000 Adeline St., Oakland, CA 94608; 415-653-8915.

Linda Niven, who owns an Aspen shop called **The Ranch** that is frequented by designer Steve Chase, specializes in western-style furnishings and accessories such as lamps (far right) based on organic materials. Niven originals include leather tabletops tooled the same way as a saddle so that "the leather gives when you put your feet up on it," London says. "It's so much more comfortable than wood or stone, and it gets better looking as it ages." The Ranch, 601 E. Hopkins Ave., Aspen, CO 81611; 303-920-1079.


COURTESY SWEET WATER RANCH

David Corley's clients head to **Anteks** (near right) in Dallas for log and cowhide chairs, beds and rustic linens. A stable of 50 craftsmen build antler chandeliers, log beds and Victorian-style iron beds. Popular sleeping models include a four-poster bed with stretched-cowhide head- and footboards and a headboard with cowboy hats carved in relief. Anteks, 5814 W. Lovers Lane, Dallas, TX 75225; 214-528-5567.

In New Mexico, Corley stops in at **Legends of Santa Fe** for antique saddles, spurs and swords. Legends boasts a collection of early New Mexican furniture—a six-foot bench sitting on 25-inch wagon wheels, *roperos* (wardrobes), tables from the 1920s and 30s and a WPA rocking chair signed "J. B. Chacon 1929"—as well as 1950s oil paintings of barroom scenes and vaqueros. Legends of Santa Fe, 411 S. Guadalupe, Santa Fe, NM 87501; 505-982-0230.

Arrowsmith's Relics of the Old West, housed in an early-1600s adobe building, displays native American pottery, rugs and blankets alongside cowboy gear and some furniture. Owner Mark Arrowsmith recently had on display the back end of a chuck wagon. Another prized possession is an original ca. 1915 photo of Annie Oakley in chaps and holding a Winchester. Arrowsmith's Relics of the Old West, 402 Old Santa Fe Trail, Santa Fe, NM 87501; 505-989-7663.

Rainbow Man owner Robert Kapoun specializes in trade blankets from the mid-1800s on. Edward S. Curtis's photogravures are on display, as are Bleeding Blue china, the name of the blue-ringed plates used on the Santa Fe Railroad in the 1920s, and Wallace's Westward Ho ceramics designed by Till Goodan in the 1940s and 50s. Rainbow Man, 107 E. Palace Ave., Santa Fe, NM 87501; 505-982-8706.

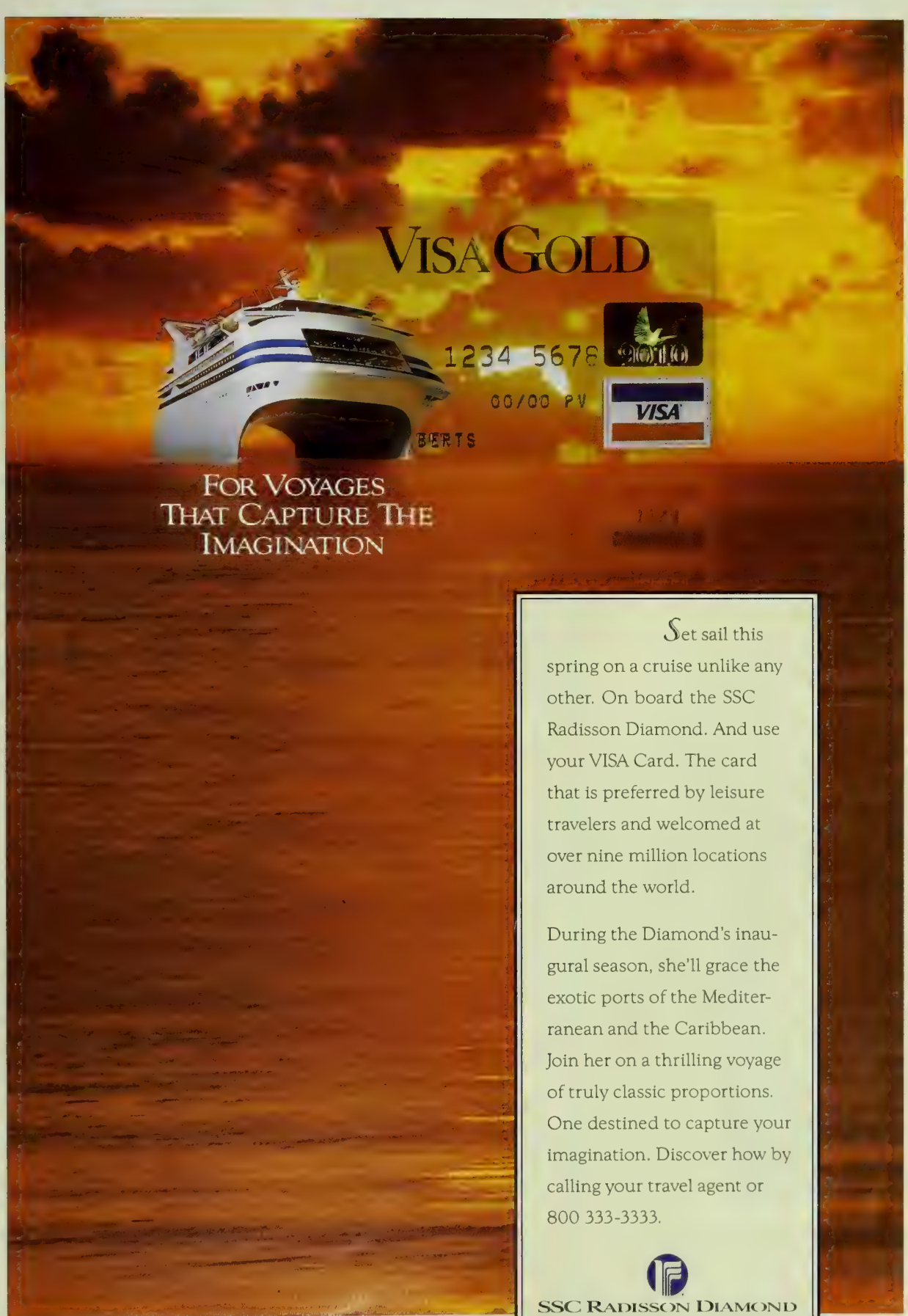
COURTESY THE RANCH




COURTESY ANTEKS

Another New Mexican dealer with cowboy gear and native American handiwork is Steve Eich, who owns a shop called **Old Taos**. He has assembled a collection of more than a hundred antique rugs and blankets, including a dozen Rio Grande blankets from the mid-19th century. Old Taos, 108 Teresina Lane, Taos, NM 87571; 505-758-7353.

continued on page 198



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Higher Profile

After years of being "protective" over his furniture designs, **Terry Hunziker** has gone public, and his First Profile line of signature saber-leg chairs, sculptural tables and austere lamps is taking center stage at the Sloan Miyasato showroom in San Francisco. Crafted by David Gulassa, the furniture (right) is simple—the focus being on shape and form—and its look changes dramatically depending on the materials used. A three-legged table has Brancusi-style African tribal influences when made from thick black lacewood. Finished in black lacquer, the same table design could work in a traditional setting. Hunziker says that there are more designs to come: "I have reams of drawings of furniture I haven't even made yet." Sloan Miyasato, 2 Henry Adams St., San Francisco, CA 94103; 415-431-1465.



MICHAEL SKOTT

Casting the Classics

David Whitcomb needed a dominant piece in his music room, something that would serve as what he called an "axis point." He telephoned the **Marco Rasala** shop in London and, after poring over photos the dealer of classical statuary sent him, ordered a slightly larger-than-life-size torso of Apollo, an exact replica of a sculpture from the 5th century B.C.

"They have an enormous library of casts from European museums," Whitcomb says. Rasala has a catalogue of some 10,000 classical sculptures (left), mainly Greek and Roman, that are made from the originals. Some casts are quite valuable because the statues they are taken from are too weak for any new casts to be made, says Mark Maco, chief operating officer of the Rasala shops scattered throughout western and eastern Europe. The statue made for Whitcomb is composed of resin but looks and feels like marble. "We can age marble because many interior designers and architects do not like the pure newness of marble," Maco says. "Resin enables us to exactly duplicate the 2,000-years-plus age of, say, classical Greek statues."



Rasala also restores or reproduces rooms for clients, its specialty being plasterwork. The firm's artisans, some of whom were involved in restoring the great palaces of Russia after World War II, also work with resin, marble, marble dust and bronze. By appointment only. Marco Rasala, Chenil House, 181-183 King's Road, London SW3 5EB, 71-351-1624.



COURTESY PRAIRIE EDGE

Santa Fe Finds

While supervising the building of his house in Vail, Juan Pablo Molyneux explored the Southwest and struck gold in Santa Fe.

At **Prairie Edge**, he found buffalo and elk hides hand-painted with intricate native American scenes as well as robes (above), weaponry and jewelry handcrafted by a group of 30 Sioux artists. Using traditional elements, such as porcupine quills, the present generation of Sioux practice the art of their nomadic forebears—painting everyday objects that were carried with them. Prairie Edge, 102 E. Water St., Santa Fe, NM 87501; 505-984-1336. Also at 622 Main St., Deadwood, SD 57732, 605-578-3475; 606 Main St., Rapid City, SD 57701, 605-342-3086.

Seret and Sons, with two Santa Fe locations, claims the top spot on Molyneux's list for kilims. "They have sofas, chairs and bulky club chairs upholstered in kilims," Molyneux says. "Usually you have to go through London to buy those." Seret, which supplied some of the rugs for Cher's Aspen residence (*AD*, Oct. 1991), also deals in architectural wood from India, Spain and Afghanistan. Owner Ira Seret started accumulating his collection of textiles, fabrics and rugs during the 15 years that he lived in Afghanistan before setting up shop in Santa Fe in the early 1980s. Seret and Sons, 149 E. Alameda and 224 Galisteo, Santa Fe, NM 87501; 505-988-9151 and 505-983-5008.

continued on page 200



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In the Showrooms

Grey Watkins has a new collection called Fantasia di Lorenza (near right), designed by Philippe David, a French artist who says he was inspired by a trip through Tuscany. Of the three fabrics in the collection, the first, *Concerto*, is a visual pun, because it uses the patterns from the other two plus a paisley design of its own and has them all printed in a pattern of trompe-l'oeil swags and drapery. *Adagio* alternates blue stripes perforated along the edges by little yellow squares with stripes of a raspberry, ocher and brown marbleized design. *Allegretto*, in shades of brown and yellow, is printed with a complicated basket-weave image. "People are curious, but wary," says Christina Diekman of Grey Watkins, "which shows how avant-garde it is. They're reacting the way they used to when we showed botanical prints with the roots showing—and now those are some of our most popular designs." Whimsy expressed in strong design terms is not unusual for Grey Watkins. One of the first items in the line eight years ago, *Noshi* (far right), has just been accepted for the permanent textile collection of the Art Institute of Chicago. *Noshi* are ribbons hung over a doorway in Japanese households for good luck. Grey Watkins has printed her *noshi* on glazed chintz in grisaille with yellow borders and red linings on backgrounds of gray, Imari red, black, brown or ivory.


COURTESY GREY WATKINS


COURTESY GREY WATKINS

A very different Japanese style—that of the modernist technological school—is evident at **Lee Jofa** in its Chestnut Field Collection. Chestnut Field, a small company bought a year or so ago by Lee Jofa, was founded by designer Ichiro Kurihara, whose last name means just that in Japanese—"chestnut field." Kurihara has added two new color combinations to an earlier design called *Sandbar*, which has a strongly defined woven horizontal stripe patterned diagonally in black and either gold or white (the two new colors). Kurihara also has a new woven design called *Basket* that has a grid of olive-green and rust bars with the squares in between defined in shadings of green.



The design firm **McMillen** has done its second fabric collection for **Robert Allen**. The McMillen Collection (left) ranges from large to small flower prints and from stripes to toiles. *Singapore*, a toile, is unpeopled except for some [illegible]ks flying around the eaves of a pagoda-roofed gazebo, but in its flowers, garlands, Baroque scrollwork and architectural details, all done in magenta on cream, it is as lively as the best toiles. *Ridgemont* is a print of rose-buds loosely surrounded by a diamond-shaped wreath of leaves in two color combinations—pink roses with ecru leaves on purple, and white roses with pink leaves on dark red.

Architect **Robert A. M. Stern**, who did his first collection of fabrics for **Hickory Business Furniture** more than a year ago (*AD-at-Large*, Feb. 1991), has added a new design to his group, which is available at Hines & Co. in New York's D&D Building. *Empire Stripe* (below) is a damask woven fabric, very grand and formal in feeling, as might be expected from one of the great advocates of turn-of-the-century Neoclassical style in architecture. But, as with the elegant whimsy of Stern's interpretations of the Shingle Style, *Empire Stripe* has a rippling woven gold line through the damask. The fabric comes in a choice of magenta, gold, purple or royal blue.



continued on page 202

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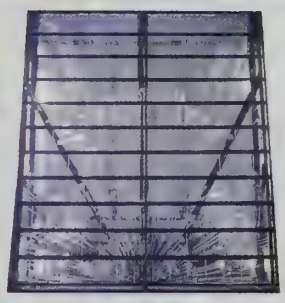
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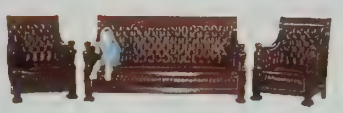


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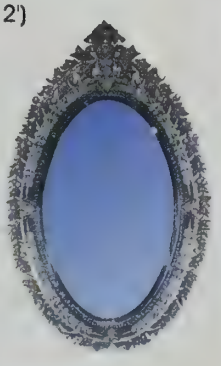
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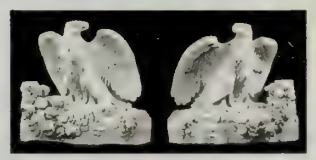
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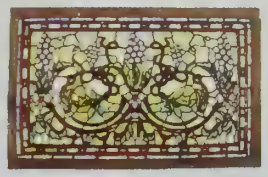
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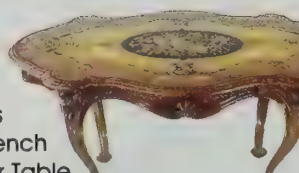


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Drawing on the Past

For Neoclassical and architectural drawings, one dealer to call is **Charles Plante**. Plante, who divides his time between London and Washington, D.C., collects drawings and watercolors of the master European and American designers of the 18th and early 19th centuries: Percier and Fontaine (Napoleon's architects/decorators), Antonio Canova, George Richardson and Robert Adam.



COURTESY CHARLES PLANTE

In Plante's possession are the original sketches for the British Museum, a ca. 1835 gold-leaf illustration by Leo von Klenze of Ludwig I's writing room in the Königsbau, Munich (right), and a rare 1821 Jacques Ignace Hittorf drawing of the decoration of Notre Dame cathedral for the baptism of the duke of Bordeaux. Plante matches the drawings with antique frames. "I spend as much time looking for the frames as I do for the drawings," he says. "With Empire frames to show the folios, it looks as though the drawings had always been there." By appointment only. Charles Plante Fine Art, 202-965-1733 and 71-834-3305.

Designed for Reading

Kiss the Hibiscus Goodnight, the first work of fiction by Carleton Varney (Birch Lane Press; $17.95), revolves around an interior designer and "murder, political intrigue and lust" among the jet set who winter in the Caribbean..."A cross between a crazy naturalist's scrapbook and a Boy Scout's journal" is how artist William Wegman's first book, ***Field Guide to North America (and other regions)***, is described by Lapis Press director Robert Shapazian. The Los Angeles–based press, founded by artist Sam Francis, will publish 15 copies ($12,500 at publication); each book contains one oil on canvas, color and black-and-white photographs, writings and collages, all mounted on handmade papers... Architect Jack Travis has compiled a monograph titled ***African American Architects in Current Practice*** (Princeton Architectural Press; $24.95), a profile of 35 black architects currently practicing in the U.S.

Fresco Finishes

The results of London artist **Mauro Perucchetti**'s favorite jobs are frescoes and marble-dust finishes that "suit the nature and personality of any room to stunning result," says Lady Victoria Waymouth. She uses the finishes (below), which she likens to frescoes in an old Mediterranean villa, in her traditional interiors (*AD*, Oct. 1991). Applying Renaissance techniques to modern building materials, Perucchetti has a repertoire of hundreds of finishes with varying textures. "We can do softer finishes that don't reflect light, all the way to an old distressed look," he says. Perucchetti Associates, RMC House, 15 Townmead Rd., London SW6 2QL; 71-371-5497.



Little Feats

Susan Salzman of Los Angeles started **Little Folk Art** to make one-of-a-kind children's furniture for friends who had just become parents. Word spread about her lilliputian creations (right), and now she has a crew of carpenters and a client list that includes Meryl Streep and Belinda Carlisle.



Salzman seeks out children's furniture that she can rejuvenate with bright or aged finishes. "I give old furniture a new personality, a new life," Salzman says. "I love the old kids' stuff because it has charm and character." Salzman strips the lead paint off cupboards, toy chests and miniature tables and chairs made in the 1940s and 50s and decorates them with bright black-and-white cow spots, pastoral scenes, small animals, dainty flowers or bold checkerboard patterns.

Her carpenters reproduce certain pieces, such as a rocking chair, and her small workshop also makes picnic tables, step stools and toy boxes that can be adapted to different uses when infants get older. For example, a cupboard for a diaper pail can be converted into a toy cabinet; a changing table becomes a dresser. By appointment only. Little Folk Art, 213-766-1640. □

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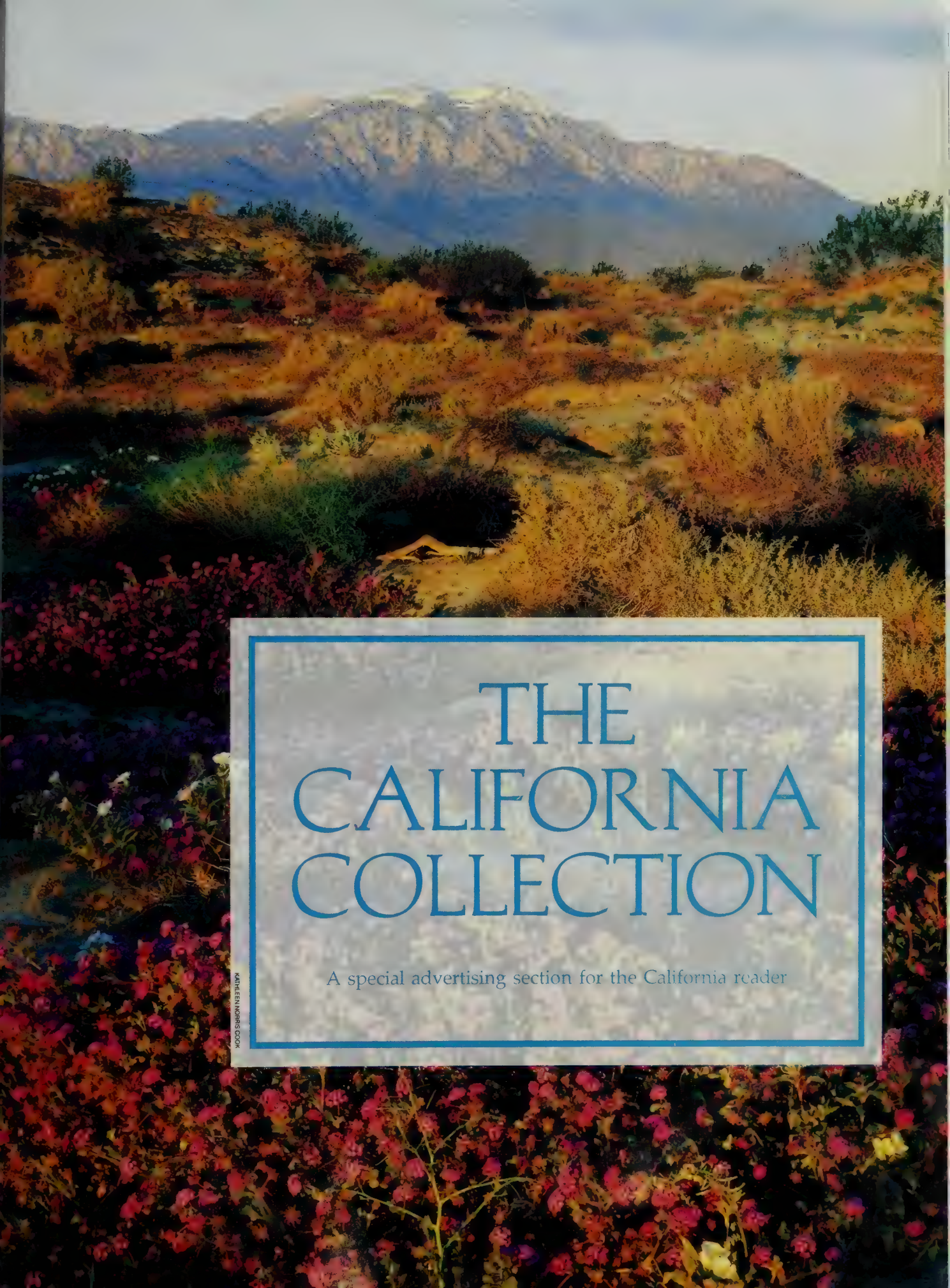
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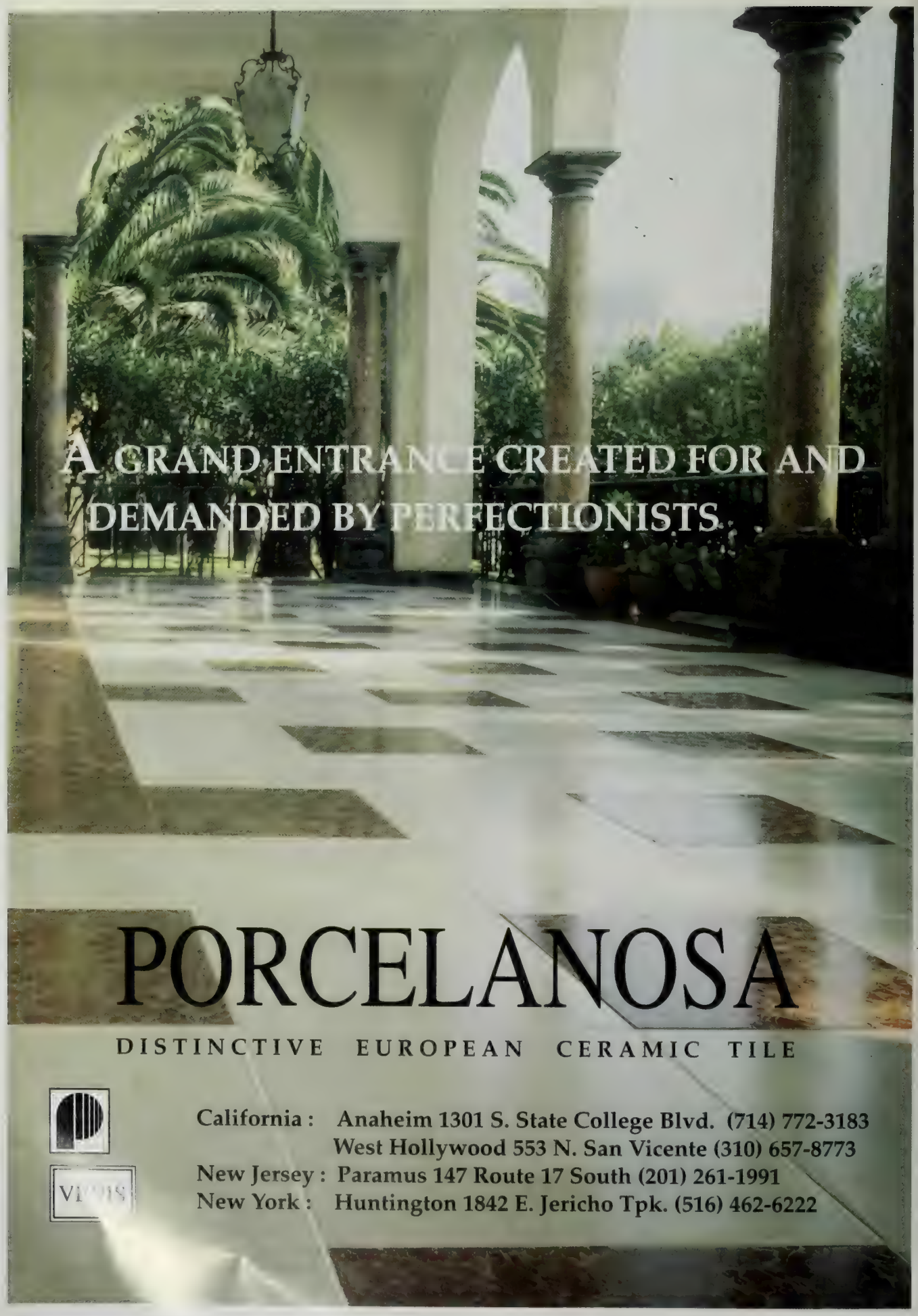
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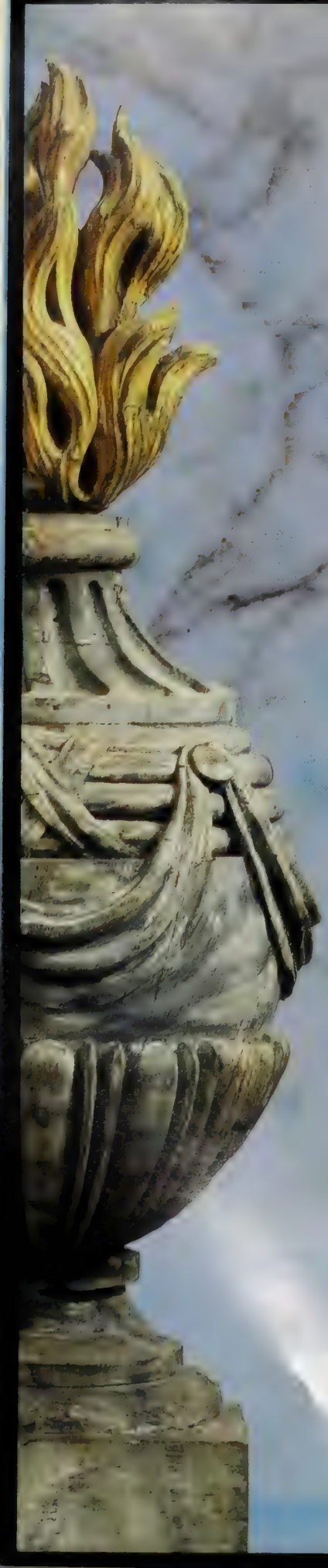
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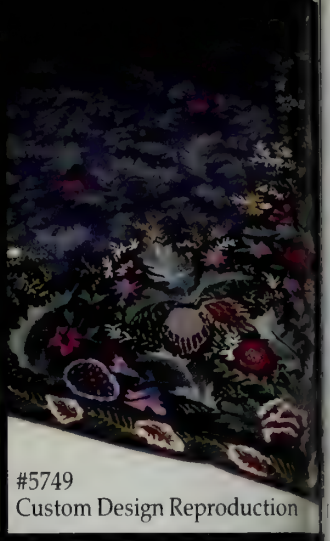
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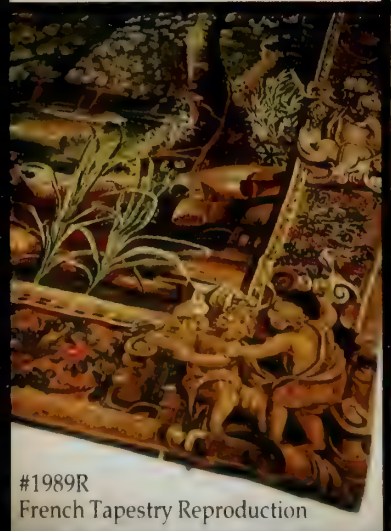
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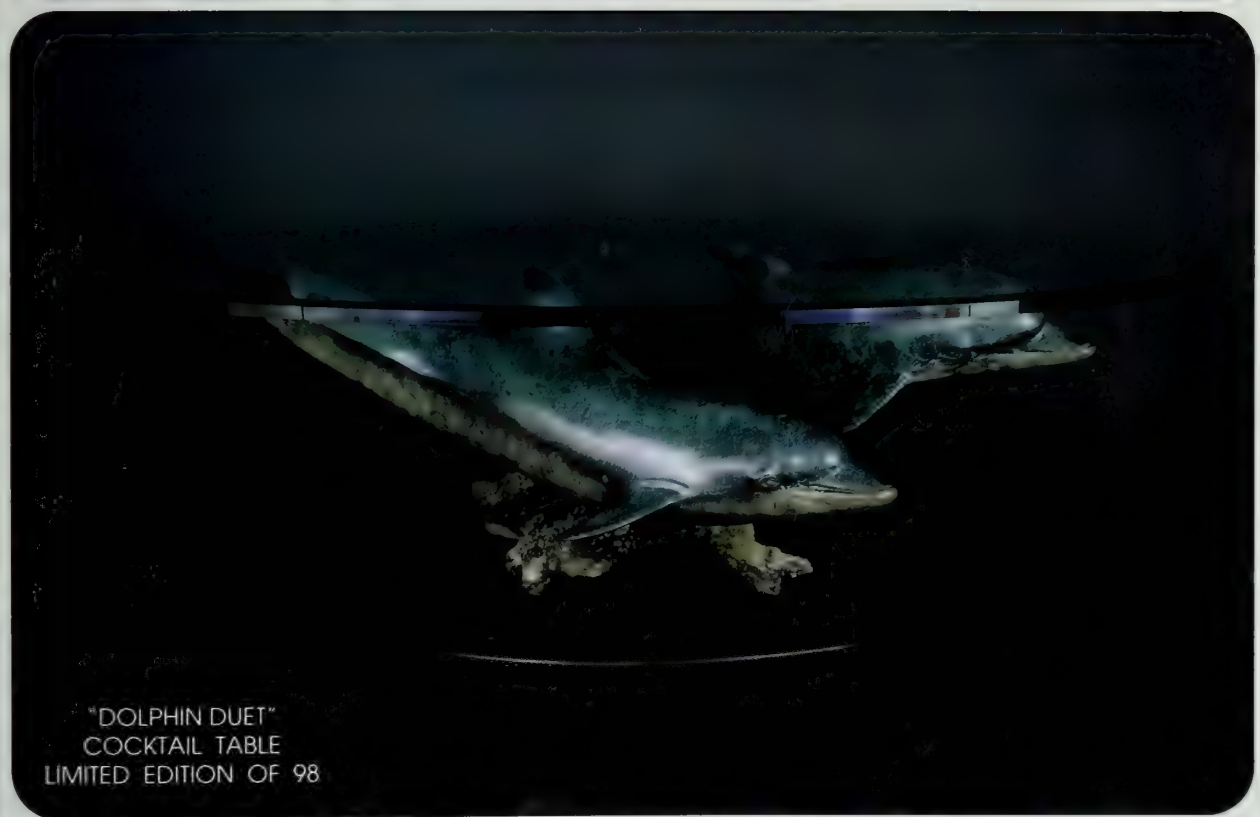
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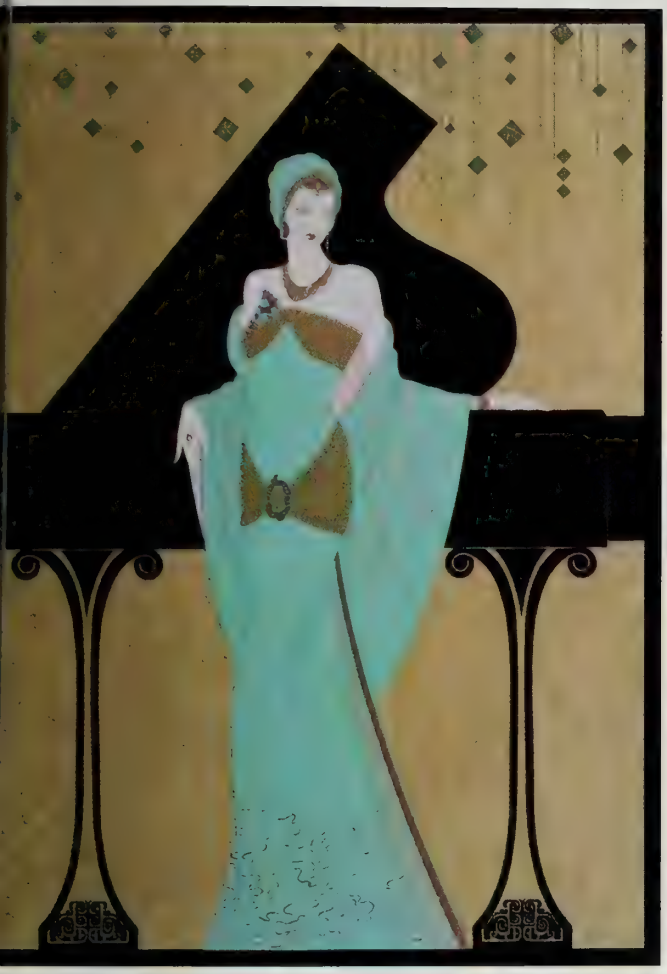
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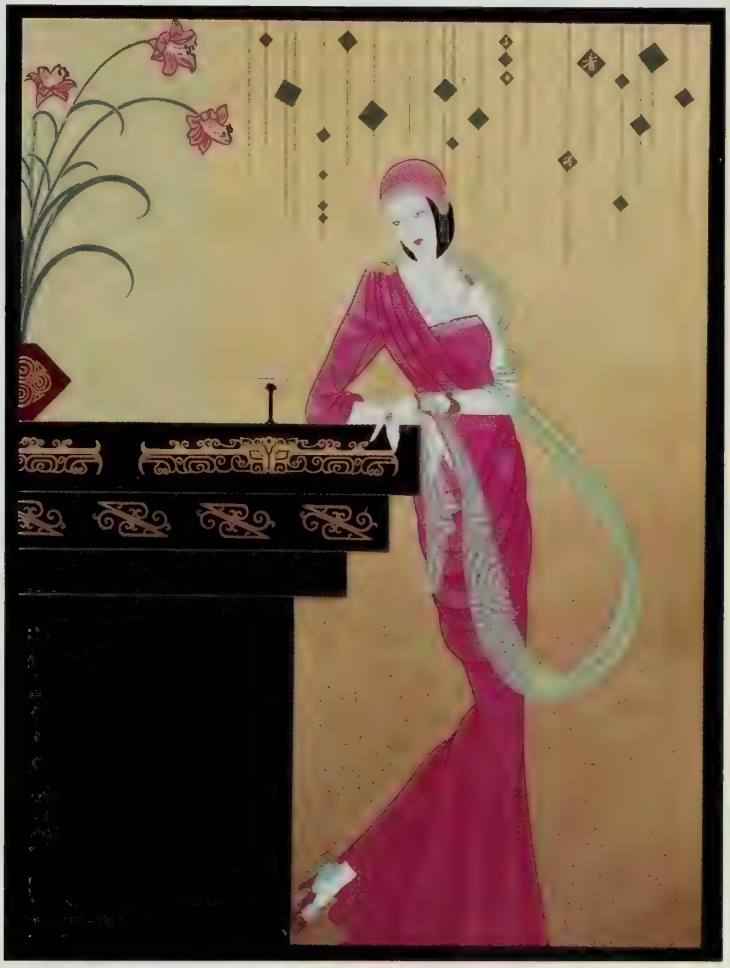
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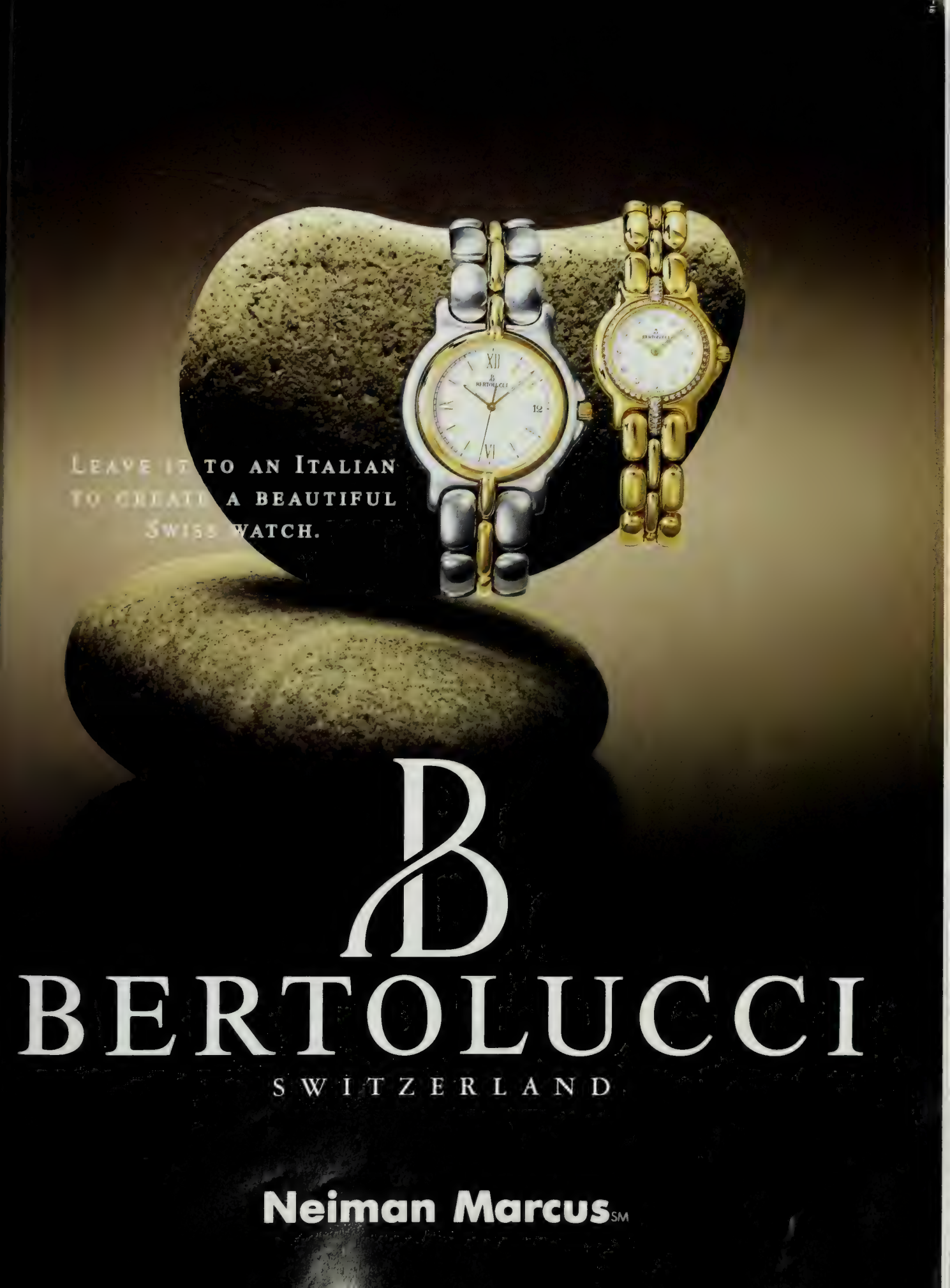


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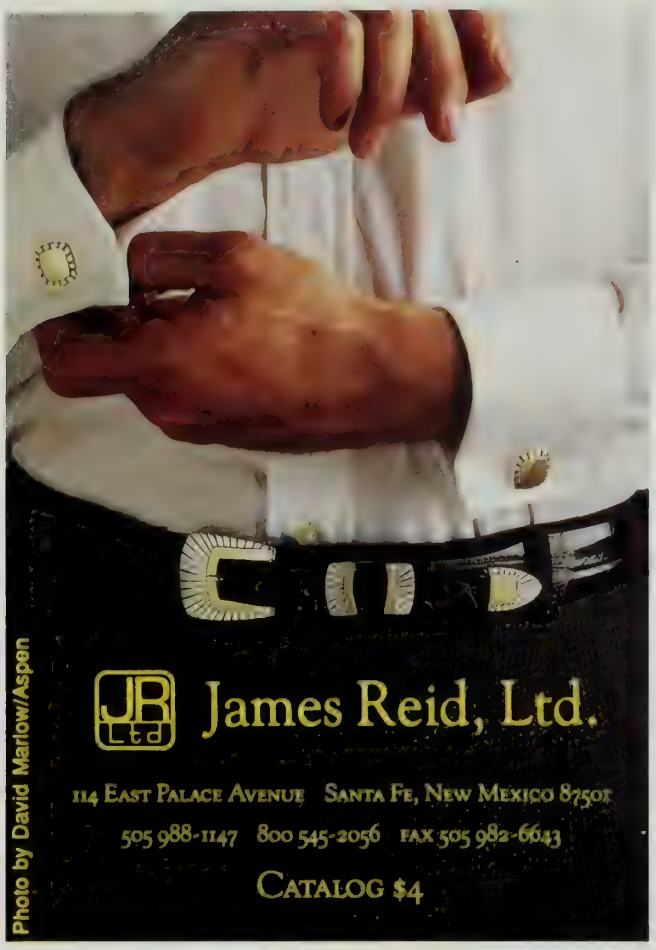


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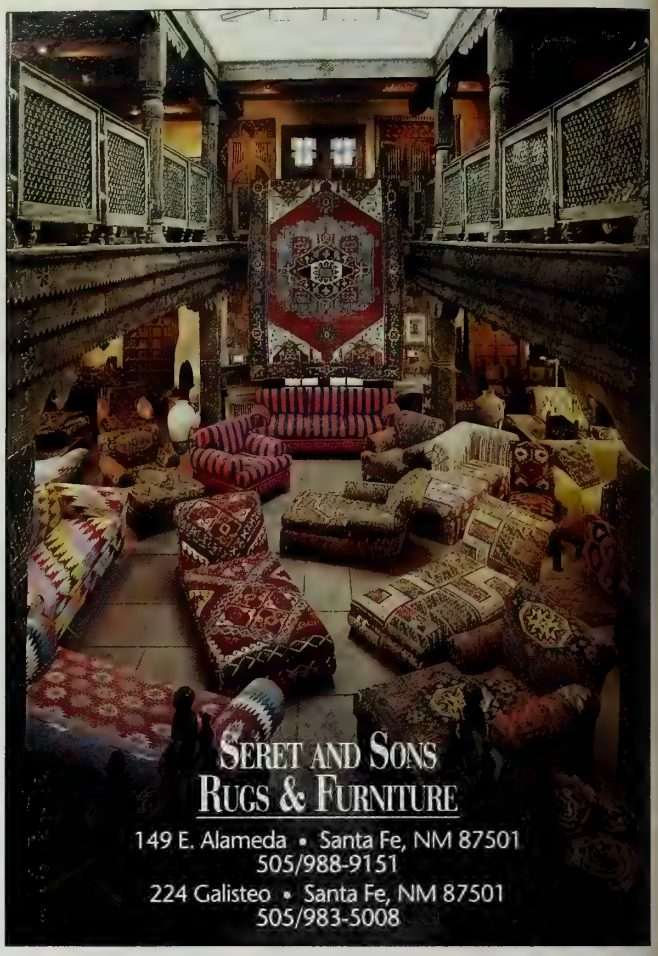
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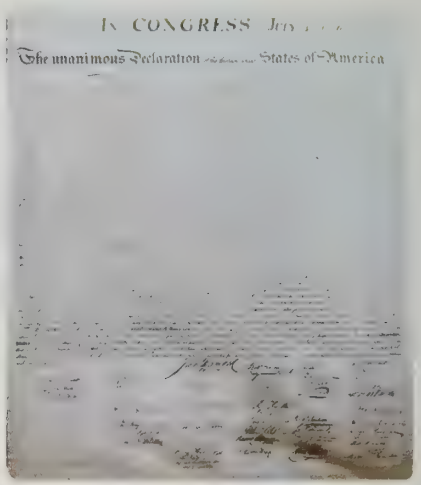
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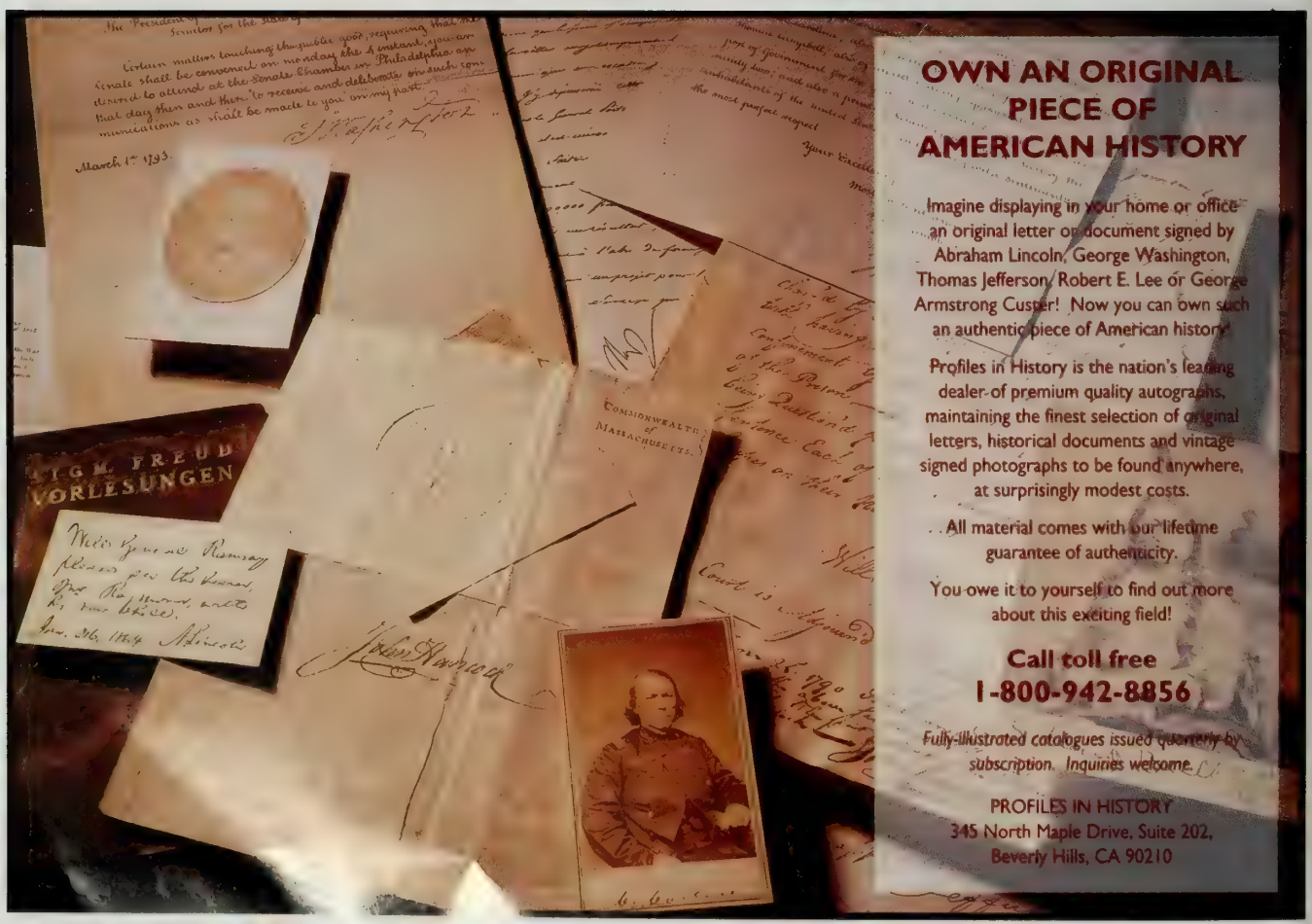
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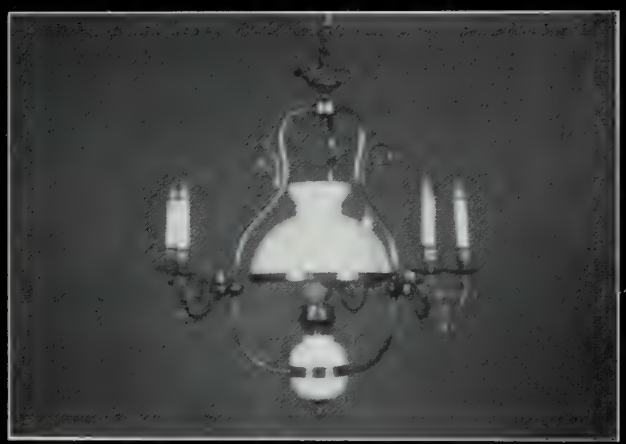
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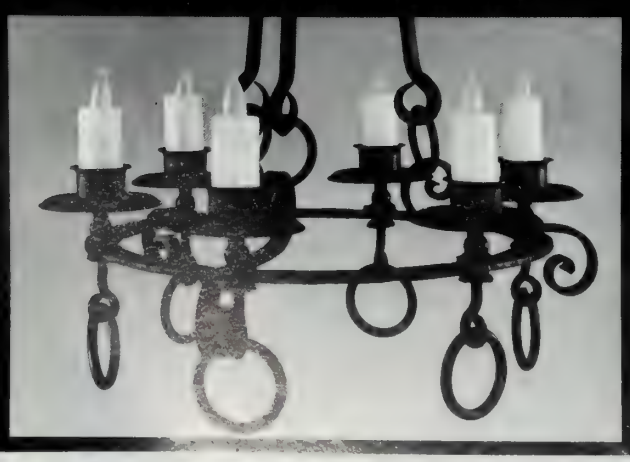
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Pictured above: "Afternoon Rest", White Marble, 18.5 x 11 x 16", ©1991 Allan Houser

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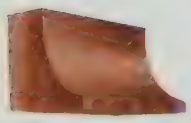
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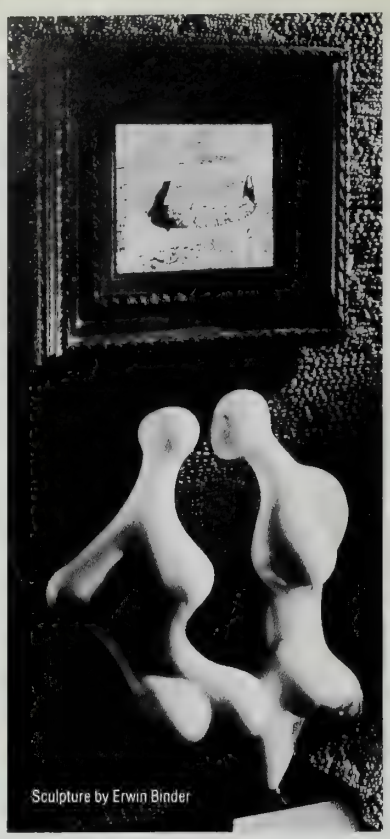




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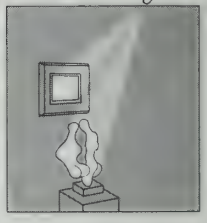
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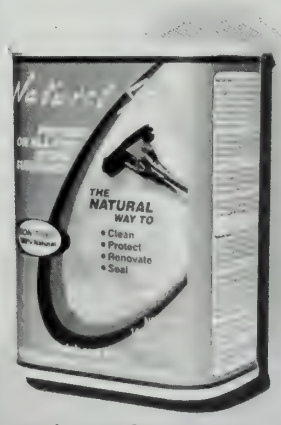
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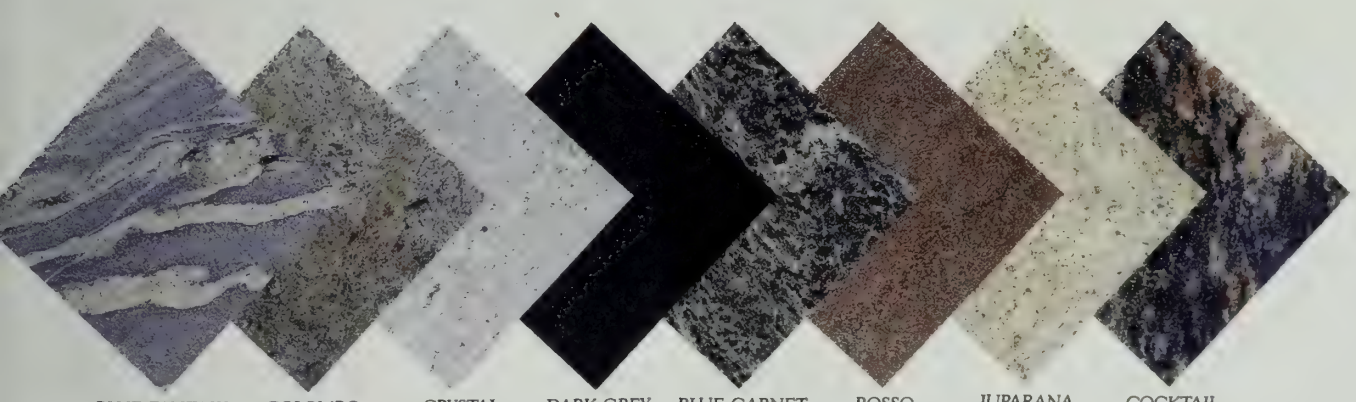


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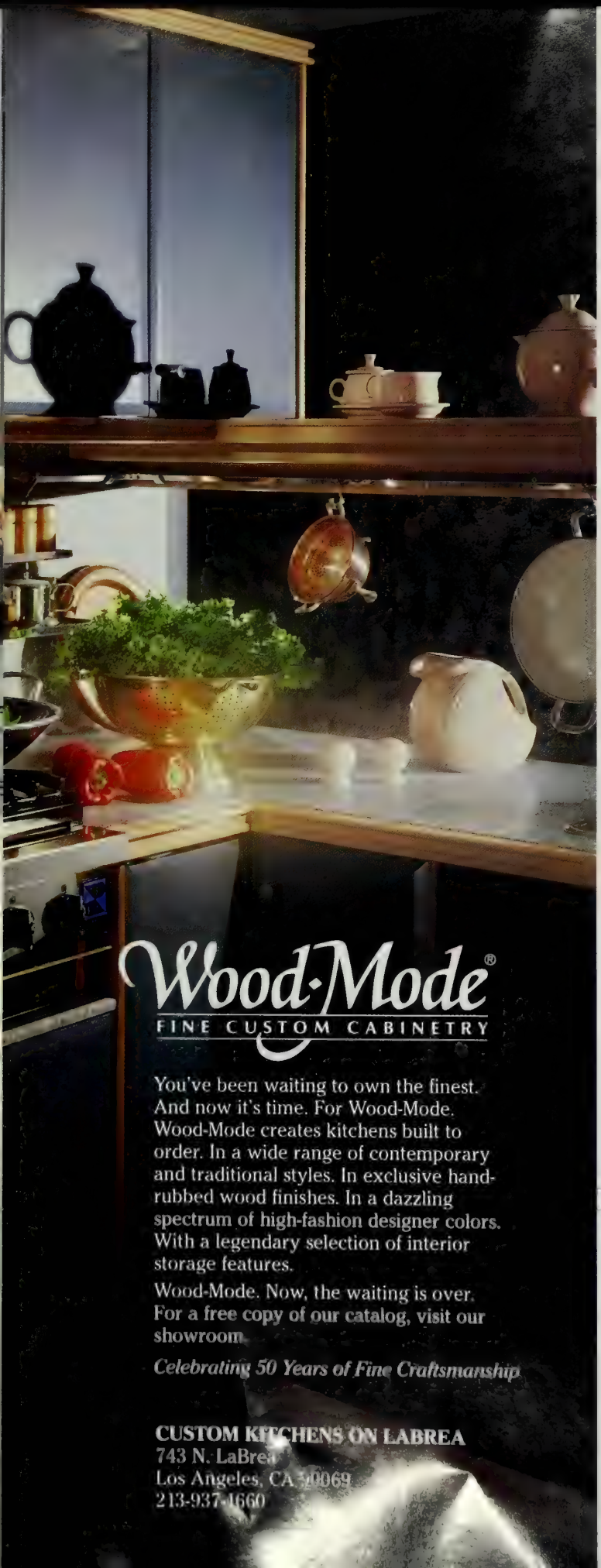
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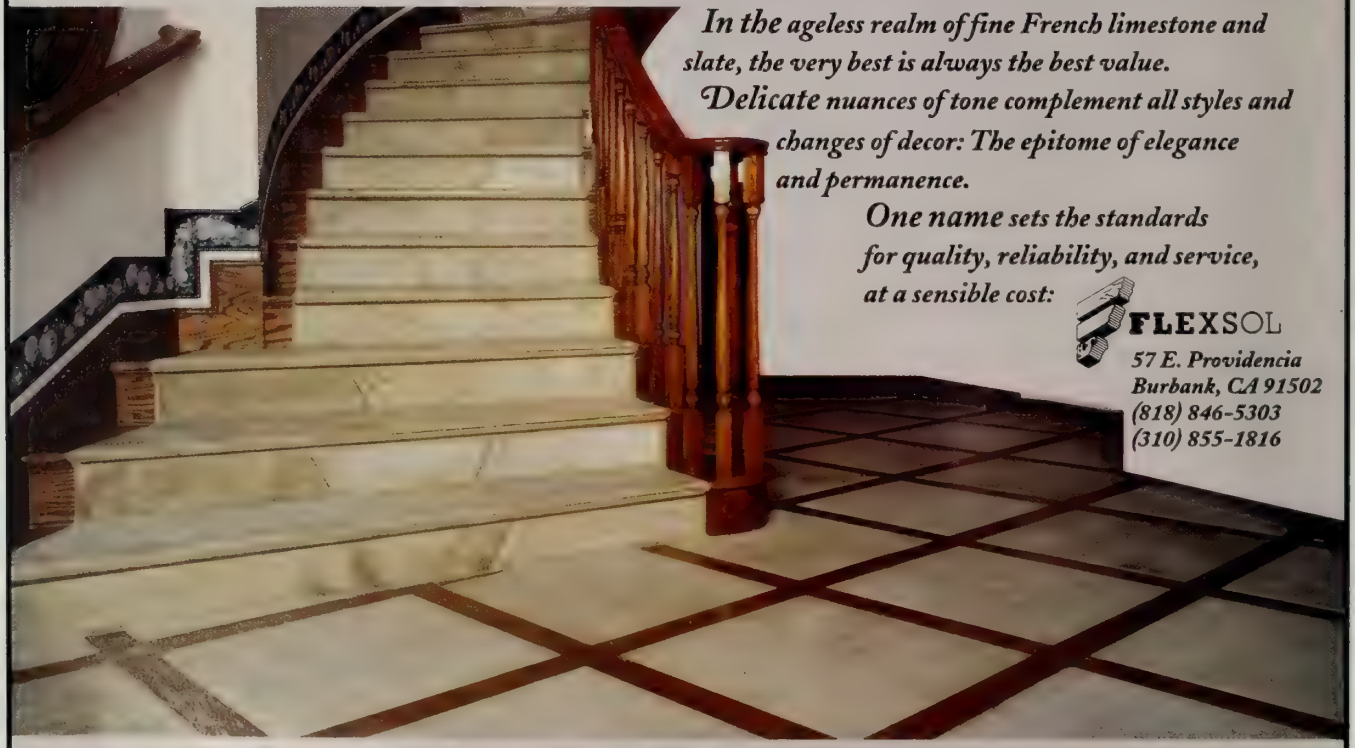
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